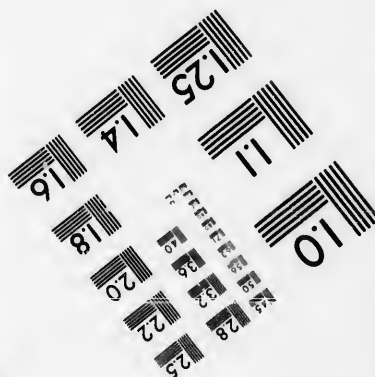
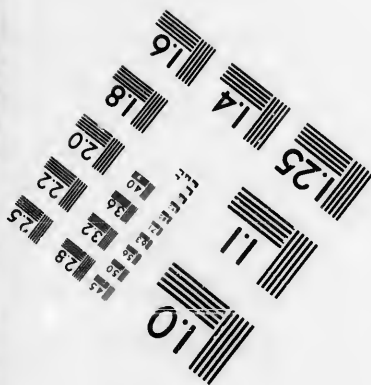
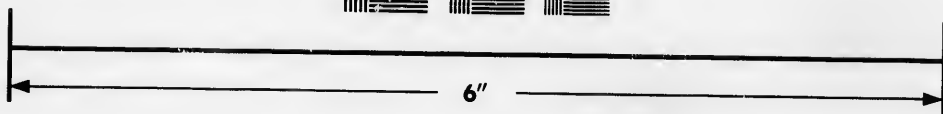
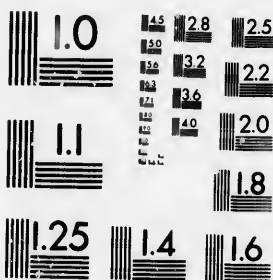


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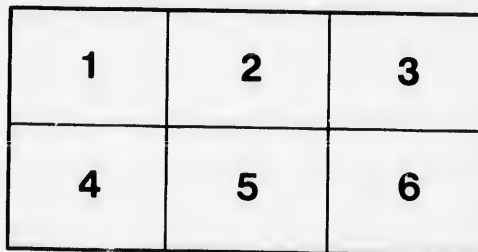
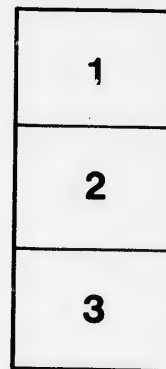
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VOL. II.

LONDON:
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WESTERN WANDERINGS

OR, A

PLEASURE TOUR IN THE CANADAS.

BY

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF

"THE PRIME MINISTER;" "LUSITANIAN SKETCHES;" "BLUE JACKETS;" "PETER
THE WHALER;" "HOW TO EMIGRATE;" "THE EMIGRANT'S HOME;"
ETC. ETC.

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WESTERN WANDERINGS,

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WINTER COSTUMES IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

OUR next journey demands a chapter to itself. Our intention on leaving Hamilton was to visit Woodstock (to which place we had several letters), London, Paris, Galt, Guelph, and so on, to Toronto, thus seeing the garden of the Upper Province. To perform this journey,

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we engaged a carriage with a hood, a pair of horses, and an Irish driver, of a Mr. Jones, who was recommended as an honest man.

London I was especially anxious to see, as the largest commercial town in the interior of the country. It has a river Thames flowing through it, and a Westminster on the opposite bank, and over the river are thrown bridges with appropriate names. Though not yet a formidable rival of its great Eastern namesake, its increase has been wonderfully rapid. In the year 1827, the site on which it stands began to be settled, but a small portion of ground only was then laid out. It now contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants. Many of its stores are of the size of those I have described at Hamilton. There are twelve churches, three newspapers, as many breweries, distilleries, and foundries. The banks have branches here. There are grist and saw-mills, tanneries, insurance companies, national societies, a court-house and gaol, a town-hall, market-house, a mechanics' institute, and public grammar-school; and, as it is admirably situated on the high banks overlooking the river, and is the centre of a rich agricultural country, it is as desirable an inland place of residence as any in Canada.

There are some large barracks, and troops have, till lately, been stationed here, but they have now been wisely withdrawn. Indeed, except to garrison Quebec, I fancy that no British troops will remain in the country. It is as well that they should go. They are, I trust, no longer required to awe the rebellious, or to defend the country against foreign aggression—a duty the brave and loyal inhabitants are well able themselves to perform, and soldiers are not at all fitted to do duty as policemen. London is the chief town of the county of Middlesex,—a

piece of information a Cockney would probably consider rather supererogatory.

So would an Oxonian to be told that Woodstock,—which stands on undulating ground, on a gravelly soil, and is a completely rural, straggling place, like a large village with a number of gentlemen's houses in it,—is the county town of the county of Oxford. It contains six churches, a gaol, a court-house, a grammar-school, a mechanics' institute, some mills, and boasts of a newspaper edited by one of the Vansittart family. A number of gentlemen's families are settled in and about Woodstock, which makes the society particularly pleasant. Few have, however, made the same progress towards the attainment of wealth as their less educated fellow-countrymen, and many have, unhappily, by their want of knowledge and perseverance, rather decreased than added to their possessions, while some have been totally ruined.

Very few young men of education accustomed to the world can endure a real backwoods life. Many romantic youths picture to themselves a life in the forest, away from the busy world, as the *ne plus ultra* of enjoyment, peace, and happiness; but, alas! many, without even going very far from the haunts of men, find themselves so solitary and sad, that they are tempted to purchase present satisfaction at the expense of their future happiness and prosperity by intoxication, often in the society of those infinitely their inferiors in station and knowledge. Too many are the instances of men starting in life with fair prospects being thus ruined.

I am reminded of a story I heard the other day very *apropos* to the subject. It may be from La Fontaine, or older still, for what I know to the contrary. A man

who had seen much of life, and had mixed in all its frivolities and wickednesses, was suddenly struck with remorse, and resolved to alter his evil ways; yet do all he could, temptation and bad example were too strong for him, and he continued to yield to them as before. At last the thought occurred to him, that if he were to retire from the world, he might better be able to lead a correct life (that was his very expression). He had heard of the great Western wilderness of America, and to America, therefore, with his family, bag and baggage, he went. Having purchased waggons in which to bestow them, he commenced his journey towards the setting of the sun. It was evening when he reached his intended location. A figure was moving among the trees. A wild Indian, he thought; but as he was about to descend from his waggon, the figure came forward and politely held out his hand to help him down. Our philosophical traveller shrunk back when he observed the appearance of the stranger. "Why, you must be the d—!" he exclaimed, with horror. "At your service, my friend," replied the other, with a bland smile; "I often wander about in these parts, as well as in cities. It is not easy to find a place which I do not visit occasionally, nor shall I fail to look in upon you now and then." "If that is the case," said the traveller, "I may as well go back to the old country, where, though I met you often, I was more accustomed to penetrate your disguises than I should be here." So back he went.

I have given these short descriptions of London and Woodstock, because, not knowing at the time the interest attached to them, and fearful of the Indian summer coming soon to an end, we thought it wiser to take a shorter road to Toronto. Now the Great Western

Railway joining all the large towns in that part of the Province, brings them within a few hours of each other, and a trip we should have taken several days to perform, may now be accomplished in as many hours; yet but a few months have passed since we left the country. Thus rapidly do all material improvements progress in the Canadian Peninsula. Full of promise as is the whole land, that, after all, is the garden of the province—the heart, the soul of that great country. It should no longer be called a colony—through ignorance, conceit, and mismanagement, the name of colony has become odious in the ears of Englishmen. Canada is a mighty country, attached to England, though neither England's slave nor England's school-boy, but full of vast internal resources, prosperous, contented, and happy, and inhabited by many loyal men, sincerely devoted to England's sovereign and their sovereign, and anxious to remain connected and in amity with their brethren in the older country, whence they themselves came forth. But they demand, as one of the rights of men, the right of governing themselves without the vexatious interference of those, who, knowing nothing practically of their condition, wishes, and prospects, and living four thousand miles off across the Atlantic, have quite enough to do to govern the mother-country to the satisfaction of her inhabitants. Such I consider, as I have endeavoured to explain in a few words, are the true relations between England and Canada.

Canada will never cost English ministers another thought or care, if they will but leave her entirely to govern herself as she thinks fit. She knows and feels her own advantages too well to wish for a moment to join the United States; and Cousin Jonathan knows

equally well, that she would be a most troublesome thorn in his side if he attempted to force her to join him against her will.

However, we must be off on our journey. We had intended getting away on Tuesday afternoon; but as our kind friends were not very willing to expedite our departure, we were not fairly off till about nine o'clock on the 19th of October, when, receiving many pressing invitations to come back again and "settle,"—which we at the time seriously thought we should be ready to accept,—we bade them and the Gourlays' magnificent little children farewell. By the by, Canada appears, from the specimens we saw, a fine healthy country for children,—another in addition to its many advantages.

By my arrangement with Mr. Jones, we were to pay five dollars and a half a-day, to include all charges for the carriage, to go where we listed, and to stop when we listed. We first directed our course to Brantford. The road for some way was not interesting, though very dusty, with rows of snake-fences on either side, and the sun was hotter than was pleasant; but the country was well cultivated, and the trees could not fail to be attractive. We saw a number of carts loaded with planks; a capital spring-seat is contrived in them for the driver, by fastening down one end of a plank at the back of the cart, passing it over a box, or cask, or an upright bit of wood about the middle, and then the driver is perched at the raised end, which being elastic, gives him as easy a spring-seat as he could desire. We soon got on to an excellent plank-road, over which we rolled as smoothly as does a Long-Acre carriage in Hyde Park, with rich orchards on either side of us. As human labour is of more value here than it was a year or two ago, in

Dorsetshire every method is employed to economise it. Threshing-machines are here locomotives, drawn about the country, and worked by horses, who go tramping round and round, as if they were working a great mill, occupying the greater part of the highway opposite the barn, so that frequently there was scarcely room for us to pass. Farmers send their teams to help their neighbours. Each little inn has a pump near it, worked by a winch, which saves a vast deal of labour.

On approaching the village of Cayonga, which stands on high ground, the scenery very much improves. We looked down from our elevated position on the Grand River, flowing through a valley directly below our feet, with an extensive view of woodland country stretching away beyond; but now with its autumn hues, like a vast flower-bed of pinks and roses. We met many carts and carriages, driven by blacks, a rein in each hand, and grinning jollily. A little before coming to Brantford, we passed a red brick well-built house, with yard and offices, belonging, we were told, to the Reverend Peter Jones, a full-blooded Indian, of the Massasauga tribe. He is a Wesleyan minister, and said to be eloquent, and has married an Englishwoman.

It was curious to see a milestone, with "sixty-five miles to London" on it, while travelling amongst snake-fences, charred stumps, woods of tall grey poles—the bare-bones of a forest, in fact—and groves of scarlet, yellow, crimson, and orange trees. Every day makes a change in these colours. Those we saw during this day's journey were stronger tinted, less delicate in shade, more wonderful, indeed, than pretty.

At about noon we reached Brantford, which is well situated on high ground above the Grand River. It

contained then about four thousand inhabitants; but from its considerable extent and the number of buildings springing up in all directions, it looked as if it was preparing to hold a great many more. A considerable portion had been burnt down in July; and bricklayers, masons, and carpenters, were hard at work erecting substantial buildings to replace those destroyed. We had a good opportunity of seeing the town; for we drove about for some time looking for an inn, which it appeared at last had been burnt. There are two very wide streets in the town, full of large stores and shops, two or three inns, and a handsome hall and court-house; but so determined a warfare has been waged against the forest, that not a tree has been left standing in the neighbourhood, the want of which on that bright sunny day gave it a peculiarly hot, dusty, bare appearance. I should advise the inhabitants, forthwith, to plant trees on each side of their streets, and to take every means in their power to repair the havoc the Gothlike axe has made; or instead of living in what might be a pretty town, they must be dwellers in one of the ugliest in Canada. They are already not without some of the results of civilisation; for the town was placarded with the announcement that a concert would be given in a few days by Madame Bishop and M. Boscha. While our horses were baiting, we went down to the river, and crossing it by an iron bridge, sat down on the bank to eat our luncheon. In vain we looked for a tree to afford us shade; not one remained, so we were very soon driven back by the heat to the shelter of brick and mortar. I cannot praise Brantford, except to say that it has a very new, flourishing, determined-to-make-money appearance.

The coolest place we could find was a large shed,

where our carriage stood. Several negroes were at work in the yard. I asked one where he came from. "The States," he replied. The others seeing me talking soon gathered round. They had all come from the States—were all fugitive slaves. I put the question to a very sensible-looking man, by what means he would propose to emancipate his brethren in the Southern States. "I would educate them, sir," he answered. "I would prepare them for freedom. I would teach them to govern themselves, to respect themselves. I would show them they were men, and make them comprehend the rights of men and their rights by degrees. I would give them their freedom—not all at once though—but some at a time, and in a few years all should be free. In the meantime, I would improve their condition. I would not let husbands and wives be parted, nor children be separated from their parents. I would make marriages binding. I would not allow women to be sold, as they now constantly are, to the worst characters for the worst purposes. I would protect them as much as free white women are protected. I would do my best to make Christians of them; and then I don't think the gentlemen of Virginia and Carolina need be afraid of having their throats cut nor their houses burnt down; and, moreover, I don't think they would become much poorer men than they now are."

"Dat is all berry well," chimed in another of very different features, evidently from some other part of Africa. "Dat is what you would do, but dat is what de masters don't do. Dey talk of edicating de slaves and of making dem Christians, but dey don't do no such ting. If dey did, den dere might be some chance for

dem and for our broders; but dey be afraid to begin— dey tink dey can go on as dey always have done; but dey find demsels mistaken some day. Yes, men won't always be slaves, and dey will take deir freedom. Ah——”

I should like to have had a picture made from that black parliament; the earnest, eager look of the speakers, the proud, confident bearing of some, the deep attention of others, as they stood round with carry-combs, brushes, and stable-brooms in their hands. They felt and spoke like free men—slaves no longer. They soon began to address each other and to discuss the subject I had started, apparently entirely forgetful of my presence. This was exactly what I could have desired. Now and then one who had been silent, would utter a few words, or would turn contemptuously away and resume his task of washing a wheel—not despising what was said, apparently, but in utter hopelessness of seeing the proposals advanced carried into effect.

It came out that they held the African colony of Liberia, founded by the Americans, in very slight estimation; and one of them told me that he had a letter from a friend who had gone there, who complained that it was difficult to obtain work of any description, and that the population generally lived on the commonest food in the roughest manner. This, probably, was the opinion of a negro who had been a household slave, and accustomed to the luxurious living of the South in the family of some wealthy planter, or it may be a report put abroad for some interested motive. It is worth inquiring into though; but I have not yet had an opportunity of so doing. It is said that there are no less than twenty-five

thousand negroes, mostly emancipated, or runaway slaves, in Canada; and from the numbers we saw in every direction, this I can easily believe.

I was amused the other day in seeing in the papers the report of a proposal made by the representative of one of the Southern States in the House of Assembly at Washington, while Lord Elgin was negotiating the treaty of commerce, which with his usual consummate tact he has so advantageously concluded, that in return for some commercial advantage granted by the States, a clause should be inserted by which Canada should consent to the Fugitive Slave law taking effect in her territory. What a curious jumble of ideas must exist in the mind of a man who could seriously make such a proposal! Because the Canadians are anxious to secure for themselves and their neighbours, as far as they can, the blessings of free commercial intercourse, is that any reason that they should be ready to submit to the most obnoxious, the most heaven-accursed law that has ever existed in a country which calls itself free? The proposal was too ridiculous to be insulting to the Canadians, but the very notion of such an arrangement would have been enough to raise the whole country up in arms to defend those who have sought their hospitality and protection. The negroes in Canada are an important element in the social body, and by their industry add much to the wealth of the country, while as domestic servants they are invaluable. I am glad to find that a society exists in England for aiding fugitive slaves when they first arrive in Canada, by giving them shelter, food, clothing, and ultimately in finding them employment. With this truly Christian work, even slave-owners have no right to find fault. Its benefits are scarcely sufficient

to induce slaves to run away, and it merely obeys the precepts of our Divine Master, to feed and clothe the hungry and naked. Brantford will ever be associated in my mind with that strange-looking negro assembly, and with the interesting discussion I there heard.

Brantford takes its name from a celebrated Indian chief, known as Captain Brant, who had a farm near which was a ford on this part of the Grand River. As he was a very gallant fellow and a great friend to the English, with whom he fought against the French, and subsequently against the revolted provinces of America, he is worthy of a short notice.

Joseph Brant was born A.D. 1742. His Indian name was Thayendanegea, and he was the son of a chief, whose appellation, although I can write it, I cannot undertake to pronounce, Tehowaghwengaraghkwin, a Mohawk of the Five nations. He was well educated and civilised, and received a commission in the king's army. He visited England in 1785, and was presented at court, when it is said the king offered to knight him, but he declined the honour, on the plea that he was a prince in his own country; he also refused to kiss the king's hand, but had no objection to bestow that mark of respect on the queen. A story is current that while in England he went to a ball in his full Indian dress, with feathers on head and paint on his cheeks. An Oriental being present, and fancying that the strange figure he saw wore a mask, went up to him to ascertain the fact, when the chief, wishing to create a sensation, whipt out his tomahawk, and, raising his war-whoop, flourished the glittering weapon over the head of the astonished Asiatic. Everybody present expected to see a scalp waving high in air; ladies shrieked, and a general rush was made to

the door, but the good-natured chief, returning his weapon with a smile to his girdle, assured them that he was but indulging in a practical joke, and tranquillity was speedily restored. Brant died at Wellington Square in 1807, at the age of sixty-four. He left sons and grandsons, but I do not know that any of the family now exist. Campbell, in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," has blackened the character of Brant, from taking the vulgar report current among the Americans of his cruelties; but he does not seem to have committed any greater barbarities than the unhappy nature of the war rendered justifiable.

The site of Brantford was purchased from the Indians in 1830, and the town, soon after having been commenced, has gone on gradually increasing. It has the immense advantage of a water communication, by means of the Welland Canal, both with Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. It contains six churches, several branches of banks, four distilleries, two breweries, four grist-mills, two newspapers, and many other manufactories—or at least it did contain them last year: perhaps by this time it may contain twice the number. In the outskirts of the town is a burying-ground laid out with walks and trees.

We left Brantford at two o'clock, taking the road to Paris, and passing on our way some pretty-looking villas perched on a high bank above us. We crossed also the Great Western Railway which touches on the town.

From the inquiries our driver now began to make, I suspected that he knew nothing of the road, and, on questioning him, I found that he could give me no information whatever about it. "Why," said I, "I particularly desired to have a driver who could tell me all I might wish to learn about the country, and Mr. Jones promised to send me one who knew the country as

well as he does himself." "Well, yer honor," replied our Irish lad, with a laugh in his eye "and, faith, so he has, for never a bit of him ever came this way at all, I'll warrant." With so excellent an apology it was impossible to find fault, though had we been able to procure another conveyance, I should have been tempted to send back our Jehu and his team to his master.

All day long carts were passing us loaded with every variety of stores required for the winter in the country villages and farm-houses. In some places the only trees left standing were oaks, frequently in groups a mile or two square, and a most extraordinary brilliant appearance they present as the sun shines through their copper-coloured leaves—indeed they look more like a bronzed metallic forest than anything else in nature or art. I can fancy such oak-woods when clothed with their autumn tints, having given rise to the accounts of enchanted forests of copper of which one reads in fairy tales.

At three o'clock a steep descent brought us to a very beautiful double turn of the Grand River, on which is situated the most picturesque town of Paris. We crossed the river by a fine wooden bridge, with a steep bluff opposite us, on the top of which stands the town, while the river wound away round it on either side of us. The stream was shallow but rapid, and broad and fringed with fairy-like tinted trees. There was much railway-work going on in the neighbourhood, and on the top of the cliffs preparations were making for throwing across a handsome bridge which will add much to the appearance of the place.

Paris is decidedly the prettiest town we have yet seen in Canada. A winding road up the steep bank took us through the main street and so on along the edge

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of the cliffs past a number of neat houses and pretty villas. Paris is not so called from any compliment to the capital of France, but simply because in its neighbourhood are found extensive beds of gypsum or plaster of Paris. A stream, called Smith's Creek, runs past the town, which is, therefore, almost surrounded by water. Paris contains between two and three thousand inhabitants, six churches, two flour-mills, two plaster-mills, two foundries, a woollen factory, a distillery, a soap and candle factory, and many other manufactories. The Great Western Railway will much forward the increase of the town, and will add to its wealth by aiding in distributing its plaster throughout the country.

The distance between Paris and Galt is fourteen miles, over a very hilly though picturesque road, so that we enjoyed it more than did our horses. The country was still well cultivated and studded with farm-buildings; indeed during the day's drive we were very seldom out of sight of a farm-house or cottage. Orchards full of golden fruit were also abundant. Nothing could surpass, too, the beauty of the woods. The oak forests, by the by, with their strange metallic look, brought to my mind the idea of some stage demon land more than of anything in nature, and one half expected to see some green or red monster stalk forth and ask us for our passports through his dominions. At about half-past five, after making a number of steep dips, we descended a hill, having a church on our left, into the wide basin in which Galt stands. Passing through a straggling suburb we reached the Queen's Arms Hotel, a large wooden edifice with a huge verandah in front. The Grand River, over which we crossed to reach the main street by a stone bridge, runs through the town. It is a large, somewhat strag-

gling, country-looking town, with a number of good shops and stores; and had a few trees been left standing, it might have been a very picturesque place, surrounded as it is on all sides by hills. It must have been at one time an aguish place, but is now thoroughly drained. As we entered the town the sun set in a rich halo of glory. Of our inn I remember that we were somewhat stinted for food, though what was given us was not bad of its kind; and when we expressed a wish to have hot water at six o'clock the next morning before our departure, our landlord asserted that it would be impossible to give it us.

Galt is named after the celebrated author of "Laurie Todd,"—a work which many years ago so excited my imagination that I felt an extraordinary desire to set forth to the New World to take part in some of the scenes he describes. He more particularly, if I remember rightly, gives an account of the founding of Guelph, a place I had ever since longed to visit. It was a spot consequently that I had looked forward to seeing with more interest than any other in Upper Canada. Galt contains between three and four thousand inhabitants, two flour-mills, saw-mills, woollen factories, foundries, tanneries, a soap and candle factory, and a paper-mill. There is much difficulty in obtaining linen to supply the mill, and the proprietors are therefore endeavouring to persuade the farmers to grow flax for the purpose. There are six churches in Galt, and several of the banks have branches here. We were charged only one dollar for our tea and bed, which were both very decent.

We were on the road again soon after seven o'clock. The morning was bright and beautiful with a calm clear air—a white frost glancing cheerily on the landscape.

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We soon entered the famed Huron tract, which extends west to Goodrich, and is thickly inhabited by Dutch and Germans, many of whom we saw wearing long beards and primitive-looking dresses. Their farms looked particularly well cultivated, and the buildings on them are mostly painted of a flaming red. Their dwelling-houses are also neatly painted, and have a look of home-comfort about them, contrasting favourably with those of many of the English settlers, who allow their cottages to remain of the dark colour of the rough planks. The road became wilder and more picturesque than any we had yet traversed. It was, also, somewhat stony and sandy, and very undulating, and at times we descended steep dips, with the tall forests on either side, all dark and gloomy below, for the sun, just tinging the tops of the trees, was unable to penetrate beyond their higher branches. We now, also, had our first specimen of a cedar-swamp crossed by a real corduroy road. The cedars grow in a dense, tangled mass, close to each side of the road; and are so twisted and matted, and overgrown with creepers, and intermingled with fallen logs, that the eye can scarcely penetrate anywhere beyond a few feet into their gloomy interior. Huge trunks of other trees (how they got there I don't know) lay half hid in the thicket, like vast antediluvian monsters lurking within and watching us with their lack-lustre eyes. The road across this cedar-swamp, compared to some we afterwards traversed, was tolerable. It was composed of large logs of timber thrown across it, and this was covered with gravel. The odour of decayed vegetable matter was very perceptible, and we felt that to remain long within its influence would insure an attack of fever or ague; yet in the winter the Indians choose these cedar-groves for their places of

abode, on account of the protection which the thick-matted underwood affords them to the icy winds. They find their way into the centre of one of these gloomy-looking swamps by a track which an Indian only could traverse; and in a small cleared space, where scarcely any snow can reach, they build their birch-bark wigwams, the smoke from their fires, seen at times curling up into the clear sky, being the only sign of their vicinity.

A contrast to the cedar-swamps were the beech-groves, with their light-green and yellow-tipped boughs full of grace and lightness. And a still greater contrast to them were the maple-groves, or the sugar-bushes, which we passed, with their glorious tints of yellow, pink, and crimson.

We met a group which, from their antique appearance, might have come out of some painting of Heilbein's—an old Dutchman and his *frau*, driving in a little cart. A broad straw hat shaded his flat, rugged face, grizzled all round with a huge beard, which fell, or rather stuck down over his breast. The *frau* wore a close-quilted blue hood, which covered every hair on her head (if she had any), and only showed a quaint, wrinkled face, with clear little eyes twinkling out of it. In front of each little inn is a pump, with a winch-handle, from which every passer-by can help himself and his cattle without let or hindrance.

We reached Guelph at about ten o'clock, ever associated in my mind with its energetic and talented founder, Galt. It is placed in a basin-shaped hollow, on the summit of some high ground, many of the houses standing on the edge, as well as on the outside slope, of the basin. Probably, when Galt selected the site, he sup-

posed that the interior of the basin would hold his future city, and that the ridge which surrounds it would afford shelter, like the walls of a fenced town; not so much, however, against a human enemy as against the cold blasts of wintry gales. Now it looks as if the basin had overflowed with houses, and that they were running down on the outside. In the outskirts of the town there are quarries of a buff-coloured stone, with which a number both of public edifices and private houses have been built, and which has a very handsome appearance. We were much struck with the really imposing size of the court-house and prison, with their turreted walls and square stone towers, putting us in mind rather of some ancient town in the Old World than of one of the newest in the New.

The river Speed, which falls into the Grand River, runs through the town, and affords it an ample supply of water, besides turning several grist-mills, saw-mills, and carding and fulling-mills. There are, besides, four tanneries, two breweries, a distillery, and a variety of other manufactories; in addition to several assurance companies, and branches of most of the leading colonial banks. There are seven or eight churches, a grammar-school, two newspapers, a library and reading-room, and to enjoy these advantages a population of between five and six thousand inhabitants. Altogether Guelph may be looked on as one of the most thriving and pleasantly-situated inland towns of Canada, and worthy in every respect of its enlightened founder. It also gives one the idea of a fine, healthy, airy, pleasant, wide-awake place. Furthermore, we got a very nice breakfast at a very neat inn.

Several of Galt's sons reside in Canada, and are men

of considerable talent and universally respected. No man had a greater talent for throwing the air of romance over the stern realities of settlement-founding than had Galt, and with his spirit and genius the reality seemed like a romance.

Descending from the hills on which the city is posted, still talking of Galt, we found on our right a dismal cedar-swamp, with a number of rough shanties seen through the twisted and gnarled trees, with a few of their rough-looking owners, with axes in hand near them—altogether as wild a scene as any the early days of the colony could have presented; while on the other side were the lofty embankments of the Grand Trunk Railway still in progress, and above our heads the telegraph wires leading from Guelph to Toronto.

Wherever we went along the highroads, or by-paths, or through the dense forest, we were certain to fall in with that wonderful telegraph-wire, often doing us the same service that did Ariadne's clue to Theseus in the labyrinth of Corinth, by enabling us to find our way out of difficulties which without its aid would have sadly puzzled us. Whenever we came to a cross-road, that thin, scarcely visible, little line, carried along over hill and dale, river and valley, through forest and over plain, on the top of tall, slender poles, enabled us to decide at once the proper course to take.

We passed to-day the wildest and most beautiful woodland scenery we have yet seen in Canada. Early in the day we traversed a tract of country where a fire had destroyed a fine forest and a number of cottages and log-huts, their charred timbers still remaining to mark the sites where they had once been, now surrounded by tall, gaunt, blackened stems. I never could look on a burnt

forest without the deepest melancholy stealing over me. I picture to myself the terrible power of the raging element, and then the sad, desolating effect it has caused. We rejoiced to get clear of the scene, into another affording a most delightful and reviving contrast to it—a fresh, flourishing forest of maple, beech, and cedar, with many other trees intermingled, all clothed with their brightest and most gorgeous autumnal tints. In a nook in this fairy-like forest, surrounded by half an acre of cleared land, nestled the most picturesque of lone log-huts; yet, amid those tall trees, it looked so small and insignificant, that it appeared to be the habitation of some pigmy being rather than the hut of one of the stalwart Anglo-Saxon race. The inhabitant of that hut must be fond of solitude, for not another habitation was to be found for a mile on either side of him; yet, perhaps, he calculates that before many months are passed he may be surrounded by the busy hum of his fellow-men.

Continuing our course through the forest, we descended by a steep hill to the newly-settled village of Rockwood. Rockwood was in the intermediate state between Collingwood and Sydenham. It was commenced about two years ago by a Quaker, who owns most of the land on which it stands, and who had a shrewd notion that the Grand Trunk Railway would be carried near it. The river Aramosa, a small stream, known also by the less euphonic name of the Ouse, runs through it, and turns a fine, large grist-mill, built most substantially of stone. It looks like the fortress of the place. All the other buildings are plank cottages, or rough log-huts, sprinkled about on the sides of the hills in most picturesque irregularity, among blakened stumps and new-cut logs. There were, I should think, in all

full fifty dwellings and two or three stores, in which red woollen goods were the most conspicuous objects offered for sale. The ground near the stream looked marshy, and the hills on which the village is perched, though exceedingly picturesque, very stony; but we were told that there is a wide extent of fine land cleared in the neighbourhood. A little beyond the village we passed two or three very neatly painted cottages with verandahs, and gardens in front, with gravel walks, and shrubs, and trees, and flowers, speaking of the old country,—a little oasis of polish in the rough wild.

As we were rattling along a plank road, our driver very nearly dashed over an unfinished bridge into the stream; but fortunately he saw it in time to turn his horses sharply to the left, on to a temporary bridge, which bore us safely to the other side. As we were wai king up a hill, a stout farmer-like man overtook us, and inquired if we were looking for a farm, offering to sell us one for a very moderate price. When I told him that I had no intention of settling, he replied that perhaps some of my friends might, and insisted on giving me full particulars of his property. Everywhere we have signs of a country rapidly emerging from a state of savage wildness into one fitted for the abode of the most civilised human beings; dismal cedar-swamps and railway-embankments and cuttings, wild forests and electric-telegraph wires, and blackened stumps and gaily-painted cottages, mingle in strong contrast. Indeed I might run on with a similar list *ad infinitum*. In one of the wildest bits of forest scenery we overtook a young Italian boy. With an organ at his back, and some white mice in a cage slung over his neck, with his leggings and conical hat, long hair, and sunburnt features, he had wandered

from his fair Italy across the wide Atlantic to push his fortunes in this distant land. "Date me qualche cosa, signor?" he said, looking up. The words recalled his beautiful land to my mind—the land of the past, the land of graceful ruins—a greater contrast to this New World than any contrast it can itself exhibit. Those organ-boys were my detestation in London; here they would be welcome in a forest-home, like the minstrels of old, for want of better music.

We now entered another cedar-swamp, the dark-leaved trees leaning in all directions, with masses of tangled underwood below; while the road was a regular rough corduroy, with gaping slits between the trunks, into which our feet without the greatest care would have quickly slipped. Unable to endure the horrible bumping in the carriage, we walked over it, but how the horses managed to escape breaking their legs seemed a miracle. Every now and then catching glimpses of the Grand Trunk Railway, we reached the village of Acton about three o'clock.

Acton was begun about twelve years ago, and is consequently two or three stages in advance of Rockwood. The railway passing it has given it a new impetus; and outside the village the ground was for some way, on each side of the road, divided off into "town-lots" as they are called. In the town itself were several very nice-looking detached houses, surrounded by gardens: and a short way from it, on our left, we passed the very neatest little inn I ever saw, built of plank, with a parlour prettily papered and freshly furnished; while at the window sat, with her work in her hands, the trimmest of old ladies, evidently the presiding genius of the place. We quite longed to stop and take up our abode

with her. We always couple Acton with that nice old lady, and we hope sincerely she still sits at her open window on sunny days, and sews, and knits, and reads, alternately as the spirit moves her.

Soon after leaving Acton we came to a regular sugar-bush—*id est*, “a maple-grove.” It is called a sugar-bush from the sugar which is manufactured from the sap produced by the trees when tapped. We sent our carriage on ahead while we sauntered through it, examining the trunks of the trees which had been tapped, and the troughs which had been left there by the sugar-makers last year, and picking up a collection of the gorgeous-tinted leaves to exhibit to our friends in England. The trunks are tapped with oblong cuts about three feet from the ground, the sap being conducted into troughs made of wood, somewhat in shape like butchers’ trays. I delight to dwell on the beauty of those romantic groves of maple and beech-trees, though words are totally inadequate to give a correct idea of their lightness and elegance, of the aerial, fairy-like look of their delicate yellow and red tinted leaves. We were at first divided in our opinion as to which was the most beautiful—the mixed groves of maple, beech, and other trees, or the sugar-bush by itself, or the groves composed entirely of beech. Ultimately we decided in favour of the beech-groves; their purity, lightness, gracefulness, and airy look—the delicate yellow and buff of the upper boughs—the quivering golden leaves, seen far away within the recesses of the grove, giving shade, but no gloom—are not surpassed by any of bounteous Nature’s choicest gems. Far as the eye can reach among the stems, a golden light is suffused both over the ground and over each delicately cut and shaped branch, the shade (if it can be so called)

being only of somewhat of a less brilliant hue than where the sun penetrates without impediment. The recesses of those magic forests seem truly fit places for beneficent fairies to hold their courts. At first I thought of endeavouring to represent a beech-grove on paper, but I very soon gave up the attempt, feeling that the brush of the most accomplished artist could scarcely do justice to their perfections. The maple-groves are almost as lovely, they are adorned with a greater variety of tints, red, orange, yellow, and green, but the sunlight does not penetrate quite so freely among their foliage; and yet, had I not seen a beech-grove, I should have thought that no other collection of forest trees could surpass them in beauty: while the brilliant leaves, as they fall each to its rest beneath their parent shade, seem like bright-plumaged birds, or gay-tinted butterflies, fluttering among the trees. As a contrast to these two fairy-like regions are the copper-coloured oak forests, which, as one gazes astonished at their peculiar hue, it is difficult not to suppose formed of some finely-beaten metal, designed by a cunning artificer, or else the work of magic, and the habitation of ghouls, genii, or demons. Then there are the tall, gaunt pine-trees, with jagged dark-green boughs at top, the rough giants of the forest; and then there are the cedars, knotted and bent, twisting and turning around each other, not in love or fellowship, but rather as combatants striving for each other's destruction.

Our road for many miles was up and down a succession of mounds. We toiled up the acclivity, and then bounded and bumped down the descent. We traversed several more cedar-swamps, finding it much less disagreeable to walk along the corduroys than to run the risk of dislocating our limbs by remaining in the carriage.

I observed that the ground in which the cedars grow is of a stony nature mixed with wnter.

At about five o'clock we reached Georgetown, a pretty, neat village, with a stream running through it, which is busily employed in turning a number of mills. We stopped at an hotel, the pretty, neat appearance of which attracted our attention. The landlord and landlady were very civil, and gave us a nice room and a capital supper, in the honest English fashion. The Grand Trunk passes near it, and an engineer belonging to it took me down to the banks of the stream to show me the spot where, thirty-one years ago, George Taylor, who gave his name to the place, cut the first tree on that location. Reminiscences such as these stand in the place of the historical records and legends of the Old World. George Taylor was the legitimate, the rightful conqueror of that once forest-wild. He was the true knight, and nobly he won his spurs. Near the spot now stands a large cloth-mill. While our tea-supper was preparing, we walked out, and I took a sketch of a fresh clearing, a log shanty, and some magnificently-coloured maples at the entrance of the village.

Alas! however, the affectionate feelings we had begun to entertain for the place, were sadly tried, as were our notions of its rural simplicity rudely dissipated by the most terrific uproar, which went on all night among a set of drunken railway officials, who had been holding a carouse in the hotel, one party giving a champagne supper to the other. In vain the poor landlord endeavoured to put the offenders forth; they fought, and swore, and shrieked, and threatened the lives of all or any who should dare to interfere with their rights as men. However, an onslaught was made, and we fully

expected, by the cries of the combatants, to find the ground covered with the corpses of the slain: however, at length the sounds of battle ceased, and we tried to go to sleep; but scarcely had we closed our eyes when they were opened wide again by the guard's horn of the Toronto mail, which came wheezily trump-trumpeting through the village. What the instrument blown on is, I know not, only, certainly, the noise produced in no way resembles the sound of an English post-horn, and it would puzzle König to conjure a gallop out of it. I can only liken it to an unhappy metal nose with a cold in it, blown against its will. Such are the horns in general use throughout North America. Half asleep, and disgusted as we were, it was provoking to be obliged to laugh at the thing, and yet it was too ridiculous to avoid it. Soon after the noise of the stage subsided, the morning hubbub of the house arose, and so did we, by candle-light; and receiving many apologies from our landlord for the disturbance we had suffered, we were soon whirling along towards Streetville, where we purposed breakfasting. Our horses' hoofs sounded cheerily on the good plank-road, which runs all the way, except where it is equally well macadamised from Georgetown to Toronto.

We had been told at Hamilton that we should find the most wretched accommodation on our journey, even if inns were not altogether wanting, and that the roads would scarcely be passable for our carriage. Now, on the contrary, we had met with a succession of very neat little inns, with every comfort we could reasonably desire and expect; between Guelph and Georgetown the road itself was very tolerable. During that distance, we certainly did meet with some rough bits, and the corduroys through the cedar-swamps were not altogether

delectable; but the wild beauty of the woods, and the new villages springing up, the log-huts and the shanties, made ample amends to us for the slight inconvenience our muscles and bones had to undergo.

A few miles from Georgetown, we came to a pretty village, called Nørval, backed by a range of hills, which, if they are not, should be called the Grampians. On each side of the road was a line of telegraph wires, belonging to rival companies, who vie with each other in carrying messages rapidly and at a cheap rate. Nothing like competition where the public is to benefit; so down with all monopolies, is the cry in the New World. Our before-breakfast stage was much easier than that of the previous day, and proportionally uninteresting; but we did not repine at having exchanged cedar-swamps for well-cultivated fields, and our corduroys for a fine plank-road, while, with some little satisfaction, we could allow our thoughts to fly forward to the breakfast we were to find at Streetville.

The appearance of the inn, as we drove up, made us feel very blank, its outward look being sadly repulsive. Howbeit, the occupants were very civil; they got fires lighted, and after a little delay, shortened by my frequent visits to the kitchen to inspect progress, and to excite the rosy handmaiden-of-all-work to greater speed, a most excellent breakfast was placed on the table, of fresh fish, tender meat, and good bread, washed down by some very excellent black tea we had purchased at Hamilton. Our landlord told us that he had wandered through many parts of the world, and had now settled down contented with his lot. He had a son in Australia, who, however, liked it much better than Canada. I told him that my predilections were formerly all in favour of

Australia, which I had not seen, but that, now that I had seen Canada, and all the advantages it has to offer to the industrious man possessing health and strength to labour, I should feel perfectly justified in recommending such an one to come out here, without in any way wishing to disparage Australia, in which I still retained a lively interest.

Leaving Streetville, we rattled along a plank-road, straight as an arrow, barring the turns, as our driver from Paddyland remarked, with more snake-fences, and fields and woods beyond, and many neat log-cottages and huts sprinkled about; indeed, we were seldom out of sight of a human habitation. We had also an opportunity of watching the process of logging, by which the timber cut down to make a clearing, is dragged by oxen, generally by one yoke, sometimes by two, into heaps. These heaps are then set on fire, and fed by brushwood till the whole is consumed. It is always painful to me to watch the destruction of timber, and I like not to see the oxen goaded and kicked by ignorant drivers to perform their heavy task. Forest scenery was gradually disappearing, albeit we still saw many gallant mast-like pines, with the usual shabby compliment of branches and foliage at their tops, like stout utilitarians, utterly regardless of appearances. The road on which we were travelling runs in a direct line from Toronto to Dundas, and is called Dundas Street.

After passing several new clearings, we came to Springfield, a clean and thriving village, with a number of neat little inns and taverns, as the smaller houses of entertainment for man and beast are called; and next we passed Cooksville, another clean village. Near the latter place, a sad burning of the woods had occurred, and of

the cottages which had sought a treacherous shelter beneath their shade, the chimneys and hearth alone remained to mark the site, and to show how the devouring element had spared its own altars.

Near Springfield, we came to a turn of the road, with evergreens on either side, a well-cut paling, and a handsome gate, so like the entrance to a gentleman's park, that it carried our thoughts at once to one of the most cultivated parts of Kent or Hampshire.

The day was drawing on, and I had not yet attempted to throw into my sketch-book any of the gorgeous colours of the forest we so much admired. At last we came to a wood, which might serve to give some faint idea of their beautiful tints, which, in a few days more, would, I know, fade away. Ordering, therefore, our driver to stop, we set down on a log, and I covered my paper with the most brilliant red, and pink, and yellow, and purple hues my box could produce, and yet how faint and dull the sketch, when complete, appeared to the reality.

The last fourteen miles of our journey were uninteresting, except that we travelled over an excellent macadamised road, with two sets of electric wires, crossing and recrossing over our heads, for no particular reason that we could discover. The afternoon, too, had been dull, and as we approached Toronto, it grew positively melancholy. White sheets of mist also met us, and wet us, and hid everything from our sight, so that it was with much satisfaction that we drove up to Russel's Hotel, where we had engaged rooms, and where everything had been renovated since our departure. The dinner hour had been changed from two to five o'clock, so that we came in for some rechauffé viands of good quality; but what was better still, we found a packet of

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letters from England, which made us spend a cheery, happy evening. Altogether we were much pleased with our overland trip, as it had served to show us more than volumes of statistics or piles of printed lectures, the vast and increasing resources of the country, and the happy and thriving condition of the population, and also the abundance of remaining space offering a home to millions of the energetic Anglo-Saxon race.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning of the 22d October commenced with rain, the first that has fallen for a fortnight. The clouds cleared away in the afternoon, and the sun came out warm and brilliant. An English friend told us that from the observations he has made since he came to Canada, he should pronounce the autumn superior to that of England; but the spring, summer, and winter, neither so healthy nor so agreeable. The spring is sloppy and damp, the summer too hot for comfort, and the winter too long and too cold.

The cabs here stand out in the streets in rows as they do in England, and the fares are the same, viz. two shillings per hour. We took a cab as soon as the rain ceased, and drove off to pay a round of visits. We first called on the kind and amiable wife of Chief Justice Robinson. I much regretted not again seeing the Chief Justice, who had not returned from his circuit. He and his family are universally loved and respected, and are an honour to the colony in which they were born.

I had the satisfaction also of making the acquaintance of Mr. George Allan, also born in the colony, and one of

its most wealthy landed proprietors. Should it ever be deemed expedient to bestow titular rank on any of the inhabitants of Canada, such a man as he is should receive the highest title the sovereign may award. I am far from anxious myself to see such distinctions formed; but if they are to be so, then I would wish to see the most worthy individuals receive them. Endowed with a princely fortune, polished manners, high education, noble patriotic principles, youth, health, and energy, having travelled much, and seen much of the world, and being possessed of a fine taste, and, moreover, a due sense of his position and responsibility, he stands ennobled by himself, nor could mere rank increase his influence, and certainly not his own happiness. Simply for the advantage of society, if titles are distributed, I would have him, and such as him, ennobled.

We next called on Dr. and Mrs. M'Caul. He is the Principal of the University of Toronto. From its foundation, it had received the support of the Bishop of Toronto, the Chief Justice, and other influential members of the Church of England; but at length the Colonial Legislature decided that in all the scholastic institutions under their influence no religious instruction should be afforded, but that the children of persons of all religious denominations there should receive the best secular education, and should be taught their religious duties by their parents at home. On the passing of this bill, the Bishop, and the Chief Justice, and others, withdrew their names as supporters of the college, and resolved to establish one themselves on totally different principles. At first the University was almost deserted by its scholars, and some of the professors also withdrew. It was also removed from the building, part of which only

was erected in what is now the Governor-General's park, to the old House of Parliament. But by the indefatigable exertions of Dr. McCaul, several professors of talent have been collected from England, and pupils are once more assembling to benefit by their exertions.

Toronto, on this our second visit, strikes us as a far larger and handsomer city than it appeared at first. After Hamilton, it looks very large, and it is much larger than Detroit, and not much inferior to Buffalo in size.

I called during our stay on all the principal publishers and booksellers in the city, to obtain their opinion about the international copyright question, and also information as to the bookselling trade in Canada, and to collect books and pamphlets on subjects connected with the country. The increase in the trade is even greater in proportion than the progress made by the country. When Mrs. Jameson wrote a *Tour in Canada*, about sixteen years ago, while Sir Francis Head ruled the land, Toronto contained one small book-shop, in which stationery, bandboxes, and I believe pill-boxes, were sold, I think also boys' kites; indeed, nearly every article of paper in common use, the stock of books being very small, and of a very ordinary description. Now there are five or six large booksellers' shops, equal to any in the larger towns of England. Three or more of them are publishers also. Mr. Maclear has published two very well-got-up volumes on Canada by Mr. W. H. Smith, and is also the publisher of the "*Anglo-American Magazine*," a very creditably conducted periodical, some numbers of which he had the politeness to send me. Scobie, another large house, publishes the "*Canadian Almanac*." Another publishes a scientific journal—a very important publication. I saw, also,

several elegantly got up illustrated works, one of which was conducted by Dr. M'Caul. The Canadian public reap all the advantage to be derived from American cheap literature, as the works pirated from English copyrights can be imported into the colony by payment of a small duty, while on reprints of works not copyright there is no duty. The Canadian publishers, I fancy, would prefer that the British law of copyright should extend to Canada, or rather that British copyright-works printed in the States should be excluded from entering Canada, but that they should be allowed to print them, paying a royalty to the author. As the case stands at present, although there is a very large reading public in Canada, every day increasing with the extension of education, as well as by the increase of the population, the British author enjoys from it not the slightest benefit. With all new works, they supply themselves almost exclusively from the States, and only such British works as the American publishers do not think it worth while to pirate are imported from England. With some British works, however, the American publishers cannot vie, and the number of the excellent ones now being brought out at one shilling and one and sixpence each, will, I have no doubt, find their way to Canada, and compete successfully with American editions. I found that American editions of British works, not copyright, provided they have the owner's name in them, may be landed in England free of duty; but this is no advantage to any one except to a few persons who have been residing in America, and may wish to bring home their libraries; but I suspect that it will be found that the British editions are cheaper and better than the American. All the booksellers I had the pleasure of con-

versing with were men of excellent education and deportment, fully equal to their brethren in England.

Sunday, the 23d, was a cold but fine day. Mr. Christopher Robinson, a son of the Chief Justice, called in the morning to take us to his father's pew in the Cathedral Church. The edifice was only just finished; indeed, the spire is not yet completed. The interior is fitted with excellent taste, the wood-work is of light oak, the walls are of a pinkish stone colour, and the pillars of a grey stone. The architecture is Early English. Two predecessors to the present structure have been burnt down, and each time the church has risen from its ashes much improved in appearance. I suppose the next time a perfectly-built cathedral will, phoenix-like, come forth should the devouring flames ever take possession of the present church. The service was very well performed. The venerable Bishop gave the blessing from a chair near the altar.

Bishop Strachan was one of the first Episcopalian clergymen in Upper Canada, and was, I believe, principal of a large school at Toronto. One of his sons is married to a daughter of Chief Justice Robinson's. After the service, we accompanied Mrs. Robinson to take luncheon at her house, where we had the pleasure of being introduced to several members of her family. Among others, her brother-in-law, the Honourable William Robinson, was present. I mentioned to him a plan I had been considering, of locating some families of Shetlanders on some island on Lake Huron, where they might carry on their usual vocations at home of fishing and farming. He had been at St. Mary's and the Manatoulin, and suggested St. Joseph's Island, one of the most western of that group, as a fit spot for their location. He also gave

me letters of introduction to Colonel Bruce and several members of the Government who were likely to interest themselves in the subject. The wife of another Mr. Robinson, also, was of the party, who is said to have a most magnificent voice, and we much regretted not having had the pleasure of hearing her sing. Our friends assured us, that the Indian summer was yet to come, and this we could believe, for, if not, it must have departed, for the day was cold, drizzly, and disagreeable.

From the accounts we hear, we certainly think that the early spring, when the snow is just melting from the face of the earth, must be the most unpleasant time of the year out-of-doors, though I fancy that even then the sky is bright and beautiful overhead. We are told, that the ladies of Upper Canada neither keep their health nor their bloom so long as those in the Lower Province, in consequence of not taking the same amount of exercise and so often breathing the fresh air. They neither walk nor brave the cold in the open sleighs, as do their sisters in the far severer clime of the north.

We were strongly advised to make a trip to Coburg, thence across the Rice Lake to Peterborough, and back again along the shore of Lake Ontario to the head of the Bay of Quinté, where we should embark in a steamer for Kingston. We were anxious to make the trip, as it would only delay us three or four days, and resolved, if we could get away from Toronto in time, to accomplish it, but yet we were unwilling to run any risk of being unable to perform our more important excursion to Bytown, and from thence down the Ottawa to Montreal. The signs of coming winter warned us that we had not any time to lose, and yet we were very unwilling to leave Toronto with all its hospitable inducements to

remain. We had intended dining at our hotel at five o'clock, and were waiting in the drawing-room in expectation of a summons when the hour passed by, and no bell rung. At length I went down to inquire the cause of the delay, when I found that on Sundays dinner took place at half-past one, and that we must make up our minds to forego the meal. This was easily done, as an early tea fairly supplied its place.

Monday, the 24th, was a cold, dull day. Mrs. Robinson most kindly took my wife to drive through the city to show her the points of most interest, while I walked with some friends. Toronto is a thoroughly English place in its appearance, and in the habits and manners of the inhabitants. They are in all respects a loyal, honest, straightforward, right-thinking class of people, and nowhere in the New World will a person from the old country find himself so perfectly *at home*. There is much significance in these words *at home*; and it is thus far from kindred and old friends, though I will not say from new ones, that we learn its true value. We returned in time to dress for a dinner at Ehuslie House, where, in the evening, there was a gay and animated dance, for which a number of nice, attractive-looking girls were assembled. Our friends had not long been settled in the country, having before resided in a quiet county in England, and I fancy that they here enjoy a far greater amount of social intercourse than they could at home in a widely-scattered neighbourhood.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 25th, icicles hanging at our windows gave us unpleasant notice of the rapid approach of winter; however, when the sun rose they melted away. Mr. Christopher Robinson called and took me to several places of interest in the

city,—among others, to the market-place, a fine large stone building, with a handsome ball and music-room over it. The butchers' stalls, which are really good large shops, are kept scrupulously clean, and give forth not the slightest disagreeable odour. They occupy the whole ground-floor of the building. Beyond them fruit and vegetables, of which there is a good supply, are exposed for sale. Hay and wood are sold in carts in an open space outside. There is also, under the same roof, a court-house, where the assizes are held. I called on Mr. Cameron, of the Commercial Bank, which is a fine building, with a good residence attached to it, where we were at a very pleasant ball. There are five banks, all of them good substantial buildings. At the corner of one of the streets is a remarkably handsome structure of the finest stone, of Corinthian architecture, which would attract notice in any street in London. It was built by a rich man (his name I forget), who at first intended it for his own residence, but has now converted it into a private bank. The present mechanics' institute is a plain structure, but one on a large scale is being erected, which will vie with the finest in any town in England.

The 26th was still very cold. We had a most pleasant dinner, with a very small family party, at the house of Mr. George Allan, Home Park, one of the professors of Trinity College being the only strangers present. Mr. Allan proved the bent of his taste by the number of beautiful prints, and drawings, and articles of *vertù*, which he has collected in his travels. He showed us some very interesting paintings of Indian scenery and wild sports in the West, executed by Mr. Paul Kane,

a Toronto artist, to whose studio he promised to take us another day.

The next day we lunched at the house of his sister, Mrs. Strachan, when he came to lionise me over the city. I had before called on Dr. M'Caul at the Toronto University, but I found him so busily engaged in preparing lectures and in arranging the building for the reception of the students, who were beginning to assemble, that I remained but a minute to bid him farewell. I next called on Dr. Scadding, the classical master of the grammar-school, which is a preparatory establishment for the University. Its constitution has not yet been altered, and religion is still taught there as before. Mr. Allan told me, that he and most of the young men of Toronto commenced their education there, and he spoke favourably of the system adopted. Our first visit was to Trinity College, which is situated on rising ground overlooking the lake on the road to Hamilton, what was then outside the city. It is a Gothic edifice, with an extended front, and a wide piece of open ground before it. It was established mainly by the energy of the Bishop and his friends when they withdrew from their patronage of the University of Toronto, in consequence of religious instruction no longer being afforded within its walls. He and other colonists subscribed as largely as their means would allow, and he then set forth to England, where he collected a sum sufficient to commence the undertaking. The Protestants of Canada subscribed 25,000*l.* In the United States 2500*l.* were raised, and in England the Bishop collected 15,000*l.*; and thus in two years from the day that the resolution to establish a new Protestant College was first taken, it was

open for students. We went over the building, which is well arranged, and can be increased in size by the addition of wings. Professors of first-rate ability were sent for from England, a charter was obtained, and some thirty students have already collected. It was a work nobly and piously conceived, and nobly and piously executed. We next went to Osgoode Hall, a handsome stone building, standing in a square or park of its own. It contains two courts of law and barristers' chambers. From the roof we had an excellent view of the city, its numerous churches, broad streets running at angles to each other, the Protestant cathedral, lately risen from its ashes, the Roman Catholic cathedral, and bishop's palace, the lake, the harbour, and the surrounding country. I always like to get these *diable-boiteux* glimpses of life, for I learn much in a short space of time, a great advantage in this transitory existence. Osgoode Hall took its name from Chief Justice Osgoode, and was built by the Society of the Law in Canada. Mr. Allan afterwards conducted me to a spot now about the centre of the city, where, in the last American war, the military chest was hid on account of its being one of the wildest and most secluded places in the neighbourhood.

Opposite Trinity College are the barracks of the Canadian Rifles, a most efficient and trustworthy corps. The rank and file are recruited from regiments leaving the country, and only steady married men are allowed to enlist, for, as they are always employed on frontier service, it is considered that, having ties in the country, they will be less likely to desert to the Americans. In our walks we passed several streets full of detached villas fully as large and as well built as those in St. John's Wood. They are inhabited chiefly by the mer-

chants of the city, and some by retired tradesmen who have made their fortunes. At a point to which several of these streets lead is the Normal School of Toronto, a very handsome structure of stone. At the head of it is a Wesleyan minister, a man universally respected. There is a large model-school for boys, and another for girls, in which the teachers of both sexes may practise. The Government have not yet interfered to prevent religious instruction being afforded at it. In the playground I observed some gymnastic poles, which always incline me to think favourably of a school, as the health and strength and growth of boys depend much on having every muscle exercised and developed. Everything about the building seemed admirably kept. We dined at Elmslie House, and walked home through the well-lighted, orderly streets at night, agreeing that the wood-pavement on which we trod was fully as good as that at New York. Many of the streets, however, remain totally unpaved and undrained; but as each year a certain number are both paved and drained, while water is conducted through every part of the city, in a short time no complaint on that score can be justly made.

At an early hour the next morning Mr. Allan called to accompany us to Paul Kane's studio in King Street. Toronto has the honour of giving birth to Paul Kane. He was the son of an inn-keeper in the city, who does not appear to have appreciated the signs of talent exhibited at an early age by his son. The true genius, however, he felt working within him was not to be suppressed, and as there existed no great masters or schools in the country, from whom to receive instruction and inspiration, young Paul put himself under the direction of a sign-painter, from whom he learned the art of

handling a brush and mixing colours; but very soon surpassing his master, he resolved to set forth to the fountain-head of inspiration, to the temple of the great goddess Nature, where, unimpeded and at no expense, he might drink as deeply of the bright fountain as his ardent soul desired.

To the primeval forests, therefore, he bent his steps, with his sketch-book, and colours, and some slight provision in his wallet. Yet not content with the scenes there unfolded to his view, still farther on he penetrated, westward to the wide prairie lands, where the wild Indians of that western desert hunt the fierce buffalo on horseback. On, still on, he went—a man of peace, making friends with all he met; and returned at length, his sketch-book enriched with exciting scenes of the wild sports of those regions, and with numberless portraits of renowned chiefs of the Red man, and of their squaws and followers. On his return from the Indian territory he went into the United States, where he travelled about taking portraits, making money for a grand object he had in view—a visit to Italy. At length he had collected what he deemed sufficient, and set off on his voyage to the Old World, full of delightful anticipations of the art riches his eyes were there to behold. Friends offered him aid, but he declined it—he would depend on his own exertions. While in Italy he supported himself by occasionally selling a copy of one of the old masters; but his aim was to study and not to make money, so he only finished in order to sell when his necessities required the sacrifice of his time. He remained a couple of years, I believe, in Italy; and soon after he came back to Canada, he set off once more to the Far West, and penetrated a still greater distance than he had done before

among the haunts of the Red man. He had now for some time been residing quietly in Toronto, where he had married a wife, and was engaged in painting a series of views illustrative of Indian life and scenery. We found our way up a steep, high stair to an apartment at the top of the house, more like a poet's chamber than a painter's studio, where we found the artist at work. His appearance, though roughish from the style of life he had led, much prepossessed me in his favour, and still more did his manners, which were truly pleasing and courteous. He is more like a real old master of the genuine art-loving, gain-scorning, fame-desiring stamp, than one expects to meet in these utilitarian, gold-seeking days. He works hard, but steadily; refuses to sell any of his pictures, for he has now a sufficient private fortune for his support. His great ambition is to make a perfect collection illustrative of Indian life, and to exhibit it in England, which he hopes to visit in the course of a year or so. Among the several hundred portraits and scenes he possesses, he showed us several most admirably executed. One, especially, of a grand, wild-looking Indian chief, adorned with a bear-claw collar, most exquisitely finished. Another had a massive, intellectual, and beneficent countenance, which, with a certain calm dignity overspreading it, reminded me much of that well-known friend of Australia, Mrs. Chisholm. Fancy Mrs. Chisholm like an Indian chief! yet so it was, and both were formed to lead their fellow-creatures. One old gentleman was a great enemy of Kane's. He lived six months with him and his tribe. When he saw the portrait of himself which Kane had just completed, so delighted was he and overcome with admiration for the artist, that, taking off the bear-claw collar from his own

neck, he presented it to the artist, saying, "You are a greater chief than I am; you have more right to wear this than I have." This was genuine savage worship of art. We much admired a snow-scene, with a wedding procession of carioles drawn by six or eight dogs each. There were several beautiful encampment scenes, in which the grouping, attitudes, and costumes, were admirable. He showed us a fine night-scene, with Indians spearing fish by torchlight. The glare on some of the thick-growing trees overhanging the water; the deep shadow in which others are wrapt; the calm bit of moon-lit sky, of which a glimpse only is caught in the distance; the graceful and spirited attitudes of the Indians; and the flaring, sparkling, rosiny torches, form altogether a most attractive and interesting picture. He has some very spirited buffalo-hunts, and a horse-race, which is also good. He gave my wife some Indian shell-money used on the west coast. The shells are in shape like little horns, and it requires several to make the value of a farthing.

Kane told us some amusing anecdotes of his adventures with Indians. On one occasion, accompanied by a friend, in the Far West they found themselves among a very ticklish tribe, whose scalping propensities and treachery were notorious. One of the chief Indians, after regarding a new suit of clothes worn by his friend with a longing eye, deliberately stripped himself of his own somewhat old and greasy deer-skin jerkin, leggings and robe, and laid them at the white man's feet. On this he turned to Kane with a comical face of blank dismay, saying, "Here's this fellow making me a present of his things that he may get mine instead, which is the custom in these parts; and it won't do to refuse him,

or we may get our throats cut. What on earth am I to do? It won't be wise to offend them, that's certain." The Indian stood in silent expectation of the dress he wished for; and at last, making a virtue of necessity, the Englishman with an air of friendly pleasure disrobed likewise, and presented his garments to his red-skinned friend, while he put on the greasy garments the other had taken off. Kane was congratulating himself on escaping a like infliction, when an Indian walked up to him, and most affectionately began to disrobe. "No, no," exclaimed Kane, buttoning up his coat, "this won't do. I've no other clothes; and I can't part with those on my back to please any of you. The white man likes one style of clothing, you like another. We should be unwise to change, and both be made uncomfortable." These arguments succeeded; for not only did he keep his clothes on his back, but they got away from the unprepossessing tribe without losing their scalps.

Besides his paintings, which are not only valuable as illustrating Indian life, but excellent as works of art, he has a museum of Indian manufactures; and I suggested when he comes to England that he should give lectures describing the races now so rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth.

Having paid a round of visits to wish our friends good-bye, and to thank them for the kindness they had shown us, I started on foot to meet Mr. Allan, who had offered to take a walk round the city with me. His own property is almost in the centre of the city, and is every day becoming more and more valuable. He is about to form a square, with a few large, handsome houses in it, and a garden in the centre, which will prove a great ornament to the city; and by creating a fashionable

nucleus, will have the effect of keeping the more wealthy people together, instead of their betaking themselves to the outskirts and abandoning the interior to shops and stores. In ten years hence we may fairly expect that Toronto will have become one of the handsomest cities and most convenient and agreeable residences in North America.

We next turned our steps to the banks of the Don, which forms a most picturesque boundary to the northern side of the city. So gradual does the land rise from the lake, that I was not aware how high we were, and was much surprised to find myself looking down into a deep ravine filled with woods and the river winding through it. Above the river is the public cemetery, where persons of all religious persuasions may bury their dead. Near it, with another deep ravine and a stream running at the bottom, is the Church-of-England burying-ground, which is tastefully laid out with walks and evergreen shrubs. On the opposite side of the ravine stands the residence of Mr. Cayley, a member of the well-known Yorkshire family of that name.

A few years ago, Mr. Allan told me, all the ground we went over was covered with trees, among which as a boy he used to gallop. The roads were so excessively sandy, that it will take some time to get them into order. He described to me a beautiful phenomenon which he has often observed from the high ground over which we were walking in the winter. At early dawn the waters of the lake nearest the shore are of the deepest, purest blue; and, in the horizon, of a dark copper hue; while the sky overhead is of a beautiful light fawn colour. As the sun rises a vapour ascends, forming a cloud over the lake, which at noon falls in showers of the finest powdery

snow, till it has entirely expended itself. I afterwards accompanied him to see the house he built for himself before the death of his father, where, as he told me, he cut down with his own hands the first tree to prepare the ground, and turned up the first sod. It stands some little way out of Toronto at an elevation of about a hundred and fifty feet above the lake; and is tastefully laid out with lawn and shrubbery, flower and kitchen garden, like a comfortable country-house in the old country. The enlightened owner is a man of natural taste, which he has improved in his travels through England and the greater part of Europe. He is the energetic supporter of every undertaking to benefit the inhabitants of his native city, of which he is naturally proud. He is one of the chief promoters of Trinity College, as also of the Scientific Institution of Toronto, which publishes a very valuable monthly journal; and he is a member of all the literary and philanthropic institutions in the city.

I called again on Mr. Scobie, who is since dead; also on Mr. Maclear, the publisher of the "Anglo-American Magazine," a publication creditable to a city in which a large portion of the inhabitants are engaged in commercial pursuits, leaving them but little time for literary amusements. Two goodly volumes of it have already appeared. One of the editors, an Irish gentleman, took me to the foot of Yonge Street to show me the proposed alterations already agreed on, I believe, for the improvement of the water-front of the city. A wide esplanade is to run along the bay-shore for the entire length of the city; to give sufficient width, a considerable extent of land is to be reclaimed from the harbour; and this reclaimed land is to be covered with warehouses, offices, and other

buildings for commercial purposes, leaving wide and handsome thoroughfares from the streets, running at right angles with the esplanade to the docks and harbour. Inclined planes are to lead down to the lake with bridges, under which the railroads are to be conducted, which all run along the lake-shore for some little distance. The quays and wharves are to be broad and spacious. The whole work, it is calculated, will cost a million sterling, — a tolerably large sum to expend on a city in the backwoods.

When describing our first visit to Toronto, I mentioned the exertions made by the corporation to drain the city, and we now remarked that a considerable progress had been made during our short absence. It is expensive work, as even the most unskilled labourers get a dollar a-day. In another year the streets will be completely drained and macadamised; at present, in spite of the mud, the wooden crossings enable one to get from side to side dry-shod. The plank causeways, though they give an unfinished appearance to the streets, are most convenient. In winter, when the snow falls, by very stringent municipal regulations they are instantly cleared, so that dry footing is found in the most sloppy weather.

My friend the editor took me to several large stores, with handsome stone fronts, and full of as large and miscellaneous a collection of goods as those I have described at Hamilton. He pointed out several fine blocks of buildings, where only sixteen months ago, when he came to the city, stood a few huts and wooden sheds. Snipe have been shot by many of the present inhabitants on ground now drained and covered with buildings. Property is rising enormously in value. Last year two lawyers gave 30,000*l.* for a plot of ground. Part of the

price was paid down, and the remainder was to be paid for by instalments over the space of ten years. They have already sold the whole of it in small lots, and realised 100,000*l.* cash. This is but one of the numberless instances I heard of the increased value set on land for building purposes.

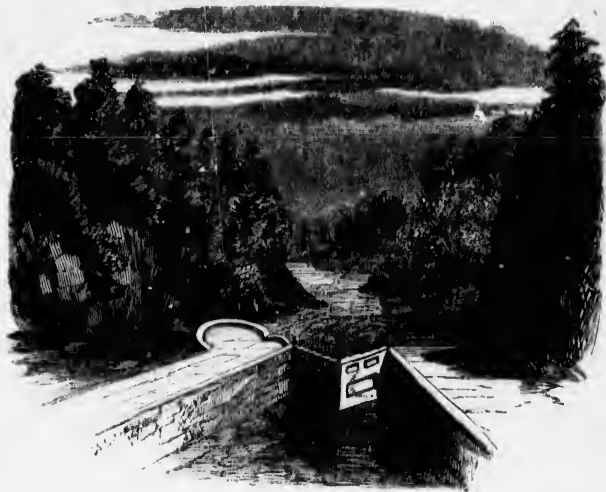
Mr. S. and his son called one morning to accompany me through the domain in which is to be erected a palace for the Governor-general, to be ready for his reception whenever the seat of government is again transferred to Toronto. After passing near Osgoode Hall I was surprised to find myself walking through a very long, handsome, artificial avenue of walnut, and other beautiful trees, with a well-kept green walk in the centre, terminating in a wide, open lawn. On the lawn stood the wing of a large stone building, erected for the University of Toronto, and for some time used by the students. On the change of the system in the college the building was purchased by the Colonial Government. They are about to pull it down, and, with a large mass of materials lying around it, to commence the palace I speak of. The site selected for the palace is on an elevated spot in a wood composed of every variety of tree, while a fine view of the lake will be obtained from the windows, or through vistas cut in the wood. On the further side of the wood is a wild ravine, through which runs a stream, which is to be dammed up, so as to create an artificial piece of water. Altogether a very delightful residence will be formed, either for a Governor-general, a Viceroy, a President, or whoever becomes ruler of the Canadian people.* The population of To-

* The palace is now finished, and Sir Edmund Head is to take up his residence there this autumn.

ronto has more than doubled within the last three or four years, and now numbers forty-two thousand souls. Add at least two or three thousand more, which no doubt there will be by the end of the year 1855.

At the present moment Toronto may justly be described as follows, most of the improvements in execution when we were there having now been completed. The streets are broad, with fine openings to the harbour. They run mostly at right angles to each other, and no narrow, dirty lanes, the disgrace of cities in the Old World, are to be seen. They are well drained, well lighted, and well paved or macadamised. The houses are well supplied with water, even to the upper stories; and the shops are large, well stored, and handsomely arranged; the public buildings are numerous and mostly elegant, and there is ample space for improvements in every direction.

I do not wish to overflatter Toronto, but in speaking thus of it I believe that I am only giving what is fairly its due. Our last evening was spent at a very pleasant ball at the house of Mr. Cameron, where we met a number of friends and acquaintance. At supper I tasted the prairie-hen, which I pronounce superior to a partridge, and only a little inferior to grouse. Thus our last reminiscences of Toronto were as pleasant as our impressions on landing, and as we bade farewell to our friends we assured them, that unless our wishes were frustrated we should soon return to them again.



LOCKS AT KINGSTON MILLS.

CHAPTER III.

THE skies of Toronto with genial smiles bade us farewell, and several friends also came to offer us their kind adieus, as, on Saturday, the 29th of October, we embarked at noon on board the steamer *Arabian*, bound for Kingston. We left Toronto with a warm, kindly feeling towards it and those it contains, hoping to return some day to see both it and them again. During our stay we have received nothing but kindness and attention, without a single *contretemps* to blunt the edge of our regard.

We had very few passengers on board, twelve or fourteen only appeared at table, so that we were more quiet and leisurely in our proceedings during meals than we had been since reaching America. Captain Colkely was a model of politeness, and his dinner-service and the dinner he placed before us were excellent.

As soon as we got on the outside of the long spit which forms the harbour I took a sketch of the city, rising up from the water, and backed by a fringe of pine-trees. With the numerous spires of its churches, its colleges, and other public buildings, it already has assumed a somewhat imposing appearance, to which every year of its existence will rapidly add. The north shore, along which we kept our course, consists chiefly of a clay cliff of some height, fringed with trees, with, at short intervals, a succession of farms and clearings. We touched at several places, chiefly small villages,—some, perhaps, destined shortly to rise to the dignity of towns.

The sun was just setting as we reached Port Hope, a small town situated on the sides and at the bottom of a valley opening down to the lake. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, and several grist-mills, breweries, distilleries, tanneries, carding and fulling-mills, and publishes two newspapers. I have not mentioned half its industrial resources, so that it may well be considered an important little town.

Soon after leaving Port Hope we came to Coburg, which is in some degree its rival in trade. The streets of Coburg are wide and well laid out, spreading over a considerable extent of ground fronting the lake. It contains between four and five thousand inhabitants, several educational institutions, the chief of which is Victoria College, with a very handsome building, the

District Grammar School, Coburg Church Grammar School, and the Diocesan Theological Institute, besides several private schools. It boasts also of seven or more churches, some flourishing cloth-factories, grist-mills, foundries, breweries, tanneries, and a newspaper. It will be easily understood how so many towns quickly spring up and flourish, when we see the unlimited water power they possess for the establishing of manufactories, and the wide extent of back country daily opened up which they have to supply. We had wished much to land at Coburg and spend a day there, and then to cross by steamer the Rice Lake to Peterborough, another town of some size, and interesting from the rapid progress it has made. It now contains about three thousand inhabitants. The scenery on the Rice Lake is very pretty, similar to that of the Thousand Islands, on the St. Lawrence. It is a favourite resort of sportsmen, from the abundance of wild fowl which congregate among its islands. Leaving Coburg we had intended taking a carriage and skirting the shore of the Lake till we reached Belleville, at the head of the Bay of Quinté, where we should have found a steamer to carry us to Kingston. The Bay of Quinté is very beautiful from the narrowness and depth of the channel, the clearness of the water, the rich forests which line its shores, and the numerous well-cultivated farms and villas which are interspersed among them. Belleville is a very flourishing town of some size, and contains between four and five thousand inhabitants and a proportionate number of manufactories. We were very sorry to miss seeing all these places, but the fear of being caught on the Ottawa by the frost before we could get into our proposed winter-quarters at Quebec, hurried us on. The temper-

ature of the outer air was still genial, and we had a pleasant, smooth passage, barring very noisy engines and a self-regulating stove which chose to smoke. We discovered, also, that as the steamer went on to Prescott and only touched at Kingston we should have to land soon after midnight, when, for what we knew to the contrary, all the hotels might be hermetically sealed.

We landed by starlight on the silent quay at Kingston, and, knowing the localities, made our way without difficulty along deserted streets to the British American Hotel. Fortunately meeting the porter we sent him for our luggage, and the house-porter, the most civil of human beings, was up to receive us, and lighted us and hot-watered us in our old quarters with the greatest amiability, so that we by no means felt so cast away as we had expected to be on a midnight arrival of the kind.

The next day was Sunday, but we were too much fatigued to attend service. In the course of the day I walked round the city. The streets are broad and generally macadamised; some have rough causeways of stone and others of plank. I passed the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a handsome stone structure, and the interior is, I was told (for I did not enter it), tastefully and elegantly adorned, which is not the case usually with the Roman Catholic churches in Canada. Near it is the Bishop's palace, very much in the style of an old-fashioned French château. A college, belonging to the same community, which stands near the other two buildings, is a tall, gaunt pile of ugliness. The cottages in the outskirts, inhabited by the poor, are of one story, built of stone, and look more like those I have seen about Oporto than near an English town. All the causeways outside the town are of plank, and raised considerably from the

road. When kept in good order, they are pleasant enough for walking on; but when rotten, and with intervals of missing planks, they, especially in the dusk, become very break-leg affairs, and compel the wayfarer to trudge through the mud or dirt rather than to trust to their treacherous accommodation. The higher ground about Kingston has a very bare appearance from all the trees having been cut down.

In one of my walks I came to a large burying-place, laid out with paths and a few shrubs; but it had a forlorn, melancholy look, which prevented me from entering its sombre domain. Near it was a stone quarry, on a hill overlooking the city, whence I got a good view of the river, which washes one side of the city, and forms the entrance to the Rideau Canal. I passed through a district close to the river, where I should think, in hot weather, the cholera would find a congenial location. Returning by the barracks, which are built of a fine hewn stone and fortified, I reached our hotel.

We took a very pretty walk along the shore of the lake towards the Penitentiary, past a martello tower, several very pretty villas, and rows of remarkably neat cottages; also two handsome houses standing in shrubberies, with so English an air about them, that had it not been for the plank causeway we might have fancied ourselves in the old country. Having left my card on Mr. Kirkpatrick, we received a visit from him in the evening, and a most kind invitation to dine with his family on the following day. We had, however, been told, that the steamer, by which we had intended to proceed up the Rideau Canal to Bytown, was to start on that evening, so we were obliged to decline it.

Monday was so lovely and warm a day that we

began to hope the wintry weather would defer its advent for another week or ten days, so as to enable us to see the neighbourhood. Though we had been assured we should find the canal route very tedious and uninteresting, we still resolved to perform it for the sake of seeing the canal, which, as a work of art, must at all events, I thought, be worth inspection; and we were anticipating a pleasant commencement of our voyage, when we found that the steamer would not sail till the following morning.

Mr. Kirkpatrick accordingly most kindly called to renew his dinner invitation, as his wife did to take mine out to drive. It is very pleasant to receive attention from those whom one meets casually, and to whom one has no letters of recommendation. In the first place, a person feels that he is receiving genuine, unforced, unasked kindness; and then, again, it is somewhat flattering to self-love to fancy that his own personal qualities obtain him so gratifying a reception. I, however, honestly believe, that in most cases, and I am sure it was in ours, the attention we were shown proceeded from the kind hearts of our friends towards strangers who were supposed to have no acquaintance in the place. I afterwards discovered, very much to my regret, that some old family friends, Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, were there at the time; and I, fancying that they were at Montreal, had thus missed seeing them. We instantly felt ourselves at home in the thoroughly comfortable establishment of our refined and hospitable stranger friends. The children were busily employed in burning nuts, for it was All Halloween. Everybody in Kingston, we were told, keeps the Halloween, with most of the customs they have brought from the old country, the consumption of nuts being something wonderful. The filberts, by the by, used on the occasion,

are brought from Spain and other parts of the Old World, those grown in America being small and tasteless.

We were told of the wonderful escape of a prisoner from the provincial Penitentiary. The walls are upwards of twenty feet high, and sentries walk on them; while a passage passes every cell, with a hole looking into it, through which the gaoler may peep without the inmate being aware that he is observed; so how the man got out no one can tell. He gave notice that he was at liberty by robbing several cottages shortly afterwards.

The architect of the Roman Catholic Cathedral is an Italian. The proportions are said to be exquisite, though as yet it is without its spire. From its position in the highest part of the city, it can be seen a long way off from the waters of the lake. I was on the point of writing *out at sea*; and when describing places on the lake-shore, I have had no little difficulty in persuading myself that they were not sea-port towns as I gazed over the wide extent of blue waters before me. When I have been on the lake, the case has been different; the style of vessel, so unlike anything I have met on the ocean—the look of the water—and more than all, the absence of the salt smell which I always find so invigorating and refreshing. One of the very few objections I should have to living in Upper Canada would be the difficulty, without a long trip, of inhaling every now and then the pure, fresh, briny gales from the boundless ocean. And yet, why do I say this? a journey of twenty-four hours will carry a person from most parts of the country to New York, and from thence steamers will quickly pass one on to numerous sea-side places.

Seldom in England does one meet so bright and lovely a day as was November the 1st, on which we were

at Kingston. We were to start at three o'clock, we were told; so we dined early, and went on board to be in readiness for that event. Kingston, on a week day, appears to be a much more bustling place than we at first thought it. Steamers were coming in and going out; some were from the United States, others up from the St. Lawrence, or down the river; and others, again, from the Bay of Quinté; while the numerous quays all along the lake-shore were covered with casks and cases, and thronged with carts transporting goods of every description. Mr. Kirkpatrick and his sons accompanied us on board, and remained with us most kindly while we sat on the deck in expectation of a move, while our vessel, the Prince Albert, finished taking in her cargo, among other things of half a hundred or more iron stoves, the tin-cooking apparatus for which completely covered our deck. Our steamer was very different in size to the magnificent vessels in which we had been floating about, but still something on the same plan. She had an upper open deck. Under it was the ladies' cabin, very narrow, with narrow berths, and a passage outside round it, and a small gallery at the after part. Beneath it, again, was the gentlemen's cabin, with rows of sleeping-places at the sides, and a narrow dinner-table down the centre. The accommodation was thus very confined, and rather less airy than we could have desired. Having patiently watched the shipping around us discharging cargoes of pigs, flour, stoves, pots and pans, casks and cases, having got our own luggage on board, seen our vessel get up her steam, and taken leave of our kind friends, it grew dark, and we were then informed by a messenger from our captain that it would be impossible to proceed that night, as there exist certain flats and sandbanks on this side

Kingston Mills, which he could on no account attempt to pass, except in broad daylight. We accordingly had to shoulder arms once again, and march back to our hotel, the accommodation on board not tempting us to remain.

The next morning we dressed by candle-light, and got on board just as a chill grey dawn opened on the world. Our little steamer at once got under way, and rounding a large martello tower, which guards the northern end of the town, we entered an arm of the lake, across which a long wooden bridge is thrown. A part of the bridge twisting round, we passed through, and then began a series of twists and turns, and zig-zags and wriggles, among sedgy swamps and sandbanks, our bow being often in zig, while our stern was in zag, which showed us how impossible it would have been to have found our way up in the dark. The dwellings of the musk-rats were pointed out to us on the edge of the swamps. They looked like untidy little heaps of grass and reeds. The rats, we were told, are rather bigger than cats. They are trapped for their fur, of which cheap caps are made.

Opposite Kingston was a little village, with a church among trees, on a high point, which looked very picturesque, while beyond the banks were wooded and pretty. At a quarter past seven we entered a narrow gorge, with high, rocky cliffs on either side, crowned by trees, the width of the stream just allowing room for the steamer's paddles. Proceeding through it for a quarter of a mile, we came to the first series of four locks in the Rideau Canal.

These locks are a magnificent work. They are formed with a strong wall on one side; the superfluous water, after turning a number of mills, being allowed to

fall down into its natural bed on the other. These said mills are known as the Kingston Mills. A considerable revenue is obtained by all the canal companies in Canada, by letting the water-power they possess to persons for turning mills of various descriptions. It was curious to find our steamer rising up the narrow gorge from the very bottom to the top of the cliffs. While this somewhat tedious process was proceeding, we landed, and climbed to the summit of the highest eminence in the neighbourhood, whence we looked down the wild ravine through which we had come, at Kingston and the lake in the distance, and had time to examine the spot where a tubular bridge is to be thrown across the gorge for the passage of the Grand Trunk Railway. Above us was a little lake through which we were to proceed. It was formed by damming up the stream to make the water deeper. We came to numerous similar artificial ponds in our voyage through the canal. The canal is formed by a series of dams. Out of the whole length, indeed, of one hundred and twenty-six miles, there are only sixteen miles of cutting. Our steamer having risen a height of fifty feet up the four locks to the level of the lake, we embarked, and continued on through one of the most desolate and melancholy scenes I have ever witnessed.

I had thought that a burnt forest was the saddest of spectacles; but among the blackened stems, the green grass soon springs forth, and the young saplings rise up and put out their leaves to remind us of the constant renewal of nature's gifts; but in the region we had now entered water had proved more destructive than fire in destroying the forest. This region is known by the name of "The Drowned Land." The canal has been formed,

as I have mentioned, not by cutting a channel through the country, but by taking advantage of a series of lakes, and streams, and shallow valleys, in deepening the beds of the streams and lakes in some places, and in damming up their channels in others, so as to force the water over what was before dry land; and thus to make artificial streams and lakes. The district we were now passing through was one of these flooded tracts, a broad shallow valley thickly wooded. The cruel flood had been let in over the once fertile vale, and the poor trees which grew there had literally died on their legs, and there they stand, sad monuments of destruction—a forest of gannt, bare, ragged, jagged poles of all heights and sizes, leafless, branchless, and brown, rising upward from the treacherous flood. So clearly reflected are they on its mirror-like surface that their numbers seem doubled; while, among the taller stems, short stumps just poke up their noses like crocodiles in the Nile, and logs great and small float uselessly about among the still standing stems.

“This, sure, is the river Styx we’re passing through,” remarked a quiet Scotchman to a friend, as he paused in his walk up and down the deck. A quiet smile was exchanged between the friends at the joke, but I suppose that they did not consider it worth a more vehement demonstration of approval. When the land in this unhappy district was first drowned, the neighbourhood became very unhealthy from the quantity of vegetable matter which the water caused to decay, and numbers of poor persons contracted ague and fever, which accompanied them to the grave, if it did not expedite their passage thither. However, the surrounding country is now said not to be injurious to health; but this I very much doubt, and, at all events, its desolate appearance is suffi-

cient to hasten people away from it, if it does not drive them to despair. How far the engineers were justified in turning many thousands of acres into a watery waste, I cannot say. They affirmed that the country was peculiarly barren and unfertile, and that, as the work was to be performed they accomplished it in the best way their means would allow.

The Rideau Canal, it must be understood, was projected purely as a military work to connect Kingston with Montreal by water without the necessity of descending the St. Lawrence in case of a war with the United States; for, as must be remembered, that river runs past their territory for some distance downward. The canal first goes to Bytown, and then, by a series of magnificent locks, descends to the Ottawa, which, with the interruption of several rapids, runs down to Montreal. From that city to Quebec, and from thence to the sea, the navigation of the St. Lawrence was supposed to be likely to remain unimpeded by an enemy.

The city of Bytown, as well as the canal, was designed by Colonel By, who, contemplating it chiefly in a military point of view, intended to have so fortified it as to make it the strongest place in Canada, next, if not equal, to Quebec. One cannot but sincerely rejoice that, by the wise commercial regulations lately carried into effect between the two nations, and the advancement of religious and moral feeling, this great work has been rendered totally useless for the object for which it was formed.

On the highest ground between Kingston and Bytown there are a number of small lakes and streams which serve as the feeders to the canal, one portion running towards Lake Ontario, the other, and by far the largest,

into the Ottawa, through the Rideau River, and over a cliff about eighty feet in height, in a magnificent cascade known by the name of the Rideau Falls. Admirably constructed as this work is, so ill does it pay its expenses, that the Imperial Government wished to sell it to the Colonial, but the latter refused to take it even as a gift. The former then threatened to take off the gates and let it go to ruin, but this, I should think, would scarcely be done; however, the matter is not yet settled. It is still kept up as a military work. The lock-masters are old artillerymen, who come out in their undress uniforms to open and shut the gates. Their cottages are of good size, built of a grey stone, neatly designed and roofed with gleaming tin.

After leaving the Drowned Land, we entered a wild, narrow, twisting stream, with rocky, picturesque banks covered with trees, and now and then a cottage, or a woodman's hut, appearing among them. At a place called Brewer's Falls, where there are three locks, there is on a high rock a perfect profile of the late Duke of Wellington. For some distance we sped on between these high rocky banks, through scenery as wild as any among which I have ever found myself; and certainly, had I not been watching our course, I should have been puzzled to know how a steamer could ever have got there. Suddenly the gorge expanded into a wide lake full of rocky, tree-covered islands, and then, entering another gorge with still loftier cliffs, a fine waterfall appeared tumbling down before us,—alas! unromantically called Jones's Falls.

Here the steamer ascended a series of five deep locks to the top of the cliff, while we landed and walked to examine a magnificent dam of the most solid masonry

sixty feet in height, constructed to keep back the waters of a chain of lakes I have spoken of. Standing on the top of the dam, we looked back on a peculiarly wild and fine scene over the stream up which we had come winding away among lofty cliffs and a series of rugged hills and wild forest on either side. Everything about the locks and dam was kept in the most perfect order; gravel-walks, well-mowed lawns, and clipped trees, appeared in strong contrast to the wild scenery which surrounded us. The vessel was an hour getting up the five locks, having risen sixty feet.

In the afternoon, having passed through other wild streams and lakes with rocky islands like those of the Thousand Islands, we entered the Rideau Lake, which is three miles wide in some places, though in others it has a width of only a quarter of a mile. It now grew dark, and we were glad to take shelter in the cabin, for the weather had become very cold and damp. The scenery, we were told, beyond this is very uninteresting, or very similar to what we had passed. We observed an immense quantity of wild fowl on the lakes and streams, and could scarcely look out without seeing them swimming round us on the surface of the water, or winging their hurried flight over our heads.

A number of passengers came on board during the night, rousing us from our slumbers, at Smith's Falls. Here a town has sprung up in consequence of the convenience afforded by the canal, and already contains a thousand inhabitants. Sixteen miles off is Perth, a town numbering upwards of two thousand inhabitants, and containing some good stone and frame-houses.

On leaving the Rideau Lake, we descended the Rideau River for twenty-five miles without a lock. In the morn-

ing the air was at first very cold, but when the sun came out it became pleasantly warm, especially when we were passing through the locks. The banks of the river were lined chiefly with cedars and pine-trees, and were in places very picturesque. I took several sketches on the way, which give a fair idea of the character of the scenery. We passed some squaws paddling a canoe—miserable, wild-looking creatures. The unhappy race has almost died off in this neighbourhood. Among the deck passengers was a woman with twins, seven months old. She was a strong, active-looking person, and laughingly declared the more she had of them the better she and her husband would be pleased. "Faith," she added, "for in this country we've plenty to give them to eat." I never saw more voracious sturdy little animals. As they sat both upright, she fed them with potatoes and butter off the end of her knife, then with some pieces of beefsteak, and then they bit out large mouthfuls from a slice of bread and butter held out to them. They were certainly fine specimens of what the country can produce in the way of children—wonderful little beings—in the old country they would have caused the ruin of a poor man.

We went through some very dreary spots during the morning, half-lake and half-drowned land, with dead stumps and leafless trees, or else hemlocks and cedars on the banks, and here and there a dark unpainted frame-house or log-hut, and at rarer intervals a brick tenement. We had landed at Smith's Falls our fifty-four stoves and tin boilers, with other winter stores, so that now we had a clear walk on deck. At one o'clock we reached a lock, called the Hogsback from the shape of a wild ridge of rocks near it, from which the river descended in a pic-

turesque cataract, and then continued in a series of rapids for a mile, which we avoided by proceeding through what is called "the long cut," the first regular piece of canal we had come to, and at the same time happily proving the termination of our voyage, which had become somewhat tedious. This cut, which is as straight as an arrow for five miles, runs between high banks, at the end of which we could see some of the buildings in Bytown. The canal bounds one side of the Lower Town (as it is called), while the river running away to the right bounds it on the other, enclosing it in a triangle, with the Ottawa as the base. To the left the ground rises considerably, and on this of late years a large number of houses have been erected, and I have no doubt will become the most frequented and fashionable part of the city.

At about three o'clock we reached a quay on the high level ground in the centre of the city, whence we could look down over eight locks into the Ottawa, which flowed nearly a hundred feet below us. It looked almost as if we could have leaped off the deck of the vessel into the Ottawa. The eight locks by which the canal is joined to the river look like as many huge steps up the centre of a ravine in the cliff. On the slope on either side are the Government storehouses, used when the town was a military station, but now about to be sold and probably pulled down. On the quay at which we lay moored were a number of merchants' warehouses; the town was beyond them; and far below us, across the mighty Ottawa, stretched out a wide extent of forests, of hill and dale, of plains and streams, with cottages, and villages, and fields, scattered among them. The scene itself

was very grand and very unusual; but still more curious was it to find ourselves in a steamer on the summit of a lofty eminence with a mighty river far, far down beneath our feet. We had seen many strange things since we crossed the Atlantic, but this was the strangest of all.

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CHAPTER IV.

LANDING on the quay at Bytown, we hired a two-horse buggy, driven by a little Irish lad. A number of similar carriages were standing on the quay seeking for employment. It was a curious vehicle, with a flat top supported by poles, a leathern back, and two benches for seats. All the drivers are small Irish lads, for a man's labour in this district is far too valuable to be employed in work which a boy may perform. There is that in the country which sharpens a lad's wits and nerves his young arms, so that he is fit for work at a much earlier age than he would be at home, where his energies are not developed by early use.

We first drove to the Post-Office in the upper town, of which Captain Baker's son is the Postmaster. He came out most kindly to welcome us, and assured us that we were expected guests at his father's house, about five miles from the city. Before we drove there, however, he insisted on escorting us to the Barrack Hill to show us the fine views from it, in case the following days should not be so bright and clear as the present.

The Barrack Hill is a lofty promontory overhanging

the Ottawa, its perpendicular cliffs going sheer down into the water. Here it was that Colonel By purposed to build a citadel and fortress to vie in strength with that of Quebec. The troops have for some time been withdrawn; the barracks are burnt down, and the last engineer officer, who was stationed in a cottage on the hill, had lately been recalled home, so that Bytown may now be reckoned among the cities of Arcadia, nor do I see much risk of its peaceable character being interrupted. Our friend had not overpraised the view. To the west and north the superb Ottawa, like a lake in width, bordered by trees and full of islands, came rolling down till it reached a broad ledge of rugged rocks, over which it roared and foamed till it fell downwards from a height of some fifty feet or so in masses of froth to a lower level of the stream.

These are the Chaudière Falls of the Ottawa. Just below them two rocky points run from the opposite banks of the river, across which a handsome iron suspension-bridge has been thrown. By the side of the Falls long slides have been formed by which the timber floating down the river is conveyed from one level to the other without the injury it would receive were it to come down the Falls. On the points also stand a number of mills of all descriptions, but chiefly saw-mills, turned by the unlimited water-power supplied by the Falls. Sweeping beneath us, and then stretching far away to the right, was the river; while across it, far as the eye could reach, was a magnificent extent of rich land, hill and dale, forest and plain, watered by numerous streams, some coming many hundred miles from the distant north, and navigable for a considerable distance, their upper waters known only to a few hardy lumberers who may have

penetrated thus far in search of new forests to hew down with their busy axes. We could distinguish the mouths of the Kingfisher Creek and the Gattineau river, as well as several large villages scattered along the shore. A considerable lumber trade is carried on in the Gattineau, at the mouth of which a number of flourishing saw-mills have been erected. Looking down the river, on the same side on which we stood, appeared a lofty, precipitous promontory, one hundred and twenty feet high, an outwork, as it were, of the elevated plain on which the city is built. On this promontory stand a Roman Catholic cathedral, a college, and a nunnery, all erected within the last few years. They tower above all the surrounding edifices, and have, perhaps, the finest view in the city. I did not hear that there are any students in the college or nuns in the convent; nor did I, as I passed them afterwards, see any signs of their being inhabited. They reminded me somewhat of the brick-and-mortar progress which the "Times" remarks Romanism is making in England, and of which the Romanists boast so much. Not that I doubt, however, that the will is strong on the part of the priesthood to bring the minds as well as the persons of the laity under their rule. Between us and them was the ravine with the eight locks of the canal rising up the cliff. I took a sketch of the Chaudière Falls and the surrounding country. The Falls by themselves are wild enough, but in no way picturesque: what they formerly possessed of that quality being considerably diminished by the mills which throng around them, but in a utilitarian point of view they are sufficiently interesting to excite attention.

The road we followed kept along the banks of the river, with farms on either side of us for the greater part of the distance. We were much amused by our youthful

Jehu pulling up half way and endeavouring to make another bargain with us, by which he would be much the gainer; and it was not without the threat of an *argumentum ad hominem* that I induced him to proceed under the terms of his original contract.

Turning to our left through a wood, we entered a large green space looking bright and cheerful in the sunlight. In the centre stood Captain Baker's most comfortable abode. Strangers as we were, he and his family received us as warmly and kindly as if we were old friends, and had been looked for on that day and hour, whereas they had given up all expectation of seeing us. Dinner was just going on the table, and with the aid of that social meal our English reserve quickly thawing, we were soon as much at home as if we had known them all our lives. That night down came a heavy fall of snow, and right glad we were to be so comfortably housed, though we began to entertain some very unnecessary, though natural, fears that we might be frozen up before we could reach Quebec. The truth is, however, that the winter does not commence without due warning, and for some weeks there is a fierce struggle between the summer's lingering warmth and the winter's advancing cold, before the latter gains the victory.

November the 4th was the coldest day by far we had yet felt, with a bitter north wind. Captain Baker drove us in his buggy into Bytown (all carriages here are called buggies; this was a comfortable phaeton). On our way we stopped near the Chaudière Falls, or the Kettle, as the people here call it, a name not so euphonious as the French. We walked towards it, and we examined its features as well as we could with the spray flying over us on the wings of a biting wind. The river,

after running for its entire width over the rocky ledge I have spoken of, rushes from all sides into a vast chasm, the waters thus meeting fiercely face to face in ceaseless conflicts, bubble, and boil, and roar, well earning the name of the "Cauldron" for the Falls. This chasm extends in the shape of a deep fissure in the rock, half way across the river, so that one may walk on the lower part of the rock, and watch the river come foaming over the upper, and falling into the fissure, where it is lost to sight: a portion of the water, it is said, finding its way by some unseen passage under the rock. There is a story of a cow being swallowed up and reappearing some miles down the river.

A large proportion of the lumber, which is so vast a source of wealth to Canada, comes down from the upper part of the Ottawa, and from the numerous rivers which flow into it. For the information of such of my readers who may not know the meaning of "lumber," I must explain that it is hewn timber squared ready for sawing. The logs brought down the rivers are fastened together to form large rafts. When these rafts come to rapids it is obvious that they would be dashed to pieces if they were to be carried into them bodily. To avoid the injury the timber would receive, a contrivance has been invented called "a slide." It may be described as a canal on a slope, down which a sufficient quantity only of water runs to carry along the timber. Some of these slides are two hundred feet long, and we heard of one of seven hundred feet. When the raft reaches a rapid it is taken to pieces, and the timber is placed on cribs, which are frames to fit the slides, and then with a couple of men on them to guide their course when they get through, away they shoot at a furious rate down the inclined plane without

the slightest risk of injury. Accidents, however, do at times occur, and loss of life through carelessness, as a story told me by a fine old voyager, who was a spectator of the catastrophe, will show.

He had conducted a large raft down some hundred miles from near the source of one of the many tributaries of the Ottawa; when, in company with another raft, he approached the Chaudière Falls. His raft was manned chiefly by Canadians, steady fellows, who, if uncouth and regardless of any laws except of their own forming, at all events abstain from drink till they have brought their raft safe into dock. The other raft, however, had several Irishmen on board, who could not be induced to abstain from liquor while within their reach. My old friend had brought his raft to the shore, where being taken to pieces it was being sent down the slide, while he walked on and was crossing the suspension-bridge, when his attention was attracted to the proceedings of the people on the other raft. By some carelessness a portion on which were four men had got adrift from the remainder, and to his great horror he saw it hurried on towards the hottest part of the rapids. He at once saw that before many moments it must be dashed to pieces, while he looked upon the fate of the four misfortunates on it as sealed. On it came hurried amid the foaming rapids; in another instant his expectations were fulfilled, for, dashed against the rocks, it separated into as many fragments as there were timbers, each of which came whirling down towards the Falls. Three of the poor wretches disappeared among the tumiduous waves, but a fourth clung to the end of a piece of timber with the grasp of despair. The huge log reached nearly to the edge of the cataract—still he retained his post—yet in all human probability another

moment would be his last. Just then the current turned the log, so that the opposite end to which he clung pointed directly to the fall. On it went with still greater velocity, and then, balancing for an instant on the brink of the chasm, the end to which he held lifted up high in the air, and he was projected as from a catapult far out into the clear water below the Cauldron. No one expected even then to see him again, but uninjured he rose to the surface, and striking out boldly, either gained the shore or was picked up by one of the many canoes which instantly put off to his assistance, he being probably the first man who ever came over those terrific falls and lived.

We stood among a wilderness of shrubs and trees, watching the tumultuous upheaving of the flood, with the wide expanse of dark, rugged rocks over which it rushed, till we agreed that, though totally different in its aspect to Niagara, it possesses a grandeur and wildness of its own which can seldom be rivalled.

Confused and stunned, damp and chilled, however, we were glad to return to the carriage, and to drive across the bridge into Lower Canada to the village of Hull along an excellent macadamised road, which extends some twelve miles northward along the east bank of the river. We passed two substantial old-fashioned farm-houses, or rather mansions they might be called. They are the habitations of the two sons of old Philemon Wright, Ruggles and Tiberias by name.

Some seventy years ago Philemon Wright, then a stalwart backwoodsman, with a hundred followers, arrived on the banks of the Ottawa in the middle of winter from one of the southern provinces to find a fertile location for himself and family. He must have had a taste for the grand and wild in nature, or else he had an eye

to the water-power of the Falls. Crossing the river on the ice, guided by the character of the trees he found growing on the spot, he was not long in fixing on that on which his sons' houses and the village of Hull now stand. For sixty miles or more on any side not a human habitation then existed, but this did not daunt the hardy son of the forest—a descendant of one of the brave Pilgrim Fathers. With his own hands whirling his keen axe above his head he cut down the first tree in the then virgin forest, where now his children own upwards of a thousand acres. When Colonel By was looking out for a site for his future city he contemplated establishing it on Philemon Wright's property, but the old man asked so high a price that he abandoned the idea, and fixed on the present far grander, if not so convenient, situation, and Upper Canada gained a city which would otherwise have belonged to the Lower Province. Tiberias and Ruggles are still alive, and men of standing in the country, well known for their unusual names, as well as for being excellent members of society: nor is the stock likely to die out, as the latter gentleman is the father, I understood, of ten stalwart sons worthy of their grandsire's renown.

Recrossing the bridge into Upper Canada, we drove to the Bluff, a cliff projecting out into the stream just below the rapids, with a flat top covered with juniper bushes. Standing among such shelter as they afforded, I made a hurried sketch of the city. Before me were precipitous cliffs a hundred and twenty feet high, with the Roman Catholic Cathedral and other buildings crowning their summit, and the magnificent river flowing rapidly at their base. A little nearer were the eight locks of the canal; below me an island with a single tree on it, just in front of the Falls, and on the left the woods

and clearings, the villages and rivers I have before mentioned. About the centre of the town a broad road winds down the cliff to a wide quay by the river side. As I stood gazing on the town, I could not help coming to the conclusion that the situation was worthy of one of the proudest cities of ancient Egypt or Assyria, and I half expected to see those massive rocks crowned with the equally massive temples and palaces of the Pharaohs. I know of no situation in any part of the world so fitted for a grand city—indeed, I doubt whether any inland city in the whole of America can be compared to it as to position; and if it becomes the seat of government, as there is a possibility of its being, it will very soon rival all the older cities of Canada in size and beauty. From its elevation it should be perfectly healthy, unless the drainage is totally neglected; it has an abundant supply of water, as well as ample water-power and water communication with an immense extent of country both up and down the Ottawa and its various large tributaries, and, through the Rideau Canal, with all the lake-shores of Canada and the United States; while there is a railroad to Prescott on the St. Lawrence, and in a short time will be opened a branch to the Grand Trunk when that undertaking is completed. Already the city contains eight thousand inhabitants, and though its growth does not equal in rapidity that of many cities of the United States, with their resources and means of communication fully developed, it surpasses that of any other city without an open communication with the rest of the world. The streets are well laid out, very broad, and running at right angles to each other. They are mostly level, with the exception of those leading to the upper town, which rise slightly.

The houses along the edge of the cliffs, and some of those on the higher part of the upper town, command superb views. There are several large inns, and a few other buildings of considerable size in the streets, but the generality of the houses are small compared to those of the older towns, their builders evidently expecting them soon to give way to edifices of more pretension. There are, however, a fair number of respectable-looking shops and stores, and in the higher parts of the upper town I saw some villas both large and elegant, and with the most superb views from their windows. I speak of an upper and a lower town, but the difference is very unlike that of Quebec and many other places, the lower town itself being on the top of a high cliff, and the upper town standing on a still greater elevation above it, and separated from it by the Rideau Canal.

The Rideau river, which, as I have before mentioned, forms the eastern boundary of the city, is not allowed to fall idly over the cliff rejoicing in its picturesque beauty, its might and liberty, but, like the giant in a fairy tale, it is made subservient to the will of man, and has to turn numberless wheels of grist-mills, of cloth-mills, and saw-mills, even on the very edge of the precipice. There is scarcely a city in the world, as I have said, which has equally magnificent water-power, or is better supplied with water for every purpose required by man. The importance of its water communication will be still further increased when the improvements taking place by the formation of canals on the Ottawa are completed. One of these canals is to avoid the rapids which exist between Bytown and Montreal, those of St. Anne's have already a canal by their side; the other is to circumvent

the Chaudière Falls; by the latter an immense extent of country will gain an unimpeded communication with the ocean.

I have said enough to show that Bytown is a very important place. I cannot more minutely describe it, for there are no public buildings or other edifices particularly worthy of note, or rather there were not when we were there a few months ago. However I cannot say what in that land of rapid progress a few months may bring forth. Many of the houses are of hewn stone, of which there is an abundant supply on the spot—an additional reason that Bytown may become some day a handsome city. From the great advance in the value of timber, and the still increasing demand for lumber in the United States, the wealth of the city, which so much depends on that trade, must likewise increase, while the capital thus formed is employed not only in the extension of the lumber-trade, but in establishing fresh branches of industry, especially mills of every description. The lumberers are now at work many hundred miles up the Ottawa and its numerous feeders. To so great a distance have those hardy pioneers penetrated, that some of the timber does not reach Quebec till after a voyage which, sometimes, lasts two seasons, and in most instances requires the whole of a summer. However, the mighty Ottawa and its trade, its scenery and the hardy race, who labour on its banks and navigate its waters, deserve a fuller description than I can give them in the present work.

The 5th of November was ushered in with a hard frost, but the sky was clear, and the air as light and pure as that inhaled by Adam and Eve in Paradise. We missed the Gnyss, and squibs, and crackers, with which little boys amuse themselves once a-year in the old country on

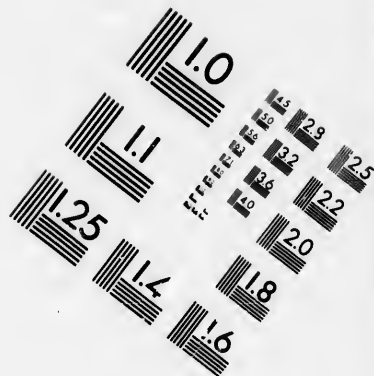
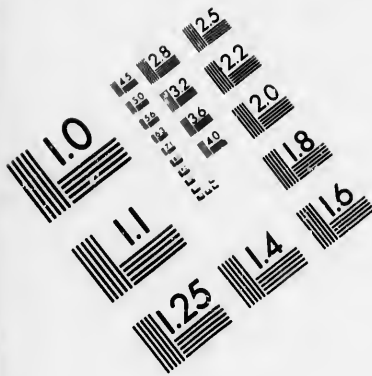
this day, to the edification of Orangemen and the scandal of Romanists, but whether much to the advancement of Protestant truth, may be doubted. In the Upper Province the day, I believe, is not altogether passed by in silence, causing little or no offence, however, to the followers of the Pope, the greater number, probably, being ignorant of the origin of the demonstration. Much the same thing occurs in Van Dieman's Land, where a Tasmanian friend told me the small boys of the Roman Catholic Church carry about their Guys with the greatest glee, vociferating as loudly as their Protestant brethren, and burn him with the highest satisfaction when the day is done, fully believing that they have performed some meritorious work.

Captain Baker drove us into Bytown in his buggy. The air was more biting than we had yet felt it in Canada; but our friends laughed at our notion of supposing it even chilly, advised us to wait a little before we began to talk of the cold. In spite of it I rushed to the barrack-hill, and made a sketch of the city and river looking down the stream. Nearly frozen, I set off and walked back, to restore circulation. My sketching mania, however, was sufficiently strong to make me stop every now and then to take a hurried sketch of the interesting scenery I was passing, till the snow coming down forced me to hasten my steps. The truth was, that I had not taken a tenth of the sketches I had intended, and found myself suddenly caught by the winter, so that I was anxious to make amends for lost time. It was, however, a case of sketching under difficulties. At last I was driven to put my book in my pocket, by thick flakes of snow, which, at first, came lazily sailing down from the sky, but every instant increased in thickness. I soon

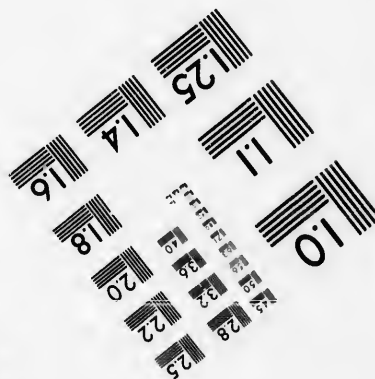
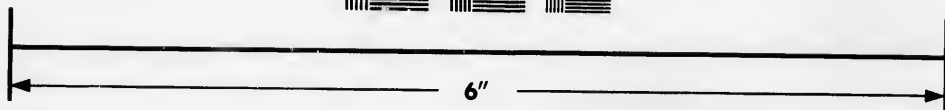
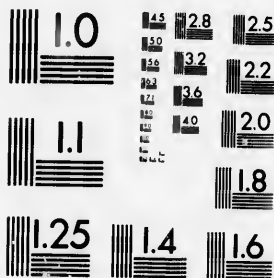
got comfortably warm again by ranning in that still atmosphere.

The snow had just ceased, when a young man in a cart overtook me, and invited me to take a seat alongside him. I declined, on account of being too hot, thanking him for his civility. "You're looking out for land, I guess?" said he. "No, my friend; I'm a mere traveller," I replied. "What! come all the way from the old country to see this one?" he exclaimed. "Well, I guess, I should like to go over from this, to take a look at the old country myself; it's a long way though, isn't it?" "Yes; you would have to cross a wide bit of the ocean first. But I thought people were so well off in this country that no one would wish to go back to the old one." "Well, you're right, and I wouldn't wish to change for good; but still I should like to see the place father came from," he answered. "Then your father came from England," said I. "Yes, sir; he came from the old country some thirty years ago, or so, with all his wealth about him, a suit of clothes on his back, and his shoemaker's tools over his shoulder. He worked at his trade for some time, and saved all he could; then he came up here and bought a plot of land: it did not cost so much in these days as it does now. Though his condition was much bettered, he still made shoes or mended old ones in his spare time, and never spent his money, except when he knew he should get a return. Before this he had married mother. He has three daughters; one is married, the other two stay at home and help in the farm; and five sons, the three eldest have farms near him. I still work with him, but he is to give me one next year." By the time my communicative young companion had got thus far in his history, we had





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reached the path leading to Captain Baker's house, and bidding him good even and continued prosperity, I took my way through the wood. The old cobbler's progress is similar to that of hundreds—aye, of thousands of settlers in Upper Canada, who have commenced life with like small beginnings, and are now owners of broad lands, or mills, or manufactories, or vessels and barges, or, perhaps, of all united.

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Russell most kindly drove over from Bytown, in spite of the cold and snow, to call on us. During the course of the visit Mr. Russell poured forth a fountain of valuable information, which I immediately, on his departure, entered in my note-book. He dwelt chiefly on Canada's prosperous, if not glorious, future, and especially of the important aid the Ottawa seems destined to contribute towards that prosperity. Among other things, he told me, that even at the present day timber to the value of one million sterling comes down annually through the eight slides which are to be found by the side of the Chaudière Falls. Plans have been designed for joining a western branch of the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing by a canal, and thence the navigation will be opened down the French River with Lake Huron. There can be no doubt but that at the mouth of the French River a large city will spring up as soon as this extensive line of water-communication is opened, especially if a further plan is carried out of forming a railroad along the northern shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior across the whole continent to the gold regions of California. The conception of putting an iron girdle round a quarter of the globe is a grand one; and I believe that there are no formidable engineering difficulties in the way of its execution. It would contribute greatly to

the importance and prosperity of Canada, and open up a vast extent of country fit for the habitation of men. Capital and labour will, doubtlessly, be forthcoming when the plan is laid before the world; and the Indians, who claim the territories through which it must pass in its advance, will easily be induced to dispose of their right, while the more warlike tribes in the Far West are not likely to offer any successful hindrance to the onward progress of the white men. It is ascertained, also, that the farther the advance is made to the west the more genial the climate becomes; so that to the west of Lake Superior, even in a higher latitude, the shrubs, plants, and cereals, come to maturity as soon as they do in the neighbourhood of Quebec or Montreal. The passenger traffic alone would almost pay the expenses of the line; besides which there would be the produce of the country in its immediate neighbourhood, along its entire length, to be carried to market, independent of that won from the gold-bearing regions of California. If we, in the present age, do not see the project executed, I have no doubt that another generation will.

Great improvements are already in course of being carried out or about to be commenced in the navigation of the Ottawa, from Bytown upwards. Among others, a canal is to be formed, to avoid the Falls of the Chaudière, and the rapids above them. At present two small steamers navigate two different portions of the Upper Ottawa with a portage, having a tram-road on it between them. The macadamised road, which runs westward out of Bytown, extends twenty miles, only as far as Richmond, an old military station, with about five hundred inhabitants. Beyond are to be found a few farms, but they have only wild tracks leading to them, and their owners have either

to trust to the river to bring their produce to market, or to wait till the thick-falling snow enables them to carry it over the ground in sleighs. The scenery of the Upper Ottawa is in many places very wild, grand, and beautiful, our friend informed us. With this budget of information I will conclude my chapter and our adventures for the week.

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CHAPTER V.

WHEN we looked out of our windows on the morning of Sunday, the 6th of November, lo and behold! the earth had donned its winter garb, and we began instantly to talk of being compelled to perform an overland journey to Quebec in sleighs, instead of gliding down the stream of the Ottawa, and over the Rapids of St. Anne, as we had proposed. At breakfast, however, our friends assured us that there was no probability of the winter yet setting in, and that we might expect to have the navigation open for many weeks to come. But, notwithstanding this, Captain Baker told us that the snow was sufficiently deep to allow sleighs to run, and that we should probably see some in the course of the day.

In spite of the cold we drove in an open carriage into Bytown to attend divine service. The church, large and commodious, is situated on an elevated position in the higher part of the town: the service was well performed, and the singing very good. Leaving the church, we drove to the highest part of Bytown, where several very pretty villas have been built, commanding mag-

nificent views of the Ottawa and the far-off country beyond. "What a site for the capital of an empire!" we exclaimed, as we looked over the well-watered, lofty plateau on which the city stands.

On my way home I stopped to lunch at the house of a gentleman, with whom I discussed a number of important points. Among other subjects the Hudson's Bay Company and their principles of action came on the tapis. Their policy seems to be of the most illiberal and shortsighted character. Afraid of losing the services of the half-caste and Indian population, who now form a very considerable community in the territory given up to their sway, should they discover the high rate of wages they would be able to obtain in Canada, they jealously close, to the utmost of their power, all communication with the British provinces; nor will they allow any goods to be brought in from thence for general use, having them instead sent round in their own ships to their settlements in Hudson's Bay. Once a-year only their *bateaux* come from Montreal up the Ottawa laden with stores for their ports; but no general merchandise is conveyed by them, while their crews are trusty old voyageurs, employed always in the same service, who, from their peculiar habits, are not likely to gain any information as to the true state of affairs in the colony, or if they do to communicate it to the population at large. The American traders of Minnesota, the new State of the Union bordering on the Hudson Bay territory, have, however, very wisely taken advantage of this anti-free-trade system of the Company, and, by pushing forward their own trading posts, have induced the inhabitants of the southern districts to come to them for all the goods they may require.

The advantages of this trade, which has now become very considerable, has thus been entirely lost to Canada. It appears to be the belief of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company that it is necessary for the maintenance of their monopoly to keep the rest of the world ignorant of the real condition of their country; but several of their writers, while broadly asserting its inhospitable and sterile nature, have let out facts, which prove that those regions over which their hunters and trappers roam, are very far from being so unattractive as they would have the world suppose. Among other facts it is stated, that the buffalo bring forth their young in their territories at a late period of the year, while corn of various descriptions grows there in abundance; and Sir George Simpson describes many spots as rich and fertile, and abounding in game which only exists in temperate regions. I have not his book at hand, but the point is worth looking into.

My friend gave me a very interesting account of the arrival of his family in Canada about thirty years ago. They first went to the neighbourhood of Percy, on the bay of Chaleur. It was then a wild, thinly-inhabited region. The house his father took had a short time before been sacked and set on fire by the Indians, after they had murdered all the inhabitants. His description carried me back to the scenes narrated in some of Cooper's romances in days long gone by. I could scarcely realise the fact that such events should have occurred within the memory of man after having encountered so many of the tamed, broken-spirited Red men, who now exist, cooped up in narrow spots, in the land where their fathers, free-willed and warlike, roamed at large. The scenery is, perhaps, the finest in Canada; full of fine rivers and streams, the mountains rising with a grandeur elsewhere

unequaled. This was one of the chief spots at which the gallant French captain, Jean Cartier, first landed. It has been the scene of many conflicts also. On the side of a steep ravine, sheltered from the ocean by a rugged and lofty mountain, was established a settlement of French Huguenots. Here they dwelt in fancied security from all attacks from without. But unhappily the English Admiral, Lord Byron, heard of them. A traitor undertook to guide him and his seamen by a rugged, steep, and circuitous path over the mountain. The fierce English came upon the peaceable settlers, who, totally unprepared for the onslaught, were mercilessly cut down or put to flight; after which their village was plundered and burnt. Such was too common an occurrence of war in those days. Alas, that the same cruelties and horrors should still exist! Yet such are the effects of war, and such they will be to the end of time. I can very readily excuse the follies of the members of the Peace Society, when I remember that their aim is to put an end to war altogether, however small the probability I see of their success.

My friend described the descendants of these Huguenots and of other French settlers, who are located along the shores of the St. Lawrence, below the Saguenay, as a peculiarly fine race of men, energetic and industrious, and with farms well cultivated. Some of their farms are situated several thousand feet above the sea, producing corn at an elevation which would not be attempted in England. He considers that they partly owe their superiority over their countrymen who inhabit the flat and more easily cultivated regions of Lower Canada to the mountainous nature of the country, which has continued to call forth their physical and moral energies from gene-

ration to generation, nor allowed them to degenerate as the others are said to have done. That they should have selected spots so ungenial and rugged, shows, however, that they were from the first a hardy and industrious race.

Had the cold weather not set in so suddenly, we should certainly have made an excursion up the Ottawa. To do so, we should have had to proceed eighty miles to Aylmer by land. Hence a steamer runs to the Chats, where there is a portage three and a half miles long. This is traversed by a railway, or rather a trainway, along which horses are the locomotive power. We now reach the Chats Lake, which is navigated by a steamer for about thirty miles to the Portage du Fort. This portage is of considerable length. On the northern end of it a steamer has been built to run eighty miles farther up the Ottawa. At the Portage du Fort there is a road on which runs a coach twelve miles to Muskrat Lake. Eighteen miles across the lake, which is navigated by a small steamer, is the flourishing village of Pembroke, one day to be a town of importance, about 180 miles from Bytown. Another steamer now runs forty-five miles in the direction of Lake Nipissing; the rest of the navigation to that lake being accomplished for 200 miles by canoes. Lake Nipissing extends much farther to the east and west than it appears to do on the maps. French River connects it with Lake Huron. So interested did we become with the accounts we heard of the internal navigation of this region, so little known at home, or even in the colony, that we began seriously to plan an excursion through it during the coming spring, after our return from Cuba and the South. I doubt, however, whether we should have put our plans into

execution, as the expense we found of such an excursion would be very great; and though interesting, the same sum would have enabled us to see points of far greater interest in other directions. We should have required a canoe with five Indians at least, to each of whom we must have paid a dollar a-day, or a dollar and a half, and probably more to the head man.

The winter appeared to have fully set in on the morning of the 7th of November; for when we looked forth from our window, the whole face of nature was one sheet of glittering snow. It was to be our last day near Bytown. On the following day we were to proceed down the Ottawa to Montreal, and thence one night's voyage would carry us to Quebec, so that we had not much fear of being frozen up. After breakfast I walked, crushing through the crisp snow, with Captain Baker, to the side of the river, where I made a sketch of its wide-spreading banks, clothed in their wintry garb. Then wishing the kind and hospitable old officer good-bye, I trudged on towards the city. We were to spend one night at the house of Mr. and Mrs. G. Baker, who had most kindly pressed us to do so, that we might more easily get on board the steamer in the morning.

I was, however, so anxious to cover a few more leaves of my sketch-book, that, in spite of the cold, before going there I pushed on through the city to visit the Rideau Falls. Having crossed the canal, I passed the Roman Catholic Cathedral, college and nunnery, with several wide streets running away from the river on my right, full of cottages, till I came to a mill-pond or reservoir, which I passed over by a bridge, and then crossed the Rideau River by another bridge. Turning to my left through a turnpike, I reached three fine large mills;

but, alas! ornament has been sacrificed to utility; for their motive power is part of the water of the cataract itself, just turned aside as it is about to leap over the cliff. We are rather inclined to find fault with the utilitarian spirit of our American cousins which has tempted them to crowd the banks of their portion of Niagara with saw-mills and grist-mills; but here, not only were the banks covered with mills and their outworks, but the waterfall itself was almost concealed from sight by their huge, gaunt erections; so much so, that I wandered about for some time, without getting even a glimpse of the cataract, though I heard it roar close to me. At the risk of my neck, I descended the cliff to the level of the Ottawa, and had to climb up again, without accomplishing my object. At last I espied a little boy belonging to a cloth-mill, one of three mills built on the very edge of the precipice, the second was a saw, and the third a grist-mill. The exterior of the urchin was rude and uncultivated in the extreme, but a kind word brought him to my side, and soon comprehending what I wanted, he led me across a plank to a rocky buttress projecting over the fall. Here I stood with my back to all that was ugly and useful, gazing at an unexpected scene of curious and rare beauty. Within a few feet came the bright river gushing by, and leaping far over the cliff in one unbroken foam-covered sheet, forming the far-famed Curtain Fall, while from the frothy cauldron below arose a cloud of vapour, which, coming down again over my head in a shower of glittering snow, had covered every tree and shrub, every blade of grass, every sprig and spray, with a shining coating of ice, bending down the boughs with its weight, and giving them the appearance of being formed of alabaster. Then there was the deep river rolling far below,

the interminable forests and the snow-covered fields beyond, and the dark-green of the trees on the opposite side forming a scene which I was eager to convey to my greedy sketch-book. By continually shaking the frozen spray from the page, I got a semblance of the beautiful scene drawn on the paper. "What be you paid for doing that ere now?" asked my urchin guide, who stood gazing in wonderment over my shoulder, not understanding how an apparently sane middle-aged gentleman should, for his sole amusement, thus occupy himself in so ungenial an atmosphere. He urged me to visit the mill to which he belonged, but I was too cold to pay attention to anything so useful.

Just beyond the river, on this side, is situated, on a rising ground, the village of New Edinburgh, the chief house in which belongs to the Honourable Mr. Mackay, whence there is a fine view of Bytown. I was again, more than ever, struck with the magnificence of the country across the river, stretching far away to the north and east, though covered as it was with snow, seen somewhat to disadvantage, yet the numerous roofs of substantial farms and out-buildings, mills and stores, gave sufficient evidence of the value of the land which lay beneath that icy covering. I returned across the stream of the Rideau, took another sketch looking down the river, and then hastened back to Mr. Baker's hospitable abode.

My wife had in the meantime visited one of the objects most worthy of inspection in Bytown, Chapman's market-garden. It is, indeed, a most creditable concern. Mr. Chapman is an Englishman. He had settled on his present location little more than two years before this, when it was a perfect swamp. By his individual skill and energy he has established a first-rate market-garden

for the supply of Bytown, aided chiefly by his wife and sons. He works wonders, indeed, with his own hands, for he has the greatest difficulty in retaining labourers in his employment. As soon as they have obtained a little skill and knowledge from him they quit him to set up elsewhere for themselves; else he complains when they get a little money off they go to amuse themselves, and do not return till it is spent. He sends two large market-carts into Bytown every morning, laden with fruit, vegetables, and flowers. He has planted vines which he thinks will succeed, and has formed mushroom-beds which answer well,—though he scarcely yet considers himself fairly started. He drives also an extensive pickle business, and supplies all parts of Canada, the only assistants on whom he can rely in preparing his pickles being his wife and little ones. He had then forty hogsheads ready for shipment. He with just pride exhibited his rooms full of casks of vinegar, barrels of cucumbers, onions, peaches, beans, &c. &c.; then there were crowds of jars and bottles, which he can afford to sell far cheaper than the cost of foreign pickles. Before many years are over, Mr. Chapman will probably have secured a comfortable independence, as many other industrious and intelligent men have done before him in Canada, and will continue to do for many years to come.

There are, it must be known, no daisies, no holly, and no earwigs in Canada. Even ivy, I believe, does not grow wild in the New World, as if it were a plant exclusively connected with the crumbling ruins of a past age, though I fancy it does condescend, with a little coaxing and cultivation, to climb slowly up some old Dutch, or early French-built walls. At Christmas time the colonists, who would keep up the customs of the old

country, are fain to content themselves with such green leaves as they can find, and bits of red cloth, to imitate holly. I suspect Mr. Chapman might drive a good trade at that festive season of the year were he to cultivate it.

We have met one or two sleighs to-day, the first we have yet seen. The farmers in this roadless part of the country are eager to set them running, and look forward to a heavy fall of snow and early commencement of frost as a great blessing, enabling them easily to get in their stores and to carry their produce cheaply to market.

Mr. Baker amused us very much by an account of the delightful ignorance he found displayed as to the condition of Canada during a visit he paid to England two or three years ago. I have before told the story how a young lady took him into a twig-built arbour in a garden, and *naïvely* inquired whether that was the sort of house people inhabit in the colony.

Indeed it is remarkable, we agreed, what very indefinite, not to say absurdly erroneous ideas, people at home, in other respects well informed, have of life in the colonies. They seem to think colonists live a sort of Robinson-Crusoe existence, only with a greater number of Man-Fridays as their companions than had the hero of our boyish days. I suspect that it is generally supposed that the men, if they do not wear skins, dress in corduroy or home-spun woollens, and the women in dimity or serge. Now, although Bytown is certainly somewhat out of the way, and still slightly rustic for a city, the inhabitants do not consider themselves at all like savages. As proof of their advancement, the city contains five large hotels and fully twenty houses of entertainment of an inferior description. This number of hotels are

required in consequence of its being the great mart of the timber trade.

There are no less than thirty thousand lumberers employed on the Ottawa and its tributaries, the greater number of whom pass once or twice in the year through Bytown. These lumberers are rough and hardy fellows, though generally well behaved and honest. They work together in gangs of from twenty to thirty men each. A gang is called a shanty, from the name of the huts which they erect for themselves in the forest. They live in the same shanty all the winter, felling the trees around them, and dragging them over the snow to the banks of the river. When the spring returns they launch the logs forth into the stream, and lashing them together as rafts, float them down to Montreal.

We spent a most agreeable evening with our hospitable friends, and the next morning they insisted on getting up to give us an early breakfast before we embarked to descend the Ottawa to Montreal. We may wander far, and in many lands, but we shall not forget the kindness of the Baker family.

The morning was as unprepossessing as could well be for a voyage. There was a sharp wind and so thick a driving snow, that we could scarcely see across the road. Cab-fares are low in Bytown. A person may drive from one end of it to the other for 6*d.* In consideration of our luggage, and the inclemency of the weather, we paid 1*s.* to be conveyed down to the steamer *Phoenix*. At nine we began paddling away from that wondrous city, which we left far above our heads. A good winding road has been formed down to the quay. This quay may at present be suited to the commerce of the city, but in a few years it will, if I mistake not, require great extension.

In a few minutes we came in sight, on the right-hand side, of the Rideau Falls. With a bright sunshine their effect is beautiful, as the waters plunge in an unbroken sheet over the cliff. Just now, however, their beauty was somewhat veiled by a thickish blanket of snow, which came unrelentingly down to cover up the fair face of nature. When we planned our trip we had anticipated enjoying on our downward voyage the famed scenery of the mighty Ottawa's banks, but alas! all our hopes were doomed to disappointment. Except an occasional glimpse of a lofty bank, a rugged hill, or a dark wood, not a sight did we get of the shores during the whole of the day's voyage. It was very tantalising, especially having missed seeing the Hudson, though for an opposite reason, for then the heat was so great that the boats voyaged only at night. But there was no help for it, so we endeavoured to pick up as much information as we could from our fellow-passengers as we sat round the stove in the cabin. No one was more ready to afford it, or could be more polite and attentive than was Captain Slater, the commander of the boat. He is a remarkably tall, strongly built, and handsome man, and is, moreover, a seaman, having commanded a merchant-ship for some years. The change to the monotony of a river-boat would be irksome in the extreme did it not enable him to have his wife with him.

The banks of the river from Bytown downwards were, as far as we could see, high and chiefly rocky; and it was curious, as we steered near enough, to observe some parts overhanging the stream ornamented with rows of icicles, some of great length, and we longed for a gleam of sunshine to make the transparent mass burst forth with a brilliant light, to recompense us for our dis-

appointment. The river itself was most unattractive, for the water was dirty in the extreme, generally of a dark orange tint, picked out with circles of white. Captain Slater told us that the banks of the upper part of the Ottawa abound in fossils, and that some fine veins of marble have been discovered. I have often since pictured to myself Bytown rising up the mistress of the north, a marble-built city, full of palaces and temples, colleges and hospitals; but, perhaps, after all it may never become more than a flourishing provincial town, composed of red brick houses, stone gaols, and weather-boarded cottages.

We had a number of characters and picturesque figures on board. There were two sisters of the Convent of Grey Nuns at Bytown, on their way to Montreal, on what business I could not learn. They seemed carefully tended by a medical man of their own faith. They were far from being sentimental-looking dames. Both were tall and stout, and one, an elderly woman, had evidently possessed some considerable personal attractions. They seemed well fitted, physically, to carry aid to the sick and wounded, and certainly not to have suffered materially from over-devotedness to vigils and fasts. Their habits were composed of a light-coloured serge, cross-cut skirts very full (my wife tells me), black silk capes and hoods, while round their necks hung heavy large crucifixes of silver.

As a contrast in many respects to them, were two Indian squaws—heavy, stolid, dark-skinned beings, clothed with a drapery of white blankets, with bare heads, their long black elfin locks hanging over their shoulders, and their feet clothed in gay-coloured mocassins. Then there was a merchant from Bytown, a very

gentlemanly, pleasing man, Mr. R——, with whom I was acquainted, in his winter bright blue blanket-coat, thickly trimmed with red binding, and with red worsted epanettes and sash. Then there was a stout man,—a very stout man, in a bushy buffalo coat and cap, marvellous for size. He looked as capable of defying the cold of the Polar regions as a fat bear in autumn, and not unlike one in appearance.

But there were two Canadians who formed the greatest contrast to each other—one was a son of the disappointed orator, politician, and *ci-devant* rebel, Papi-neau—a slightly made, sallow, angular little man, perfectly French in appearance, with a small face, black hair and eyes, and wearing spectacles, a pointed beard, with an expression on his countenance of thorough dissatisfaction with the world and all its ways; his looks, as I discovered on speaking to him, in no degree belying the tone of his mind. He wore a broad-brimmed, conical-crowned, wide-awake hat, such as adorn the heads of Italian bandits on the stage, a large loose cloak lined with red, and with a pointed hood, while boots trimmed with fur came up over his knees. Thus accoutred, with head bent and arms folded in his mantle, he strode hastily up and down the deck like an impatient hero before commencing his soliloquy. His thoughts, I suspect, were somewhat to the following effect:—"The game is up—no food remains for demagogues to feed on. Thus has our rebellion come to nought. In spite of all he did, the blood he caused to flow, his strenuous efforts to overturn the British rule, my father's property, so justly forfeited, forsooth returned intact,—his treason pardoned, and I myself made a plethony, with full two thousand pounds a-year. But this itself would not have

bound us, but alas! the British Government (how still I hate the name!) have awarded equal justice to all the subjects of the British Queen--every man throughout these wide domains of Canada has equal rights and equal privileges, can say and do what suits his taste, provided the most lenient laws are not infringed. Can carry on his commerce, can move about, and settle where he will; can purchase land with no restrictions which can be called vexatious; is fairly represented in the parliament, can vote for whom he will; and if his taste and talents lead him, the poorest man may rise to hold the highest offices of state. Freedom most perfect, happiness within the scope of every one; the country prosperous and progressing as seldom has a country progressed before, or been so prosperous; and yet, and yet what is all this to me, if I and other patriots, with free-born wills like mine, are doomed to groan under a foreign yoke, and groan we shall till the bright dawn of a happier era comes, and the brave Canadian people rule the land, and a republic pure and potent has risen to equal any of those ancient days when Greece was young, or even that of our much-admired gigantic neighbour. Then must the Anglo-Saxons fly away, or work for us as hewers in the sturdy forest, or drawers at the limpid well."

I really must beg Mr. Papineau's pardon for introducing his name, and making such nonsense issue from his lips; but when a person speaks folly to a stranger, though he may be influenced by bilious sensations for the moment, or wishes to amuse himself at another's expense, he must be content to see his words, or sentiments, put forth in print. I have the greatest dislike to mentioning the names of those I meet, and much more of repeating their words when I have anything disagreeable

to say; and I sincerely hope that should these pages ever meet Mr. Papineau's eye, that he will take the earliest opportunity to assure the world that I totally misunderstood his character, and that he is the most attached and devoted subject of Queen Victoria.

I had a good deal of conversation with him, and some of his observations seemed sensible and just. He told me that he had been educated in the United States, and though not particularly attached to their people, he could not be said but to admire their form of government; and he said that it was entirely owing to the British misrule that the Americans had gone so far a-head of Canada. Wishing to express my sincere admiration of the country, I told him that I should in future advise all those intending to emigrate to select Canada for their place of settlement. "No, no," he exclaimed vehemently. "Till Canada is free I would recommend no one to come here." "Whither, then, would you advise them to go?" I asked. "To the States, of course," he replied. "What man with sense would hesitate in his choice?" In vain I argued that from all I saw and heard the Canadians were as free as a people could possibly desire to be, and that the larger proportion of French Canadians are perfectly satisfied with their present form of government and the freedom of their institutions. In truth I felt rather more inclined to laugh at, than to be angry with, the discontented gentleman's opinions.

It was refreshing to turn from him to another French Canadian on board, albeit a man of far rougher exterior, though one of the finest specimens of the human race I ever met. He was a well-known captain of raftsmen, or "shanty-men," as they are called—standing nearly seven feet high, with shoulders of proportionate width, and a

jovial ruddy countenance, he was a picture of good-humoured strength; and as he stood dressed in a thick grey overcoat and a dark fur cap, talking to our gallant captain, they formed truly a magnificent pair. He bore in his arms a young raccoon, which he was carrying down to his wife at Montreal. It was amusing to see the huge powerful man petting the little animal as if it were a tender infant. Honest Jean Mafron, it will be long ere I forget you and your little favourite. Numerous stories are told of the way Mafron manages his somewhat wild followers. If any two of them are quarrelsome, he seizes each of them in his vice-like grasp, and holding them at arm's length, gradually lifts them off the ground, while all the time he mildly expostulates with them, nor puts them down till they consent amicably to settle their dispute. His occupation has been to collect lumber-men, to lead them to their winter-stations, where they are to attack the primeval forests, to carry up stores, to superintend the formation of the rafts, and finally to conduct them back to Montreal or Quebec. He told me that, by maintaining strict discipline and keeping his people sober, since he had become a captain of raftsmen he had never lost a man. He said that he preferred the French Canadians as being the most sober, then the English or Scotch as being hardy and enduring, but that he would never undertake to manage the Irish, who were, as a race, drunken, quarrelsome, and careless, and that nearly all the disasters which have occurred on the river have been owing to their neglect and imprudence. I proposed sending out a party of Shetlanders, and putting them under his charge to learn the trade of lumbering. He said from the description I gave of them that he should be very glad to have them,

for it appears that from the rapid increase in the trade, owing to the great demand for timber in the United States, that it is difficult to find a sufficient supply of good lumberers. Now, I will answer for it that a Shetlander, who has never seen a tree higher than a gooseberry bush, or handled an axe except to cut away a mast, will, from his hardihood, intelligence, and power of adapting himself to all emergencies, become in a few months a first-rate lumberer and raftsmen. I proposed settling a body of them at Buckingham, near the mouth of the Leivre river, below Bytown, so that while the men are away their wives and families may tend their farms, as they are accustomed to do at home.

Mafron has been a great traveller. He accompanied Sir George Simpson during his early travels round the world, and for several years through the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, and has explored with him most of the rivers which, rising many miles far away in the north, run into the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. So hard pressed has he been for food at times that he has been glad to eat his mocassins. He describes those rivers as joined near their sources by a series of lakes abounding in a variety of fish, especially fine trout, and affording an easy communication one to the other. Among other trips he has made was one up the Leivre river and down the St. Maurice, which falls into the St. Lawrence at Trois Rivières. Formerly provisions were often very scarce in the Hudson's Bay territory, but now, owing to proper arrangements, supplies of all sorts are abundant.

We were so interested with the accounts Mafron gave us of those little known regions of the north and west, of their wild beauty, of their magnificent streams, waterfalls, lakes, and forests, that, with his aid, we sketched out a

tour which might easily be made in the course of the spring and afford plenty of fishing and shooting. Poor Mafron! he has had many ups and downs in the world, besides having had to eat his shoes. He was till lately a man of some wealth for his station in life—wealth gained by honest, hard, and constant labour—and had retired from his occupation as a raftsmen to enjoy the quiet of domestic life; but, in the great fire of two years ago at Montreal, his own dwelling-house and a number of other houses he owned, and which were uninsured, were burned down, and he found himself almost as poor as when he began life. However his brave spirit did not sink; but, with his good humour, he at once set to work to retrieve his fortunes.

At about half-past one o'clock we came in sight of Papineau's mansion, a large edifice, flanked by high towers, standing prominently forward on the Upper Canada shore of the river. The scenery in the neighbourhood appeared mountainous and wild, as far as the thick-falling snow would allow us to judge. The Seigneurie of Papineau is one of the most extensive in Canada, giving the owner a considerable amount of influence; and a grievous pity it was that, instead of acting the part of a firebrand, he did not exert it judiciously for the benefit of his race and fellow-colonists.

It was satisfactory to know that our steamer was under the charge of a first-rate seaman, for so thick fell the snow that it was scarcely possible to see our way as we paddled on through the turbid water. By this time our vessel had become literally fringed with icicles, and very beautiful-looking ornaments they were.

At about four o'clock our voyage in the Phoenix

terminated, and we landed at Granville to travel by stage along a portage of twelve miles, which was to occupy three hours, over, we were told, an exceedingly rough road. Two clumsy stages with leathern curtains flapping in the breeze, and drawn by four sorry-looking beasts, came rattling down to the quay to receive us and our belongings. As we trudged through the relentless snow towards them the prospect was anything but pleasing.

Captain Slater politely accompanied us on shore. My wife was handed into one of the stages, and I had scarcely taken my seat beside her when seven other thick fur-coated or cloaked men tumbled in after us, so that before we could possibly arrange our plaids we were irretrievably jammed down, and could no more move or help ourselves than can Smyrna figs in a drum or salted herrings in a cask. Jean Mafron and some of the more hardy passengers climbed up outside; the luggage was deposited in a boot astern, and in a short space of time off we set, expecting fully to be unmercifully bumped and jolted. In vain I shouted that the leathern curtain which ought to have kept out the snow and wind was loose; button there was none to secure it, so flap, flap it went all the journey, mocking at our misery, and we were fain to cover up our heads in the end of my plaid in the best way we could. Fortunately the snow had somewhat smoothed over the inequalities of the road, so that the movements of our vehicle were not so dislocating as we had screwed up our courage to bear.

While we stopped at a half-way house, Jean Mafron's honest face appeared at the window. "Oh, take my 'coon, him half froze already, poor beast!" said

he, depositing his little favourite in the lap of a gentleman, who good-naturedly promised to take charge of "Tommy;" and it was amusing to hear him exhorting the animal to behave itself, much in the same way that he might have done had an infant been committed to his charge. Darkness came on soon after we started, and thus, cribbed, cabined, and confined, we rolled onward, the cruel keen blast rushing in through the ill-closed sides, flapping the leathern curtain, which should have sheltered us, in our faces. At length, at seven o'clock, we reached the village of Carillon, where we were to embark on board the *Lady Simpson*, in which we expected to find comfortable accommodation for the night. What was our dismay, therefore, on hearing that some accident had happened to her *ladyship*, and that the little tug-steamer, which had been sent up to convey the passengers to Montreal, could afford us no accommodation, and was to start at the cruel hour of five in the morning! When this information reached us, we were stopping before the door of a small tavern in which a large party of rough-looking voyageurs, rascals, lumberers, and other wayfarers, were drinking and smoking. It was, however, the chief house of entertainment in the place, so we unpacked, as fast as our cramped limbs, our cloaks and other wrappers, would let us, and rushed into the interior to scramble for such accommodation as the place could afford.

The doctor had secured a room for the Grey Nuns, a large party of females had got another, some of the men insisted on taking possession of a third, and there appeared but little chance of our finding a spot on which to rest our weary heads, when the accents of our buxom, bustling

hostess assured me that she came "fra' bonnie Scotland." I forthwith told my wife to apply the proper key to her heart. It was, as usual, infailing. She would do her utmost to accommodate a countrywoman; and in a few minutes we were shown up into a clean little attic with a bed, chair, and washstand in it; and after the more vociferously hungry part of the passengers had eaten, she prepared a well-dressed tender fowl, good potatoes, and some nice cakes and milk, with our own tea in a jug, for our supper. The whole cottage was so thoroughly warmed with stoves that we felt no cold, though the roof of our room was a lean-to, and the door would not consent to shut. Having arranged my plaid, however, as a screen, we made ourselves as comfortable as we might have been in an hotel of far greater pretensions. The gentlemen among our passengers slept in the supper room, stretched out on piles of buffalo-ropes, and in a wonderfully short time, by dint of management, the confused mass of hungry passengers were fed and at rest.

We rose at four o'clock, and taking some hot tea and biscuit, sallied forth, guided by our landlord, lantern in hand, to get on board the steamer. A total change had taken place in the weather, the atmosphere was warm and steamy, the rain came down in torrents, and we had to plunge onward ankle-deep in slush to the quay. Fortunately we had on waterproof garments and waterproof boots, and could laugh at the moisture. At length, dripping and glistening like seals just landed on a rock, we found ourselves in the large, roughly-fitted cabin of the little tug. Numbers of men were snoring away on benches, others on the deck, and some sat round the stove, which diffused a genial warmth through the cabin.

A single candle burned on the deal table in the centre of it. Sometimes another candle made its appearance, but both combined enabled us scarcely to see across the cabin.

We had no reason to complain, for we were warm, dry, and in smooth water, the air being in no way close or disagreeable. Our fellow-passengers were of all ranks and degrees of roughness, and entering into conversation with those, like ourselves, sitting round the stove, I picked up some crumbs of information. Altogether the scene was curious. Through the gloom could be seen the figures of the Grey Nuns, sitting motionless and silent on a bench against the bulkhead, except that their fingers ever and anon mechanically turned over the leaves of their breviaries, out of which I defy them to have read a word; and then there was brave Jean Mafron and his pet raccoon, and other equally picturesque figures.

We were told that we were passing, all this time, some of the finest scenery on the Ottawa, and which extends hence up to the Seigneurie of Papineau—a highly satisfactory announcement, considering that, had not the darkness prevented our seeing across the river, the weather would have kept even such ardent admirers of nature as we were under shelter. Thus we sat on till daylight appeared, and we were passing through the Lake of the Two Mountains, where, in clear weather, the scenery is interesting.

There is a portage on both banks of the river—one opposite that along which we passed, and some of the passengers had gone by it. One of them told us that they had had “a very rough chance last night.” They were informed that the steamer was about to start from our side, and had attempted to cross the river through the downpour of rain, in a heavy gale of wind, when their

boat was half filled with water, and they were compelled to put back more than once before they succeeded, and found that they might have remained quietly at the tavern.

We were agreeably surprised by having a capital breakfast put on the table, for which we paid 1s. 6d. each. The Grey Sisters had only one cup of tea and a small piece of toast each, and then, speedily retiring to their bench, crossed themselves, and took a pinch of snuff.

About eight o'clock we were passing part of the famous Rapids of St. Anne, sung of by Moore. At this season of the year the Rapids assume a very quiet, sedate behaviour, owing to the scarcity of water. There is an island in the centre of the river which contracts its breadth. Here the bridge, which is to carry the Great Trunk Railway across the river, is to pass. Below the Rapids are the shoals of St. Anne, to avoid which we entered a canal with four locks, emerging from which we reached La Chine at ten A. M. Here we were kept some time before the train started for Montreal, and here also we bade farewell to Mafron and his 'coon. We last saw him towering above the crowd on the platform, his 'coon clinging to the breast of his grey coat, while he smiled benignantly down on us as we passed. I think that if M'Culloch, who describes the French Canadians as physically and morally inferior to most other civilised races, were to see him and my friend M——, he would acknowledge that some fine specimens of human beings are to be found among them. Farewell, honest Jean Mafron! may success attend you, and may you again settle down in quiet before you are overtaken with old age or infirmity.

While sitting in the waiting-room we were amused by

watching the proceedings of an American who was complaining dreadfully of illness, nor certainly did his looks belie his words. He was busily chewing tobacco when a friend offered him some green apples. Removing the quid in the most approved fashion, he ate half-a-dozen of the sour-looking fruit, then smoked a couple of strong cigars, and finally wound up with some cake and a draught of some potent, strong-smelling compound. No wonder the unhappy being was dyspeptic, and yet, perhaps, men with far greater claims to wisdom are not wiser. Having witnessed this performance, we rattled off to Montreal, and took up our abode at Donegana's Hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

MONTREAL improved much on further acquaintance. There are several long and tolerably broad streets—not like those of the cities in the United States or Western Canada; but such as would be considered handsome in some of the old country towns of France. Great St. James' Street, which has in it the Bank of British North America and the new Post Office, is a fine street, and both these buildings are very handsome, as are others in course of erection, of fine hewn granite. Notre Dame Street is long, and has some good shops; but it is ill-paved and narrow. McGill Street is a fine broad street, already the broadest, and promises one day to be the finest in the city, when the line of stores now building is finished, and public buildings, for which there is space, at intervals spring up. In St. Paul's Street, which is long, narrow, crooked, and planned evidently in the earliest days of the colony, on the closest-packing system, there are a number of the finest stores and manufactories, built of hewn stone, to be found in the city. They are really handsome structures, and look sadly out of place in that narrow lane, whereas, had they arisen in

McGill Street, they would have contributed materially to the adornment of the city. Indeed, when wandering about, I was surprised at the number of fine buildings of various sorts, which, had they been placed together in broad streets, would have made Montreal at the present day the handsomest city in Canada. As it at present exists, in our opinion, though superior to Quebec, it does not bear comparison in appearance and promise of future beauty with Toronto, Hamilton, and other cities of the West. They, it must be remembered, are still in their infancy; she has reached womanhood (I ought not to say manhood), and wears an air of age and dignity, which they do not yet possess. She is improving; but they are improving far more rapidly, and have, moreover, the advantage of well-laid-out plans for a commencement.

Montreal extends for a considerable distance along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, on ground sloping upward from the river. There is a level space running parallel with the river, and then another hill covered with buildings. Beyond it rises Mount Royal, from which the city takes its name; but though a picturesque hill, it certainly does not deserve to be called a mountain, as the Anglo-Saxon colonists have chosen to translate it. The reason is, that except up the Ottawa, there are no hills of any elevation for a considerable distance in Canada. There are none higher up the St. Lawrence, and none lower down till past Quebec. In most other countries the Mountain, *par excellence*, would only be called a hill. It is a picturesque hill, however, seen rising from the surrounding flat country, and the views from it are fine.

The most melancholy sight at the time we were in

Montreal, was the burnt down portion of the city, the roofless, blackened walls still remaining along whole streets, as if it had been subject to a siege. Above them rose conspicuous the tall walls of the palace of the Roman Catholic bishop, which had not escaped from the fate of the surrounding buildings. The bright tin which covered the roofs of all the public buildings, and most of the private houses, added considerably to the picturesque appearance of the city.

During the first two days of our arrival, there was a hard frost, which stopped the further melting of the snow, and made the streets tolerably pleasant for walking; but the frozen masses at the sides and corners, and the icicles hanging from the roofs of the houses, notwithstanding the bright sun, showed that winter had really begun. While, however, we walked about enjoying the fresh air, we were reminded of the uncertainty of human life by the icicles, which, like the sword of Damocles, hung suspended from the roofs of the houses, and which any instant might come rattling down upon our heads. Last year, we were told, that a young lady was killed by an icicle falling on her head. However, a municipal law exists compelling householders to clear away the icicles as soon as they appear; only it happens that the inhabitants are somewhat too liberal-minded at all times to obey the laws. If a few of the citizens were every now and then sent suddenly out of the world, I conclude, the majority might be taught to see the advisability of enforcing this regulation.

The periodical visits of the cholera to Montreal would make one suspect that it was ill drained, or that some other cause for the appearance of that dreadful scourge existed. It is, indeed, both wretchedly ill drained

and ill supplied with good drinking water. That of the St. Lawrence is considered unwholesome, and, therefore, what is generally used is brought by pipes from the Ottawa. This, however, after rain, is muddy and ill flavoured, and is only obtainable by those able to pay for it, so the poorer part of the population drink that of the St. Lawrence. I was sadly annoyed at being unable to get any that I could drink with satisfaction.

Of the society of Montreal we at this time saw nothing. Everybody is far too busy in making preparations for the coming winter, before the navigation of the St. Lawrence—their great highway—closes, to attend to strangers or to any other matters. The merchants are engaged in landing goods, or in trans-shipping them up the country, in writing invoices, and in making up accounts; so that although a most sociably disposed and hospitable body of people in general, at this season they are compelled to close their doors against all comers. Knowing this, we delivered but few of our letters; many, indeed, of those persons not engaged in mercantile pursuits, to whom we had introductions, were absent.

The three principal hotels at Montreal, are Donegana's, the St. Lawrence Hall, and the Montreal House, close to the river, all very tolerable; but the hotels generally in Lower Canada are not equal to those in the States; on our last visit, however, to Donegana's, the whole establishment had been renovated, and we found it as comfortable and well ordered as we could desire, with a first-rate *cuisine*.

The 12th of November was a fine clear and warm day. We had fixed on it for our departure for Quebec, where we were to spend the winter. After a dinner somewhat earlier than usual, we walked down to the

steamer by the light of a bright moon, whose beams silvered over the roofs of the houses and public buildings, and whose light, after we embarked, enabled us to see clearly both banks of the river as we steamed on midway between them. The air, also, was so warm, that we kept pacing the deck till summoned to tea at eight o'clock. It was in truth more like a midsummer's night than a November evening, with the recollection of a hard frost and showers of snow but a few days back. We enjoyed an excellent tea-supper in a cabin, which was very airy and pleasant, though situated down in the depths of the vessel, and had much agreeable and informing conversation with some of our fellow-passengers.

One of them came up and addressed me, and told me that we had met before on board the *Lake Simcoe* steamer, since when he had travelled round by *Barée*, through Western Canada, and from thence across to Detroit on to Chicago, and down the Mississippi, returning homeward by railway. He was a French Canadian, and a member of the Legislature; and I was much pleased with his intelligence and liberal sentiments, as well as with the motives which had induced him to make the journey, his race not generally being addicted to moving about to obtain information for the benefit of their country. This cause had evidently induced him to leave home. He was much pleased with Upper Canada and its wonderful progress; but with the people he had encountered in the Western States he was most intensely disgusted. He spoke of them "as a mongrel pack of the most houndish barbarians, entirely destitute of manners, religion, and morals—a fearful community of the worst vagabonds." I rather think my friend was oversevere on our Far-Western cousins. The truth is, that the French

Canadian and the Anglo-Saxon American cordially dislike each other, and he, therefore, entered their country prejudiced against them. Had he looked deeper into the characters even of those he met, and mixed more generally with the Western community, I trust that he would have discovered redeeming points, even among the most uncouth, and many individuals totally undeserving his somewhat sweeping censure. We had much conversation on the subject of the condition of seamen at Quebec and the shipping interests at that port. He votes, he told me, for the abolition of the Seamen's Act, which compels seamen, by the imposition of fines and penalties, to return in the ships which they have navigated to the colony. Notwithstanding this, numbers, tempted by the prospect held out to them by a set of rascally Jew crimps of obtaining higher wages, desert, and compel the masters to resort to all sorts of means to supply their places, chiefly through the aid of those very crimps. His idea is that were the act abolished, masters would select a better class of seamen at home, and take more pains to attach them to themselves, from the men being able to claim their discharge at Quebec, and that thus every respectable master would obtain fresh men without recourse to the crimps. I advised the establishment of a Seamen's Home, war to the knife against the whole race of crimps and their abettors, and the better education of the masters and officers. The latter important object, it is hoped, will be obtained from the Nautical College of Canada, lately established.

At about half-past nine we entered the Richelieu River, near the mouth of which, on the right bank, stands the town of Sorrell, where, for a short time, our paddles ceased to circulate, while we took in wood and landed

goods and passengers. My impression of Sorell, as seen in the moonlight, is, that it stands on a rising ground, and that the houses cluster pretty closely together. It is, I believe, a flourishing place, but neither it nor any towns in the East progress as rapidly as do those in the West. Once upon a time it was called William Henry, after William the Fourth; but his Majesty getting out of favour with the inhabitants of the province, they, as a punishment, summarily changed its name to that it at present bears.

The captain of the steamer and his stewards were very civil and attentive, and everything was clean and orderly about her, so that our voyage was pleasant. We obtained the luxury also of a private sleeping cabin; but we met so many agreeable people to talk with, that we did not retire to rest till a late hour. Although the American steamers certainly bear off the palm as to size and magnificence, in point of comfort, as also for the civility and attention paid to the passengers, I much prefer the Canadian boats.

At about seven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, November 13th, we came in sight of the high cliffs of Quebec, now thickly sprinkled with snow; and after making a long sweep among the fleet of shipping, much diminished since our departure, we reached the quay at which we were destined to land. We had left Montreal enjoying the temperature of summer: we found Quebec, not twelve hours afterwards, plunged seemingly into the rigours of winter. A heavy fall of snow had come down, but a thaw had already commenced. The contrast was, however, very striking, and showed us the immense difference of climate between different parts of the Province, of which people in England require so constantly

to be reminded to prevent their condemning, most unjustly, that of the southern portion.

At the early hour of our arrival a very few vehicles only were waiting, and they were at once engaged, so that we had to remain on board a considerable time before we could get away. At length a few sleighs (carioles I found they were called) came rattling and bumping down the steep snow-covered street. These carioles were low, narrow boxes, to hold two people side by side, with the driver standing in front. They looked as if the wheels they once possessed had slipped from under them. The thaw which we had enjoyed so much at Montreal had reached thus far north, and torrents of water were rushing down the streets from the fast-melting snow, the sleighing being thus as bad as it well could be. Having hired one of these unhappy-looking conveyances, we were borne upwards, grating ever and anon over the stones among heaps of liquefying snow, our driver having constantly to leap out to urge his horse up the steep ascent. This, the first specimen we had of sleighing, was certainly far from a favourable one. Instead of gliding rapidly over the hard frozen snow as we expected to do, here were we bumping and thumping, rolling and pitching furiously over all sorts of inequalities, up hills and along narrow streets, through a composition of the thickest mud and the dirtiest snow. However, the driver having once shut up their wheeled carriages and decked their horses with their bells and grey winter trappings, do not like to change them again. Passengers also prefer the sleighs to the wheel carriages: the risk of being upset is about equal; they are far easier to get into, and the fare is half that of the latter.

The snow, still covering the ground, was the rem-

nant of the first heavy fall this season. The first victory of winter over, the expiring autumn, which yet struggled bravely for existence: this day, and for some days following, the latter seemed again to revive; very soon, however, to be finally overcome and utterly driven from the face of the earth. We had left Quebec in its summer garb, with leaves on the trees and bright-green blinds to the windows; now the trees were leafless, and the cheerful-looking bright-green blinds had been removed, their places being filled by dreary white painted double window-frames, flush with the walls. Ugly and dull as these double windows make the houses appear, they are a most important arrangement in this severe climate; indeed, without them it would scarcely be possible to keep out the wintry blast, or make the houses habitable. We reached my brother's residence, in the upper part of the city, in time for breakfast, and here we were happily located for the remainder of the year.

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CHAPTER VII.

QUEBEC is deservedly celebrated for the strength of its fortifications and the magnificence of its position, though it can but ill venture to boast of internal beauty. Have you, most indulgent reader, ever pictured it to yourself? If not, let me beg you to observe a broad river coming from the south and west towards the north, between banks from two to three hundred feet in height. Then, see, it turns a little eastward, and forms two branches, with a long, level, richly-cultivated island between them. That island is the Isle of Orleans. On the northern shore of the north branch of the mighty river, tower up towards the sky, range beyond range of rugged, steep, wild mountains, looking as if they were the confines of the habitable world. In sight of these mountains, and some three miles or so above the Isle of Orleans on the north side of the St. Lawrence, on a high rocky bluff, with the small river St. Charles debouching to the east of it, stands Quebec. On the highest portion of the bluff is situated the Citadel, which, like a tall dragoon, looks down somewhat contemptuously on the civilian districts of the city. Another portion of the heights is surrounded

by walls, and forms the Upper Town. The ground within the walls is as broken and uneven as any lover of the picturesque could desire; so that the streets wind up and down hill, and twist and turn in the most delightful confusion, enough to drive any right-angle-loving Dutchman who might look at them out of his seven senses. There are some open spaces all on slopes, which may make you fancy that the houses must have slipped out of their proper places in the streets, and will, before long, reach the river. There is one level spot, however, which makes amends, small as it is, for the irregularities of the rest of the city. It is a space some two hundred feet long, and forty or fifty wide, boarded completely over on the top of a perpendicular cliff overhanging the Lower Town and the river, called the Platform. A gun, mounted at one end for firing salutes, gives it a military dignity. From hence look down the river, and enjoy a view of the proud stream, and its rugged and varied banks; of distant mountains, range beyond range; of hills, and valleys, and plains; of Orleans Island, of villages innumerable, and fleets of ships of every rig and every nation, and I think you will agree that whatever may be the defects of Quebec, few, if any, of the cities either in the Old or New World can boast of a view of the same character to surpass, or even to equal it. A narrow ledge, just even with the water, runs along the foot of the cliff, widening gradually as it approaches the banks of the Charles to the north. On it stand a number of closely-packed, narrow-winding streets, called the Lower Town, one of the least clean and worst-savoured collection of houses in Canada. Here the yellow, and every choice variety of fever, and the malignant cholera, delight to revel; the latter now every year paying its wonted visit and carrying

off numbers of its self-immolated victims. In some of the more open spaces, as well as on the quays, are situated the offices, stores, and warehouses of the merchants. On the wider parts of the level ground below the cliffs, stands the extensive suburb of St. Roque, reaching from the city walls to the mouth of the Charles. Having lately been burnt down and rebuilt with improvements, it is not so ill-odoured as some other localities. Here, on the banks of the Charles, are the chief ship-building establishments of Quebec, whence ships are launched of a thousand tons and upwards. The two other principal suburbs of Quebec are St. John's, built on the steep slope which rises from the Charles River towards the plains of Abraham, and St. Louis, which stands by the side of the plains. Those celebrated plains, ever united in our memories with Wolfe's glorious victory and death, extend from the citadel for a mile or more on the summit of the cliffs which form the north bank of the St. Lawrence. Of the five gates which give an outlet to Quebec, that on the highest ground and nearest the citadel is the St. Louis, the road leading through it along the Plains of Abraham being the most fashionable, and, indeed, the only agreeable promenade and drive for the inhabitants. On all the other roads there is so great an extent of suburb to be passed before the country is reached, that they are but little frequented by pedestrians.

Many of the dwelling-houses in Quebec are large and thoroughly comfortable, though possessed of no great architectural beauty. The largest public building is (or rather was, for it was burnt down soon after we left the country) the Parliament House, its most conspicuous ornament being a sort of Mambrino's helmet, which

formed a dome on the roof. Then there are a number of downright ugly churches, monasteries, and other edifices, taken, it is tolerably evident, neither from the designs of Michael Angelo nor Sir Christopher Wren. Indeed Quebec, to be admired, must be seen as should a stage heroine, at a distance, when not the foot-lights, but the sun is shining on the tin-covered roofs of its houses and churches, its domes and lofty spires. I must except, however, a new Free Church of Scotland in the upper part of the city, and probably some other buildings might escape this sweeping censure, were they to be examined more minutely; but when the thermometer is not far from zero, as was the case during most of the time I was at Quebec, a man is not much inclined to halt and discover beauties, unless they stand conspicuously forth to win his gaze. This will, I hope, excuse me with my kind friends the inhabitants, if I have not awarded that meed of praise to their celebrated city which they may deem it deserves.

Such is the place which was to be our abode for the early part of the winter; and as during that time we received much kindness and much attention, I should be very ungrateful did I not desire to give it all the praise I can, with a clear conscience, bestow. I doubt not, had we visited it in the genial season of spring or summer, we should have seen it bedecked with far more roseate hues.

We had expected by this time to be fairly encompassed by the rigour of winter, but we were doomed to go through some days of an intermediate condition, which we found far less agreeable than the downright honest cold, about which there can be no mistake, when the whole face of nature is blanched with snow, and every

particle of water exposed but for a few minutes to the air is turned into ice; when the whiskers and eyelashes of civilians, the moustaches of military men, and the beards of Jews, get sprinkled over with frost, and the chins, and noses, and fingers, feel as if a sharp blow would chip them off like bits of glass.

The day of our arrival, November 13th, I walked out with my brother on the St. Louis road, and we met as many wheeled carriages as sleighs. It then kept on thawing, and freezing, and snowing afresh alternately till the 18th, when a decided thaw came on, and sufficient snow no longer remained on the roads to allow the passage of sleighs. The day before had, however, to our feelings been bitterly cold and disagreeable. On the 20th I took a walk in a common English coat, which, though I wore open, I found sufficiently warm. On the 22d we remarked that it was not colder than it probably was at the same time in England, and I rather think it was not so cold. This, it must be remembered, was in the most exposed city in Lower Canada: in the Upper Province, in the neighbourhood of Hamilton and Toronto, I know from the accounts I received that it was very much warmer than in England. Writers are very apt, by the way they describe the cold of Canada, to give people at home an impression that it is much more disagreeable and inconvenient than it really is. I find, by the way I have expressed myself in my journal, that I was also about to fall into the same error, which, however, I am anxious to avoid. I do not mean to say that the cold is not very intense and very biting, but the truth is, that people are seldom so chilly or suffer so much from it as they do in England. Indeed, what with thick walls and

double windows, and stoves and flues running through every part of the house, and great-coats, and fur caps, and gloves, and mocassins, or water-proof boots, one may effectually guard against any amount of cold one meets under ordinary circumstances. Except three or four times, when there was a sharp wind, I did not feel the cold nearly so inconvenient and uncomfortable as I have done every winter in England.

By the time we had been about ten days at Quebec, and had delivered our letters of introduction, the residents began to call, and we found ourselves bowing and shaking hands on the pleasant terms of intimacy with people of whose existence but a few days before we had never heard. The social season, however, had not yet begun. Dinner and evening-parties are seldom given till the snow has made the roads firm and even, and till the navigation of the St. Lawrence has closed for the year, when the merchants are no longer compelled to be hard at work all day and till late at night in their counting-houses, landing and shipping goods, as were their brethren at Montreal. A few ships still remained off the city, but it was very doubtful whether they would escape before they were caught by the icy hand of winter. The steamers also continued running to Montreal, but no one could tell which trip would be their last.

We felt something like Arctic voyagers preparing to spend a winter in the Polar regions, knowing that in a few days it would be impossible to get away without taking a long overland journey in sleighs. However, this was the very thing we expected to do, as we anticipated rather some amusing adventures than any

inconveniences or disagreeables. With perfect equanimity of mind, therefore, we watched the approaching footsteps of winter.

We had been told that the society of Quebec is far superior to that of any other part of Lower Canada, but such we are now assured is not the case. Some fifty years ago or more there existed a first-rate French society, composed of the old noble families who remained on after the conquest, and were conspicuous for their polish, their politeness, and their pride. The latter quality has proved their ruin, by preventing them from allowing their sons to engage in commerce or employing other means of keeping up their fortunes, while their restricted incomes did not permit them to obtain such an education as would qualify them to succeed in any of the liberal professions. By slow degrees their fortunes have dwindled away, and they have kept more and more within their own small circle, neither marrying nor giving in marriage; and thus family after family have died out, till very few of the historic names of the ancient chivalry of France are now to be found among the leading inhabitants of Canada, their places in the Government being filled by persons less scrupulous as to their dignity or the means of acquiring wealth, who have risen from the ranks of merchants, shop-keepers, and other traders, or who still follow some money-making occupation. Such, of course, is the result of their own suicidal folly, nor can any one regret it.

The same has occurred in other countries where narrow prejudices and a restricted education, or rather a total want of it, have kept the nobility far behind-hand with the age. Such was the case in Portugal, where I have resided for some years. There a large number of

the old noble families have, from the same cause, become extinct. I remember an old Fidalgo with a number of daughters, who were neither young nor possessed of any large share of personal attractions. Their father's wealth, also, was immeasurably surpassed by his pride; for of the former he had but a very small proportion, while he was left to plume himself on the vast amount of the latter. A very worthy and excellent man, the son of a merchant, was a constant visitor at his house; lent him cash without acknowledgment when hard pressed by creditors; and placed the use of his opera-box and carriage at the disposal of his daughters, who were only too ready to honour him by almost appropriating them altogether. At length the visitor bethought him that it would be meet and right to take to himself a wife, and was willing to give the refusal of his hand to one of his old friend's daughters, believing in the innocency of his heart that he was thereby adding not a little to the benefits he had already bestowed on the family. Accordingly, one morning he made his proposals in due form to the father. The old Fidalgo started back with horror and surprise. "Sir," he exclaimed, when at length he found breath and words to express his feelings, "the regard I entertain for you in consequence of the trifling attentions I have allowed you to pay to me and mine prevents me from ordering my servants to throw you out of the window, or to kick you down-stairs; but I must request that you never again enter this house till you have forever abandoned all such presumptuous pretensions." (He had, by the by, only one lame old *escudero*, literally *shield-bearer*, practically *butler*, who would have found either operation rather beyond his powers.) "What!" he continued, his rage increasing as the full force of

what he had just heard broke upon his mind, "What! ask me to consent to mix the blood of all the Pachecos, the descendants of a hundred other noble families, equals of kings, with the unknown puddle which circulates in your veins? The idea is too preposterous." He was silent for some time. At length he said, "Come, lend me a hundred moidores; think no more about it, and let us be friends as before."

I have given the story as exemplifying the feelings which animated the minds of the old French noblesse of Lower Canada, as many similar ones might be told of them. I fancy that the remnant of the old stock still retain their polish and their pride. The ancient *régime* is about to receive a *coup de grace* in the abolition of the seigniorial rights which, among other causes, have proved so great an impediment to the rapid advancement of the Eastern province.

Enlightened people at home are getting over the old feelings which animated them with regard to the colonies and colonists; but the uneducated and ignorant of all classes still cannot divest themselves of the notion that colonies are wild regions and colonists barbarians; and even when they come to the country, they cannot at first abandon their preconceived ideas, and are apt to look down with ineffable disdain on the land and on its inhabitants.

Some acquaintance of ours had brought out an old woman-servant from England, who, from the time of her arrival, could never make up her mind to be satisfied either with the people or the colony. One day she was complaining to her mistress of things being very different to what she was accustomed at home. At length, with

a delicious expression of contempt on her countenance, she wound up by observing, "But then, marm, what can you expect from a *found-out country*?" I have several times been asked at home what language the Canadians speak; and once or twice whether they have given up dressing in skins.

In some respects people have a right to complain of the want of some of the conveniences of the old country. One of the greatest is, or rather was, the want of water. There are a few wells in the city, and their supply uncertain; nor was the city supplied by an aqueduct or other artificial means, so that the greater part of the water used in the houses for domestic purposes had to be brought in casks from springs outside the city walls at the enormous charge of eightpence a cask. There existed a regular band of water-carriers with licenses, and who were bound when a fire took place to hasten with their water-casks full to help to extinguish it. The supply thus brought to the door was not always either very regular or very clean. I speak from experience. On several occasions our water-carrier, an old French Canadian, neglected to come, and we were left without a drop of water in the house. To remedy the evil a company had been formed to convey from a distance an ample supply in iron pipes into the city; but when having laid down their pipes the whole distance up to the walls, it was discovered by the engineer-officer in command of the fortifications, that he had not the power to allow them to carry the pipes through the ramparts, and the whole matter had to be referred to the authorities at home for decision. Such was the state of things when we were there. Before an answer could be received the winter

had set in, and the inhabitants of Quebec were doomed to be another six or eight months at the mercy of the water-carriers.

In a country progressing as does Canada, where labour is often scarce and in great demand, the price of everything which depends on it has very much increased of late years, while every means are employed to economise it. As an example of this, I was amused by observing horse-power brought into play to convey bricks to the top of a house, instead of sending them up, in the old-fashioned style, on the backs of Irish hodmen. A long rope, passed through a block hung to the scaffolding, had a bucket at one end and a horse at the other; the horse being trotted along the road under the guidance of a little urchin till the bucket reached the top. I saw the same method employed in the States, but it could not be employed in a crowded street.

This scarcity of labour has enormously increased the price of firewood also among the other necessaries of life. It is sold in huge logs, as they are brought down from the forest, by a measure, which is called a cord—a great heap, so many feet long, and so many wide and deep; and these logs are deposited in the wood-house which is attached to every house in Canada. They have, however, to be cut up again into a size and shape fit to put on the fire or into the stove. Frequently we were unable to get men to perform this very necessary labour, and more than once we had to handle the axe and chop up a day's supply ourselves. On one occasion, also, the woodcutter, a Canadian, had, according to agreement, cut and piled up so many cords; but when we approached the bottom of the heap, we found that the rogue had saved himself

the trouble of chopping, and left the logs intact. This, however, was an exception to the general honest dealing of the French Canadians. In the course of a few weeks the man came again to offer his services, and exhibited a most innocent surprise at their being refused.

The firewood used in Quebec is brought down from the St. Maurice and other rivers above the city; all that was to be obtained on the banks of the St. Lawrence itself having long since been consumed. Coal is imported from England, but it is dear, and not always to be procured. My brother laid in a small quantity, but could get no more, which he tried to do when we discovered how much more pleasant a good coal-fire is than one in which only wood is burned. Some of the houses are warmed entirely with stoves. My brother's house had open fireplaces in his sitting-rooms in addition to the usual stoves in the hall and some of the bed-rooms, and very cheerful and pleasant we found them. Though they do not give forth so much heat as a stove, they keep the rooms much better ventilated; and, indeed, what degree of warmth can compensate for being deprived of the pleasure of seeing a cheerful blaze, and of being able to poke the fire?

Every house inhabited by people of even moderate pretensions to fortune has from four to six stoves constantly burning, some at night as well as day, so it may be supposed that the consumption of fuel is enormous. The hall-stove has an iron pipe leading through the passages and up to the very top of the house, which is warmed by the hot air it carries. The other stoves have usually pipes passing from one end of the room to the other, and frequently into one or more rooms, so that one stove heats several chambers at the same time. Some

houses are warmed by what are called "furnaces." These furnaces are huge stoves, either in the kitchen or some under-ground apartment, whence a collection of pipes branch off into every room and passage, the hot air from the stove being forced through the pipes. When in the kitchen, as they usually are, they serve also for cooking, and are under the ruling functionary of that department.

One day, a thaw having come on, we were calling on a lady; when, on entering the house, we were half-suffocated with the heat in the hall. The drawing-room was at the same degree of temperature; and, of course, so was every room in the house. We found the mistress of the mansion looking pale and ill. "Oh," she replied to the usual salutation, "I am suffering from the heat. My cook is out of temper, I am sure, by the way she has heated up the furnace, as she always takes that means of showing it." I suggested that the evil might be remedied by dismissing the lady, and getting another with a more amiable disposition. "I am afraid that I might not change for the better," she answered. "The last I had used to choose a cold day to let it out altogether, if anything went wrong with her." Fancy being liable to be roasted, as well as one's mutton, at the discretion of one's cook. We agreed that we would never have a house heated by a furnace.

The hotels are often warmed in this way. The pipes are not seen, but are conveyed under the floors with valves communicating to them, which can be opened or shut at pleasure, so that the rooms can be brought with a little care to the degree of warmth required; but I always found the air too dry and oppressive, and I should think unwholesome. Indeed, when travelling in the winter we suffered much more from heat than from cold,

the change from the cold air to the horse being always the most disagreeable.

At length, on November 23d, a hard frost and a sharp wind dried up all the wet, and made the streets and roads as hard as stone. On going in the morning into the Cathedral Square, where some thirty caleches, driven by French and Irish men, stand ready for hire, I was amused by the way they took to offer their services to a stranger who was evidently looking out for a conveyance. A dozen or more started away from their stand, and dodged, wheeled, and twisted round the bewildered individual, expatiating loudly on the various merits of their respective vehicles in Canadian-French, broken English, and choice Hibernian, till the poor man was compelled to tumble into the nearest, without making a bargain, to escape from the *mêlée*. Though they might tire their steeds, they had an opportunity of exhibiting their adroitness in driving. The French are looked upon as the most steady and careful; the Irish, as the most daring and go-ahead. I remember seeing the drivers of cabriolets in Naples amusing themselves in the same manner; and I doubt if any drivers in the world can surpass them in the way they thread through narrow lanes and shave past other vehicles at full gallop, trusting I know not to what patron saint for safety.

In the afternoon I walked out some four or five miles on the St. Louis road with my brother. We passed a number of neat villas and country-houses. They are mostly surrounded by well-kept palings and thoroughly English-looking shrubberies. Some, however, had rather more of a wild-forest look about them. On our left, we passed Spencer Wood, the residence of the Governor-General, occupied during the absence of Lord Elgin by General

Rowan, the commander of the forces, and now acting Governor. It is like a comfortable-looking, English country-house, and stands in a tolerably extensive wood, on the summit of the cliffs overlooking the St. Lawrence. It cannot compare with the plan of the magnificent palace which the people of Toronto are building for the Governor-General.

Many of the houses were of a single story, but raised considerably above the ground on a platform with a verandah surrounding them. These platforms, which are very general in Lower Canada, are most useful, as they keep the house always well raised above the snow, unless an unusually large quantity should fall. Some of them put me in mind of Swiss cottages, but they are not so picturesque. Hung, however, with long icicles glittering in the sun, they looked very well, and made me wish it were possible to find a warm spot to sketch them. We came to a fine view of the St. Lawrence, on which we looked down through an opening in a wood. On either side of the road run, as in other parts, rival lines of electric telegraph wires, exalted in the air on the top of lofty thin poles. We had often heard a curious noise as we walked out on that road, and for long it was unaccountable, till at last we suspected that it was caused by the wind striking the wires tightened by the severity of the frost. We enjoyed our walk out very much, but, on turning, we found a sharp wind and a fall of hard snow in our faces. I never recollect having felt the cold so much. First my chin lost all sensation, and I could only speak in a lisp; then the frost caught my right eyelid and brow, and next got an ugly nip of my cheek-bone till I began to fancy that it was going to bite me in earnest. However, by perseveringly rubbing

with my fur gauntlet, I brought back the circulation, and immediately we got under shelter, a genial glow came over our countenances, and gave us an idea of the benefit we had derived from our walk. Afterwards, with a far greater degree of frost, when there was no wind, we did not feel the cold nearly so inconvenient.

There are but very few days during the winter that it is actually painful to go out even in Lower Canada. These are when there is a sharp wind and a fall of fine snow, which cuts through the very skin. I believe, by the by, it is rather when the wind sweeps up the snow already fallen on the ground and blows it about as if it were dust on the highroad. It is more like a shower of powdered glass than anything else, each particle sharp as the point of a fine needle, while the thermometer is some degrees below zero, and the skin is already stretched and cracked by the cold.

I imitated the example of the elder residents and natives, as I opine every wise man should do in preparing for the winter, and supplied myself with a black fur cylinder-shaped cap, with flaps for the ears, and a pair of fur mits with gauntlets, in addition to which I got a pair of Indian mocassins of untanned yellow leather, to walk in the dry snow, and some American india-rubber goshes to use in damp weather; and I had a sharp iron point put to a stout stick, cut from the woods of Carron Hall in Scotland, and a trusty friend I have ever found it like its kind donor. I had already a thick loose flushing coat, with a hood, which I secured round the waist by a red sash. Such, with various modifications, is the usual winter costume in Lower Canada. I found the most comfortable casing for my feet as follows. First I put on a soft Shetland sock, then a well-made thin-soled

shoe, and over it a very thick-ribbed Irish knitted worsted sock or stocking. Next I put my foot into an American india-rubber golosh, above which I wore a stout spring gaiter. This looked very neat, kept the snow from getting into the golosh and strengthened the ankle. My foot, indeed, did not look much larger than when I wear a stout shooting-shoe, and the whole covering was infinitely lighter and much more pliable. I advise a soft leather shoe, with a very thin sole. A shoe is important, as it keeps the foot in its accustomed shape, and I prefer it to a mocassin, which allows the sole to spread out too much. The ribbed worsted sock is of importance. All the moisture which arises from the foot passes through the thin sock and thin shoe, and the portion which cannot escape remains between the sock and golosh, the shoe and the sock remaining perfectly dry and warm. For travelling I wore a fleecy hosiery stocking next the skin, but that is too warm for exercise. The common yellow skin mocassin is generally used for rough work in the country, but it was the fashion in Quebec to wear a finer description of black skin ornamented with beads, and a very natty look it gave the foot. It is also much improved by having a gutta-percha or india-rubber sole added to it. This sole not only keeps the foot dry in moist weather, but prevents it from slipping. The sole of the mocassin, when worn in the streets, soon gets hard and smooth, and, having gained this quality, speedily topples the unsuspecting and incautious wearer over on his nose, or, with still greater indignity, over on his back with his heels in the air. Indeed, without the addition of india-rubber soles, they are only suited to wear with snow-shoes, or to walk on the hard, untrodden snow. I found a pair of thin woollen gloves, worn under

my fur gauntlets, very comfortable, as I was thus able to take off the gauntlets, and to blow my nose, a very necessary operation, without exposing my hand. For very cold days I had a pair of trousers with flannel linings, and I then also wore the hood of my flushing coat drawn over my head. Thus accoutred, I was able to defy the utmost cold to which I was likely to be exposed during the winter. Had I undertaken any expedition into the woods, I was prepared with a chamois-leather waistcoat to wear over my shirt, and should also have got a thick macintosh, of the exact shape of my flushing coat, to go over it, hood and all, as well as a pair of macintosh trousers, which I never had occasion to wear. I, however, constantly wore a pair of waterproof boots, with two pairs of socks, a thin pair next the feet, and a thick ribbed pair over them. I found my feet perfectly comfortable and cool even in warmish weather, all the moisture remaining between the ribbed sock and the boot. On very cold days I wore an ordinary overcoat over my usual winter-coat in addition to my flushing coat. This latter was rather a cloak with a hood and large sleeves like a Greek capote. The winding a worsted sash round the waist adds very much to its warmth, and I thus wore it when the cold was excessive.

[Notes from Journal.]

November 24th.—A heavy fall of drifting snow. The coldest day we have yet experienced. Notwithstanding this, we made a round of calls. Ladies dress here in winter for out-of-doors very much as they do in England. Instead of muffs, however, they wear long fur mitts or gloves, and sometimes fur cloaks. Many skate, and

skate very well. Others walk also in snow-shoes, and manage to take very long walks too. Till they are proficient in the art, their movements are, ungallant as I am to write it, very far from graceful. The action is, it must be owned, very much between a waddle and a straddle. Skaters, taking their initiatory lessons, are also wise if they practise in private. Some of the damsels were described to us as most persevering in their efforts to perfect themselves in the art, being as often on the ground as on their feet; but the ladies of Quebec are far too spirited to be daunted by such trifles, and the most unpromising performers very soon conquer all difficulties. They wear a costume very sensible and appropriate for the purpose. How shall I venture to describe it? And yet I think many a lady in England would do well to copy it who has to walk forth in muddy or windy weather. They wear a garment appropriately called "a Cossack," such, indeed, as that with which the horsemen of the Czar cover their legs,—in other words, exceedingly wide trousers. Into these trousers they stuff that heterogeneous assemblage of linen, flannel, and calico robes which generally impede a lady in the exercise of her pedestrian powers; and that they may still appear in their feminine costume, they wear a thickly-quilted petticoat, somewhat shorter perhaps than usual, but in no way partaking of the Bloomer character. I am assured that nothing can exceed the comforts of this quilted petticoat. It is soft, light, impervious to the wind, keeps the skirts of the gown in proper form, and is free from all that flutter and net-like catching of the knees of which the usual dress is guilty, while it is obvious to the meanest comprehension, I should think without further explanation, that the contents of the Cossack must make a suffi-

ciently soft cushion in the case of a fall. Such is the dress suggested by the necessities of the case, and worn by ladies when engaged in skating, walking in snow-shoes, or coasting,—a very popular amusement, which I shall have fully to describe by and by.

Some of our lady acquaintance are most enthusiastic in their praises of the delights of snow-shoeing. They describe the idea of walking across the country, over high walls and hedges and ditches, as very amusing. Eight or ten miles, however, is as much as any lady, even the most proficient in the art, can well accomplish. Twenty or thirty is the utmost a strong man can well get over, though, of course, at times people walk a still greater distance.

Taking our usual walk on the St. Louis Road, we found the cold and the snow in our faces far from pleasant. To the right of the road is situated the Roman Catholic burial-ground. We met to-day a funeral party on their way thither, evidently of the poorest class. The coffin was borne on a sleigh, and the mourners followed on foot. A few days ago we met an Irish funeral party going to the same sad bourn. They were, however, all seated comfortably in caleches and driving rapidly along. A number of lads and young boys wore white scarfs and hatbands, but all the men had black scarfs round their hats. Colonel Bruce most kindly gave me to-day a very interesting report made to him by the Commissioners sent to adjudicate on the claims of the Indians to certain lands bordering on Lake Huron.

November 25th.—The cold had increased considerably to-day. A large number of merchantmen are still here, having been unable to get their cargoes on board—some, indeed, have not discharged theirs, and others are said to

be on their way up the river. Most of them will probably be detained here all the winter. A naval friend tells me that he fears many of them will be lost during the tremendous snow-storms which occur at this time of the year in the St. Lawrence. Year after year is witness of similar catastrophes, and yet, strange as it may appear, the ship-masters, or owners, or consignees, will not take counsel from the experience of others. Ships are detained to the last moment in port, or sail from Europe so late in the year that it is scarcely possible for them to arrive before the commencement of winter. Not only are ships and valuable cargoes put in jeopardy, but, far worse, valuable human lives are risked by this gross neglect of the precepts of common prudence. But who cares? The ship and cargo are insured, and, happen what may, the owners of neither will lose. The underwriters must look after their own interests. The masters are frequently worthless characters, or, if ever so cautious, cannot help themselves; while the crew are ignorant or indifferent to the dangers they are doomed to encounter. If the worst comes to the worst, they can but get drunk, they say, and go down jollily with the ship. Such is too often the feelings of the sort of men on board the vessels frequenting the port of Quebec. The river is already partly frozen over, and we are told that in another day or so the steamers will no longer be able to run to Montreal. This winter is more open than the last, when, by this time, the navigation of the St. Lawrence was already stopped by the ice.

In our walk to-day we were obliged to proceed in Indian file, the beaten path in the snow not allowing two persons to keep abreast, and, when we passed other people, either they or we had to plunge into the deep

drift. This mode of progress was a sad interruption to anything like conversation, and a great drawback to the pleasure of exercise: in addition to which the loud crunch, crunch, crunch, of the feet of several people as they trod over the snow, which, as it froze hard while falling, lays lightly on the ground, effectually prevent those behind hearing a word said by their leader. I could scarcely have supposed that so much noise, sadly tiresome and unpleasant to the nerves, could be created by such means. Oh, that dreadful crunch, crunch, crunch! It would be enough to drive one "daft" were it to be continued for many days, or even hours together. Fortunately, in the neighbourhood of the city the snow soon got beaten down hard, and to a distance no one can go without the aid of snow-shoes.

I have described the dress usually worn by men. There is little difference in shape or character perceptible among the various ranks of society, though the poorer wear a coarser material, and many have low fur-caps. Some gentlemen, however, appear in what looks like an Hungarian costume: cloth coats trimmed with fur, and full high boots, either made of skins or lined with fur; or coats or cloaks of some valuable skins. But the buffalo-coat is the most useful and most in requisition. It must, however, be confessed that some huge fellows, when dressed in their buffalo-coats, hoods, and boots, look very much like black polar bears attempting to enter into the pale of civilisation. I was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the sleighs: the best, probably, have not yet come forth for the winter, as the roads are far from being in perfect order for sleighing; indeed, in some spots they are perfectly uncovered, though hard from the frost.

Decidedly, the handsomest sleighs are the family vehicles, with wide fur robes, and the tails of the animals to which the skins belonged hanging out astern, and trailing over the snow. The occupants well muffled up in black bear and other skins, like little birds in their nests, defy the cold, and look cozy and comfortable. We met in our walk a public stage-sleigh. The body was something in appearance between an omnibus and an Isle of Wight sociable; for it was long, and had curtains instead of glass windows. It rested on two sleighs, or rather on two pair of runners, which, acting the part of springs, gave it sufficient play to allow it to move over the unevennesses in the road, without jolting out the occupants.

The plain of the Charles, between Quebec and the grand range of mountains to the north and east, is covered over with a coating of snow; but the mountains themselves, standing out proudly in bold relief against the sky, look grim, bleak, and gloomy, the dark confines, as it were, of the world. So they will look, I find, all the winter; for they are in reality, though they do not appear to be so at a distance, thickly covered with trees to their very summits, on the leafless branches of which the snow cannot rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

[*Extracts from Journal continued.*]

NOVEMBER 26th.—Troops who have to make forced marches, or to stand guard in exposed situations, hunters, travellers, the poor ill-clothed, ill-housed, lately arrived emigrants, and wayfarers of all descriptions, may with justice talk of the rigours of a Canadian winter; but gentlemen and ladies, who live at home at ease in Quebec, and only go forth when it suits them, can afford to laugh at the snow-storms and icy blasts which rage without, and may well affirm that the climate is a very delightful one; in fact that as to the cold, there is nothing in it. We agreed, that what with the comfortable warmth in the house, and by getting thoroughly done through before going out, and then wrapping up completely, we felt, even with the hardest frost, infinitely less of the cold than often we had endured, during damp weather in England, when there is but a slight frost. All the troops here are supplied with high fur caps, with pointed peaks, and high, untanned, yellow leather boots, which look well suited for the snow, but certainly not for damp weather. They are also exercised at times in walking in snow-shoes.

This accomplishment might be very important were they engaged in any expedition, as by means of them they might cross the county in a way otherwise impracticable. Last year we were told a whole regiment was paraded before Lady Elgin, in snow-shoes, officers and all. They must have had rather an odd appearance, in somewhat extended order, I conclude. On another occasion games were played and races run by the soldiers in snow-shoes, her ladyship giving the prizes.

Every boy one meets, of high or low degree, is dragging after him a hand-sleigh or a toboggin. The hand-sleigh is a little, square tray on runners. The boy hauls this to the top of the glacis, or some steep hill, well covered with snow, and throwing himself with his stomach, on it goes down the hill head-foremost, at a rapid rate, guiding himself with his toes. The toboggin is the Indian hand-sleigh, on which, when on a journey, he drags all his household goods. It is composed of a long, wide strip of white cedar, turned up at one end, which goes first. The boy sits on this a-straddle, with his legs well out, guiding himself with his heels. He at times, also, sits in the same attitude on the square hand-sleigh. The toboggin seems to be the most aristocratical machine.

Children are sent out here every day to walk even in the coldest weather. Infants in arms wear fur caps, and have thick veils thrown over their heads when they meet the wind. If they cry while they are out, they are apt to come back with the tears frozen to their eyelashes, or on their cheeks; but I never heard that they suffer from it. Indeed, children seem to flourish better in winter than in summer, and all we saw were pictures of health; while boys, big enough to run out by themselves

and play about in the snow all day, are as strong and hardy as any lads I ever saw.

The tradesmen here are a very independent class, and residents have to submit to their caprices pretty much as they have to that of their servants. We were constantly kept days and days for things we had ordered, and no excuse or apology was offered for their neglect. One of the coolest gentlemen I ever heard of is the master of a glass and china shop. He is of the tribe of Israel. A lady of our acquaintance went the other day into the shop of the said Mr. L. to purchase a glass for a small lamp, or some similar article. A boy only was in the shop. She inquired for Mr. L. to show her the article she wanted. "He's up-stairs," was the answer. "Go up for him, then," said she. "Oh, Lord bless ye, ma'am, he'll not come down for such a trifle as that, I can tell ye!" replied the boy, with perfect seriousness, evidently well acquainted with his master's mode of proceeding. I once went into the same gentleman's shop. He was sitting near the door smoking a long pipe; not the slightest notice of me did he take till I inquired for what I wanted; when, without drawing his pipe from his mouth, he shook his head, and muttered with half his lips, "Haven't got it at that price, or anything like it." Then he puffed away as before.

As we walked home late in the day, the clouds cleared away, and the stars came hurrying forth with a lustre truly magnificent, while a soft pink glow suffused the whole western sky.

Sunday, 27th.—A bright day, full of glorions beauty, not a cloud to dim the clear blue of the far-distant sky. After church walked on the Platform. The view of the

Isle of Orleans and the distant mountains more attractive than ever. What city in the world contains a walk to be compared to that of the Platform of Quebec? It is a pity there is not more of it. It is, however, in winter but little frequented. I used to meet only a few people there at a time, evidently taking constitutional walks, as I judged by the earnest way in which they moved up and down, counting the turns they made, considering it a task to be got through. I must own sometimes, in spite of the beauty of the scenery, to have trod those long icy planks much with the same feeling, when the wind was blowing sharply up the river, and drifts of snow ever and anon filled the air and obscured the view.

To-day large fields of ice, covered with snow, are floating on the river. Some are so extensive, that they reach nearly half-way across the stream. They were formed some way up the river at high tide; and as the water fell, they broke away from the banks, and came down with the ebb. They were now floating up with the flood. They are of sufficient thickness to make the navigation very dangerous; but still eager for gain, the steamers continue to ply among them. However, in another week they will begin to bind and effectually put a stop to navigation, probably catching a whole fleet of vessels in their clutches before they can make their escape. The thermometer this morning was 10° below zero, cold enough to make one suppose that the winter has set in in real earnest, and yet it will be much colder by and by.

In the afternoon my brother and I walked out on the Louis road. The wind as we went out cruelly cut our faces, but when we faced about to return, with our backs to the foe, we became not only comfortable, but quite warm.

The snow has now been beaten down even and hard, and our feet managed to get over it far more rapidly than they did, but yet with not a little backsliding, like the progress of the best of human beings in their daily walk in life. The sun set with streaks of the brightest vermilion, with stripes of a pale light green hue between them. It was pleasant to be able to walk again abreast and to converse in moderate tones. As yet very little snow has fallen, and in many places the stones in the road crop through it.

28th.—Fine in the morning, but towards evening the sky became overcast, and a very slight rain began to fall. Indeed, when we went out to pay a round of visits, we found the temperature so warm and genial that we felt rather inclined to stroll leisurely along than to walk fast. We are told that this winter is to be far from gay, as the Governor-General and Lady Elgin being absent, there is no one to set the example in giving balls and parties. Colonel Higgins is much missed in the gay world. He used to give fancy balls and get up *tableaux vivants* and charades, and set pic-nics and all sorts of amusements going.

We are told that when the first heavy fall of snow for the season has done coming down, although the atmosphere may be in reality colder, we shall find it much less keen to our feelings than we now do. This is a comfort. As yet I have not cared much for the cold I have experienced, though I sometimes have wished that it were less biting. But I own that I should not like its *duration*. Five months of this sort of weather would, I fancy, weary me out of my love of bright skies and snow.

Among the disagreeables of Quebec is the want of tolerably good bread. I tried every baker in the city,

and found that all produced an equally bad composition. The cause of this I discovered to be, that the wheat and flour brought from the Upper Province are here examined before being finally shipped for England, that of inferior description, or what has been spoilt, being landed and bought up at a cheap rate by the bakers. They consequently keep themselves well supplied with this damaged flour, and thus the unfortunate inhabitants never having a chance of eating honest, sweet bread, get so accustomed to the horrible, sour, ill-tasted composition sold to them, that they are scarcely aware of its deleterious effects. I fully believe that the cholera and fevers, which every year attack them, are much aggravated thereby. For some time I lived on American crackers, but, finding them far from satisfactory, I at length procured a barrel of flour from a friend, and manfully set to work to bake myself. I had never even seen any baking, but I got a book with a description of the art, and highly proud was I of my first achievement in it. The oven was a common iron one, attached to the kitchen-stove, and not very well adapted to the purpose; besides which, the Irish cook, more than once, let out the fire while the loaves were in, and they, consequently, came forth like lumps of lead, while on other occasions she burned them up to cinders. At length we discovered that another servant in the house understood baking, and from that day forth we had the most delicious bread. From my experience I am convinced that no flour can surpass the best Canadian. We used common brewers' yeast, and our bread was perfectly light, white, and sweet. My first experiment was with a composition called baking-powder; and although the bread appeared very good, we were all nearly poisoned by it, and for days after its

irritating, cough-producing effects did not wear off. I was, however, very proud of my performances, which proved, I consider, that I was well suited for colonial life. In my opinion, one or two good bakers, who would make bread from the best Upper Province flour with brewer's yeast, would soon get abundance of custom, and prove of incalculable benefit to all the inhabitants who value their health and comfort. Unfortunately, the temptation to use cheap damaged flour is so great that few can resist it long.

Tuesday, 29th.—Drip, drip, drip. A wondrous change in the atmosphere. We had gone to bed with the stove in our bedroom lighted, and the thermometer somewhere below zero. We awoke, fancying ourselves attacked with fever; but the sound which struck our ears, and the sight which met our eyes as we looked forth from our window, speedily dispelled our fears on that score. A stream ran through the street; every spout of high and low degree was pouring out water, and the snow was rapidly disappearing from the roofs of the houses. When we went forth we found the air mild, and of course somewhat damp, but there was nothing of that chilly, wet, blanket feeling which one experiences under similar circumstances in England. The streets were also somewhat sloppy, making goloshes necessary, but they were neither so wet nor so dirty as might have been expected. This sudden change gave us convincing proof of the variableness of the climate of which we had heard since we came here; and we were told, that till the commencement of January, rapid thaws, though seldom lasting long, are very frequent: they are, in truth, very welcome; for although they do not continue sufficiently long to melt much of the snow, they allow the skin to

soften, the lungs to rest, and the blood to warm up a little. We talk of the uncertainty of the English climate, but I suspect that all climates, except that of the tropics, are more or less equally variable, except, perhaps, during a month or two of summer and winter, where, as is the case with regard to Lower Canada, it may safely be predicted that it will be in the former season intensely hot, and in the latter desperately cold.

The river seen from the Platform has a curious appearance, covered as it is with floating masses of ice, among which numerous steamers are still crushing their way, and boats, with apparently no little risk, are crossing to the opposite shore. Of the vast fleet of merchantmen which lately floated on the waters of the St. Lawrence scarcely a ship now remains.

November 30th.—The thaw continues more rapidly than yesterday, converting snow and ice into water, and filling the streets with mud. Walked out on the St. John's road. I observed a number of houses covered with sheet-iron, a more durable material than the usual tin covering. The chief object of these metal coverings is to save the roofs from fire, which, from being composed of planks, and dried into tinder by the heats of summer, are very combustible. Every roof has a moveable ladder placed on it, by which all parts can be reached; and by the law which exists to compel this regulation, the ladders should be kept in perfect order. However, in this rather ultra free country, although it is very easy to make good laws, it is not so easy to get them obeyed, and, consequently, the ladders with which every new house is supplied are allowed to rot, and frequently break the necks of the unfortunate firemen who venture on them. Looking from

that spot, so well suited for the observations of a *diable boiteux*, it is curious to see the laddered roofs in every direction below one.

Our walk to-day convinced me more than ever of the dirtiness of the suburbs of this city; and yet no place could be so perfectly drained as Quebec, especially St. John's, which stands on a hill, sloping rapidly down to the Charles. Ill odours, most pestiferous, met my nose in every direction. We passed several large houses, two and three stories high, each story completely surrounded with a verandah. This style seems admirably suited both for the heats of summer and the snows of winter. It is very general, we afterwards found, in the United States; but the inhabitants of Upper Canada adhere more fondly to the style of the old country. We have now reached the last day of November, and it is not colder than the same day probably is in England, and far drier; but then it must be remembered that it *has been* colder than the coldest at home.

December 1st.—Old Jack Frost has returned again, and seems inclined this time to keep a firm grip of the earth. The snow has nearly disappeared, but the ground is as hard as iron, and very slippery, as the sadly undignified and ungraceful tumbles pedestrians are unwillingly compelled to make in every direction too well testify. Walked to Wolfe's Monument, a short distance to the left, outside the St. Louis Gate. Sheltered by the rising ground to the north of it, we could admire at our leisure the fine view up the river. Huge masses of ice are floating about, and it looks as if another night's really hard frost would join the whole across the broad stream. Up the river the ice forms across every year; but opposite Quebec it

takes once only every three or four years, and makes what is called "the bridge," when people, horses, and carts, can pass as if on dry ground.

The Plains of Abraham are somewhat uneven, and should more properly be called, as they sometimes are, the Heights of Abraham. The spot where the gallant Wolfe died, and where his monument now stands, is in a hollow, where he was, probably, brought after being wounded to be out of the fire. Captain Warburton, in his "Conquest of Canada," gives the most perfect and graphic account of the battle ever written. He composed it after carefully visiting every locality with the eye of a soldier.

On our return home, masses of silvery light glanced brightly from the spires and tin-roofed houses of the Upper Town, giving us a notion of the appearance of the famed Kremlin of Moscow. Often as I gaze at it, I cannot cease to admire the grand scenery round the city, ever varying in its aspect—the superb river, sometimes blue and glittering in the sunshine, and at others dark and gloomy, as it was the other day, when I watched a heavy snow-storm sweeping up with threatening aspect between its lofty banks. I thought with apprehension of the fate of the unfortunate vessels exposed to it in that narrow and rocky channel; and the intelligence which soon after reached Quebec proved that my fears were but too well founded.

Sunday, the 4th.—Attended divine service at the Cathedral. Part of it was performed by the bishop, Dr. Mountain. His countenance is intellectual and benignant, and his manner dignified. We find him most kind and courteous. He is a native of Canada, and his father was the first bishop of Quebec. To his exertions the scattered inhabitants of the Hudson's Bay territories

are indebted for the appointment of a bishop among them. Hearing of the increasing number of the inhabitants, and of their spiritual destitution, he undertook a long and adventurous journey to the Red River Settlement, to satisfy himself by personal inspection, as to the best method of satisfying their wants. Several ladies sing in the choir; the music of the Cathedral is generally very good. The building itself, though dignified with the title of a cathedral, is a very ordinary, or rather, if truth must be spoken, a mean-looking church. The population, however, belonging to the Church of England, are neither sufficiently numerous nor wealthy to enable them either to adorn the present edifice, or to erect another of greater pretensions to beauty. It is, however, neat and well arranged; and I trust that the congregation will be content with it as it now stands; for in many other parts of the Lower Province the Church of England requires all the aid its more wealthy members can possibly afford. There are, throughout the country, a number of widely-scattered communities, mostly composed of poor people who cannot themselves support a minister of the Gospel, and have, therefore, to depend on the assistance of others. The secularisation of the Clergy Reserves will place all new settlements in a still worse position than are those of a similar character at present, as they will have no source whatever whence to support their clergy, except from voluntary contributions either among themselves or the more wealthy Episcopalian Protestants in the Province.

I to-day wore, for the first time, a pair of yellow, untanned mocassins, and went in them to church. On each occasion that my eye glanced down at my feet, I could not help fancying that, with such curious things

on, I must look a very strange figure in public. I forgot that one-half of the people around me were wearing similar extraordinary feet-gear. After a brisk walk in the afternoon, I got as warm as on a summer's day in England, although the thermometer was down to zero. So bitterly cold was it at night, that I had my bed-room stove lighted.

Tuesday, 6th Dec.—Awoke again in a fever, and found that the thermometer had risen upwards of 20° in the night. This great variableness of temperature is usual, I am told, at the commencement of winter. On going out, the air felt quite warm; and in the afternoon a snow-storm came on which in a few hours filled the streets full of snow. The sleigh-drivers, in their fur caps and huge buffalo-skin coats, without any exaggeration, look at a little distance, when sprinkled thickly with snow, like great polar bears. We now had an opportunity of seeing what a real snow-storm is. Everything on the face of nature was speedily covered with snow,—the roofs of the houses, the streets, the fields, the roads, in a few minutes became of the same uniform hue; and every rut, and gutter, and ditch, was filled up; it rose above the pavements, and covered the door-steps; and on our return home—where but a short time before we could walk with becoming dignity—we found ourselves stumbling along, and plunging up to our knees in snow, dressed like penitents in robes of white. On entering the porch of a house in Canada, the servant presents one with a snow-whisk, and with another sets to work to brush the snow off the back of one's garments. Did one neglect the precaution, the heat of the stove would instantly convert one into a dripping fountain, to be turned into an icicle on going out again into the open air.

My naval friend's prognostications of disasters among the shipping have turned out but too true. We have seen that fully twenty merchantmen, either outward-bound from this, or coming in with supplies for the winter, have been cast away in some of the snow-storms which have been prevailing lately at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Happily but few lives have been lost, but the sufferings of the unfortunate crews have been very great. Perhaps some of the vessels may be got off. There is no doubt, however, that not one of these wrecks ought to have occurred, as the vessels had no business to be where they were. I should advise the underwriters at Lloyd's, and the Marine Insurance offices, to charge a very considerably higher premium of insurance should the ship be found at the mouth of the St. Lawrence after the 20th of November, either going or coming, or to make a proviso that the insurance should be forfeited altogether should she be wrecked on those shores after the same date. Some such stringent regulation will induce ship-owners and merchants to be more careful of the lives of those by whose means they carry on their trade. Two steamers also are lost between this and Montreal. We came down by one of them — the "Montreal." She got on shore in a violent gale and snow-storm, but was not much damaged. Another was sent to endeavour to get her off. While the latter was engaged in this operation, a large floe of ice came drifting down the river with terrific force, and before she could cast off to avoid it, it struck her, and completely cut her in two, shaving away the whole of the wood-work above water. The crew barely escaped with their lives, but could save nothing from the vessel. The passengers by the "Montreal" were obliged to live on board for some days, till means of

conveyance could be brought to carry them to Quebec. As the upper cabins were uninjured, and they had plenty of fuel and good stoves, with a supply of provisions, they had no great hardships to undergo. Several other steamers are frozen up at Trois Rivières, and other places, against their will, and there they must remain till the spring sets them free. The shopkeepers here were expecting a number of things by them, the more bulky part of which they cannot now get,—indeed, we find that whatever article we ask for which is not forthcoming, no matter how unusual, lies on board one or other of the vessels which have been cast away or frozen up. Had I asked for a preserved hippopotamus or a tame panther, I should have received the assurance that consignments were on their way on board the *Fair Jane*, lost at the mouth of the river.

Dined with the Bishop of Quebec. His lordship's son, Mr. Mountain, who is an Oxford man, tells me that he never wears flannel or a great-coat even in the coldest day, but when he goes out keeps his blood in circulation by brisk walking. He does not even sit with a fire in his room. Other people fresh from England have made the same experiment, and have persisted in wearing common hats, but rheumatisms and agues, which have stuck to them through life, or brought them prematurely to the grave, have been the invariable consequence of their folly. The wild Indian, who never enters a house, wraps up as much as he can, and never willingly exposes himself to the more piercing winds from the north. On such occasions he keeps within his wigwam, under shelter of the cypress-wood, whose thickly-tangled branches shield him from them completely. I mention the subject seriously, to warn my young countrymen

when they first arrive in the country not to listen to the boasting of a few who talk of braving the climate in their usual clothing. The climate of Canada in the winter is as healthy, and in many respects as pleasant, as any in the world, if people will but take the precautions which experience has proved necessary to guard against the effects of its piercing cold. People on coming from the south enter an hotel warmed throughout to more than a summer temperature. Their blood soon gets heated, they eat ice at dinner, throw off their travelling clothing, and rush out-of-doors in light coats. If there is no wind they do not feel any sensation of cold for some time, and so stroll leisurely along to get cool, and come back under the impression that they have successfully braved the cold of a North American winter. They repeat the experiment several times, and it is not perhaps till some days or weeks afterwards that they find their bones aching with unaccountable pains.

Among the many questions for the improvement of the country at present generally discussed in public is that of the destination of the Clergy Reserves. We are told that the present Government, having a majority of Roman Catholics among its members, wish to stave off as long as they can a decision on the subject, fearing lest should what they cannot help looking on as the property of the Protestant clergy be by their means secularised, the wealthy endowments of the Romish Church may next be attacked. The Radical party of the Upper Province are most eager for the bill for the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves; but the French are, for the reason I have stated, for the most part opposed to it, though of course they could not but rejoice could they see it carried without any detriment to their own Church. However,

as long as it remains a bone of contention between parties, it is important that it should be fully discussed and finally settled by the Legislature.

I had been told in England that great abuses existed among the Roman Catholic convents in Canada, and in the course of my inquiries I questioned the Bishop as to his opinion of the truth of the reports I had heard. He assured me in reply, that he had endeavoured to obtain correct information on the matter by every means in his power, and the result was, that not only did he believe the reports unfounded, but that the convents are as well conducted as in any country in the world. As a Protestant bishop cannot be supposed to have any predilection in favour of such establishments, this opinion of his regarding them is very much in favour of their guiltlessness of the charges brought against them, though of course, at the same time, he may be mistaken. The reports arose in consequence of a work by an American lady, Mrs. Maria Monk, who visited England, and also talked and lectured on the subject. She states that the convents have secret passages communicating underground with the monasteries of the friars, and much to the same effect. Every convent in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, I ever read of is reported to have the same facilities for intrigue; but did it ever occur to these writers who could possibly have constructed these secret passages? Scarcely the pious founders, or the heads of the establishments. I am fully ready to believe that the most nefarious practices were prevalent to a very great extent among the conventual establishments of those countries, but I do not think that the inmates took the trouble of burrowing under ground to carry them on. The Bishop told me that he had questioned two young ladies, staunch

Protestants, though educated at one of the convents at Quebec, and that they assured him that the only underground passages they ever heard of in this convent were the wood and root cellars, the latter where the roots and vegetables are kept, and with which every large house in Canada is furnished. I cannot say, however, that this evidence weighs either one way or the other with me, nor do I ask my readers to let it bias them in their opinion. From what I know of human nature, of convents and monasteries, and of Romish priests, I fear that scandals now and then occur; but as public opinion is pretty strong in Canada, of course very good care is taken that they should not be made public, so that they are not likely to reach the ears of Protestant bishops, American anti-Papal lecturers, or of travellers like myself; but again, as the Canadian Romish priesthood bear generally a very good character, we may well hope that they are rare—rarer probably than in any other country under Papal subjection; and so I leave the question.

Apropos to nothing. We were highly diverted by a story told us by the venerable and dignified Bishop. He was showing his little grandson the picture of a porcupine. The child gazed at it for some time in silence, as if pondering on its peculiarities. At length he looked up, and remarked gravely, "You would not like to ride on it, grandpapa; would you?" People have sometimes to ride on as uncomfortable steeds as fretful porcupines.

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CHAPTER IX.

DECEMBER 7th.—A fine bright day. Captain L.—, of the Artillery, kindly called to escort us to the Citadel, which strangers cannot enter without an order, or in company with a military officer. The snow lay crisp under our feet, the air was pure and exhilarating, and the sun was so bright and hot, that in some places it had melted the snow itself. A narrow steep road, turning off at the St. Louis Gate, leads to the only entrance to the Citadel, with huge masses of solid masonry on either side. The curtains and outer works are of great height and thickness, and would, I should think, stand any amount of battering they are ever likely to get. A winding road brought us in front of an iron chain gate, and then proceeding through the fosse, we passed a second iron gate, where the guard was turned out. All the troops were clothed in their high pointed fur caps, great-coats, and long yellow boots—a costume which, though very different to what our eyes were accustomed to, made them look well fitted for a winter campaign. Crossing the wide open space which forms the centre of the Citadel, now covered with a sheet of dazzling snow, we ascended

to a platform on which a number of guns are mounted. Hence we looked forth on a superb view of the **St. Lawrence**. The lofty mountains seen over **Montmorency**, receding ridge beyond ridge, to a great distance, stood out in bold relief against the bright blue sky, while the cliffs round that beautiful waterfall, and the tin spires of the village of **Beauport**, in reality some miles off, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, seemed brought close up to the city gates. To the left, below our feet, lay the **Lower Town**, so near that I could fancy I might throw a stone into its narrow streets; while to the right the river flowed past the perpendicular cliffs, on the top of which the fortress stands. Large fields of ice were floating down the river, with but few open spaces and lanes of water between them, and those very small and very narrow. We watched with interest a small canoe endeavouring to cross from one side of the river to the other. Her crew consisted of four or five people, who had to tax every muscle to urge her forward. Taking advantage of each open piece of water, they paddled rapidly across it; they then entered a narrow lane, through which we watched them winding their devious way, then a floe came down and barred their farther progress. Instantly all leaping on the ice, they dragged their frail craft across it till another piece of water was reached, when once more they took to their paddles. While they were crossing the ice the whole mass floated rapidly down with them, and even while their canoe was in the water they were drifted down by the current. Thus a boat frequently reaches the opposite shore a mile or two below the point she started from, while the passage often occupies a couple of hours. Under ordinary circumstances there is little or no danger, as the fields of ice float quietly

are mounted, the St. Lawrence, stood out while the cliffs spires of the off, owing to might close up feet, lay the might throw a light the river top of which were floating and lanes of all and very canoe endeavor to the other. had to tax g advantage rapidly across gh which we then a floe . Instantly frail craft reached, when e they were rapidly down n the water thus a boat r two below often occur- cumstances boat quietly down and do not overlap each other, unless they meet with any impediments. The operation, as I watched it, appeared to me rather tiresome than dangerous, so much so that I was never tempted to undertake its performance. These large fields of ice continue floating up and down the river the whole winter through, except about once in every five years, when they freeze together in one solid mass, and form what is called "the bridge." To produce this result, a combination of a hard frost, a slack tide, and no wind, is required. In a few days after this has taken place, men, horses, carts, and carriages, or rather carioles and sleighs of every description, rush down to the river's bank, and hurry across the ice to the opposite bank, a constant communication being kept up for the remainder of the winter. Sometimes within a few hours after the ice has taken people have been known to cross.

One year an officer, a first-rate skater, commanding a regiment stationed at Quebec, undertook to cross to Point Levi and back within twelve hours after he had performed the same passage in a canoe. Another person, an inferior skater, followed his example. The whole river was like a sea of glass, and in many places the ice was exceedingly thin, but Colonel ——— trusted to the rapidity of his progress to be able to cross the dangerous spots without breaking through. Light as were his steps, the ice bent and cracked as he glided forward. The spectators watched their progress with breathless anxiety. Should the treacherous ice give way, no human help can avail them. On they come, one following the other; Colonel ——— leads the way—the post of the greatest danger. To follow when he has passed might seem easy. On he glides like lightning. He makes a sign that the ice he is crossing is painfully thin. His companion either

does not see his signal or cannot avoid the danger. There is a loud cry of horror from those on the shore. The ice has given way, and one of the bold skaters has sunk for ever from mortal ken. The other still continues his course. The ice still bends and cracks—will his companion's fate be his? It was a fearful risk he ran; but at length, to the satisfaction of his friends, and not a little to his own, I should think, he reached the bank in safety.

As we walked round the ramparts of the Citadel we looked down upon a number of streets, which of late years have, in the prospect of a permanent peace, been built close up to the glacis. It was like the lamb and the lion lying down together; and it was pleasant to contemplate the probability of those houses being allowed to remain till they fall from natural decay; but should the Citadel ever again be threatened with a siege, all those new streets would instantly be levelled with the ground, as they would afford far too good a shelter for riflemen to be allowed to stand. Quebec is well known for the pleasant terms on which the military are received in society. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" is the motto of the young ladies here. We never went out on the St. Louis road on a bright, sunny day without meeting several laughing groups of young officers and fair damsels, walking, or sleighing, or snow-shoeing, or, in spite of frost and wind, standing on the snow as if it were the green grass, and leaning on palings, deeply engaged in earnest conversation. Warburton descants so feelingly on the delights of a young officer's existence with such companions, and on the pleasures of the muffin system, that I need not here enlarge on it.

The great amusement of the Canadian winter for all classes and for both sexes is sleighing. Everybody, from

the Governor-general to the smallest shopkeeper, has a sleigh of one description or another; and pleasant conveyances they are, with their cheery, tinkling bells and the gay trappings of their steeds. There is a great variety of them, and the ingenuity of builders is constantly taxed to invent new shapes. There are, however, only two distinct species—the Upper-Province *sleigh*, which is a modern Anglo-Saxon invention, and the French-Canadian *cariole*. The difference consists in the form and material of the runners. The sleigh has iron runners, with a light iron framework, which lifts the body some way from the ground, and allows the snow to pass freely under it. The *cariole*, on the contrary, is placed on low runners of wood, so that the front part of the body almost touches the ground; and when it meets with any slight impediment in the shape of a heap of snow, it drives it onward till a ridge is formed, over which it has to mount; when coming down on the other side it forms a corresponding hollow. Thus it progresses, covering the whole road with ridges and hollows like the waves of the sea, which gradually increase in size as other *carioles* pass over them. These hollows are called “cahots,” and they and their cause are justly held in abhorrence by all Canadian travellers in winter. The *cariole*, however, from being close to the ground, is supposed to be the safer of the two. Of these vulgar *cariole* sleighs there is an infinite variety. There are the toboggans, or meat-sleighs, drawn by little boys or dogs; the wood-sleighs; the water-cask sleighs; the market-sleighs, which are little square boxes on runners, in which potatoes, apples, vegetables and meat, are conveyed to market. But if the *cariole* of the country has many forms, the aristocratic Anglo-Saxon sleigh is to be found

in a far greater variety of shapes. Some are like large barouches, with four people sitting face to face, and a high box for the driver and another person, and sometimes a seat behind. Many bachelor equipages, either with one seat or two, have a stand behind, in imitation of the London cab, for a flunkey; and as it is scarcely above the ground, he may jump off with the greatest ease. Tandems are generally driven with the single-seated sleighs. Red, both for the body and the horse-trappings, seems to be the fashionable colour. The family-sleigh, with its heaps of cosy skins to wrap up the baby-bumpkins, who with rosy cheeks lie snug and warm within them; its superb bear, fox, or leopard-skin robes, which hang out behind, and trail over the snow; and its well-fed steeds and neatly-appointed harness, most particularly obtain my admiration. There are also many four-in-hand sleighs, very dashing affairs; and we are told that the Sleigh-Club will soon turn out some fine equipages. Some of the sleighs are placed on very high runners, and require proportionably careful driving to avoid oversetting. There is no object in having them so high, except that the inmates may look down on the rest of the sleighing world, which must, of course, be a great satisfaction; while, however, they run the usual risk of those placed in exalted positions of being liable to a fall.

8th.—Snow falling lightly all day. Sleighed on the St. Louis road; and with buffalo-ropes up to our chins, felt no sensation of cold. When walking afterwards, felt it rather too hot. Thermometer not much below freezing.

10th.—A perfect thaw, but still from the snow being beaten down hard, and the ground itself frozen, the streets are in no way sloppy. Wonderfully warm to the feelings out-of-doors. By the advice of Lord Elgin, a

Naval College has lately been established at Quebec for the instruction of the natives of Canada wishing to follow a sea-life as officers. The Canadian government warmly entered into his lordship's enlightened views on the subject, and voted a considerable sum for the formation and support of the establishment. The old Custom-House was fitted up for the purpose, but a far more commodious building in the higher part of the city is in course of erection. A high Cambridge wrangler who had been formerly in the navy was selected as principal, and he was devoting energies and talents of no ordinary kind to the establishment of the institution. Two classes of students are received at the college. The first consists of boys from about twelve to seventeen intending to enter either the merchant-service or navy; the second, of young men, mates of merchantmen, pilots, and others, who have already been to sea, and wish to improve themselves in the higher branches of professional knowledge. A first-rate practical nautical education, as well as a considerable amount of scientific information, is imparted, sufficient to enable the students to enter any of those professions where such is required. It will therefore, I trust, not only serve the original purpose for which it was established, of raising up a class of well-informed, intelligent officers for the mercantile marine, but will prove a first-rate school of science for the whole of North America. Although the College is wholly supported by funds voted by the Colonial Legislature, as the Canadians are in every respect British subjects, and have lately shown their warm attachment to the mother-country by their readiness to aid in the prosecution of the war with Russia, I suggest that the British Government, as a small mark of their sense of this feeling, should place annually

one or more cadetships, both in the navy and army, for competition, at the disposal of the various colleges in Canada, and one naval cadetship especially at that of the Nautical College of Canada at Quebec. I can answer for it that the Canadian government would receive the offer with the greatest satisfaction as a graceful compliment, as it would prove, small as it may appear, of incalculable benefit to the College, in which they take an especial interest. Lord Elgin, to whom Great Britain as well as Canada owes so much for the establishment of peaceable relations between herself and the United States, and the pacification of contending parties in the colony, expressly stated that it was his particular wish that the boys should be prepared to enter the Royal Navy. Now, as few colonists have friends at home to obtain cadetships for their sons, and are still less likely to have interest at the Admiralty, such a proposal becomes a dead letter, unless some such plan as I suggest is carried out. While on the subject of the College, I would suggest to the department of Government who direct it, that education should be carried on exclusively in English, instead of as at present in the two languages. Nearly all the boys understand English; and when they go to sea they must speak it generally, as the ships in which they serve will probably be manned partly, if not entirely, by Anglo-Saxons.

A sad accident happened a short time ago to a party of the students of the senior department. Four of them, fine young men, mates of merchantmen, were at the commencement of the vacation returning down the river to their homes or to their ships, which had been frozen up during the winter, when their boat was capsized, and all of them lost their lives.

Monday, 12th.—Thermometer 25° , yet it appears quite warm. There is none of that chilly, damp feeling which we experience in England with a far higher temperature. This is owing to the dryness of the atmosphere outside, and to the thick walls of the houses, the double windows and stoves. We hear that the poor suffer here dreadfully in the winter from want of firing, especially the poor Irish, for the first two or three years after their arrival in the colony. Wood has now become very dear. Their stoves, also, are not suited to burn coal, nor is it to be procured. Many, after their day's work is over, go to bed directly they reach home, and remain there till it is again time to be off, as the only means they possess to escape being frozen. I speak of the Lower Province: in the Upper there are few people unable to obtain the necessaries of life. I had fancied that the Lower was equally free from poverty and suffering; but alas! there is here, as everywhere, ample employment for the exertions of Christian philanthropists, nor are such wanting to labour in the Lord's vineyard.

We went to a party, and returned at night, in an open sleigh. Few people think of using a closed one. The only trouble we found was wrapping up; but when once that tedious operation was got through, and we were seated in our vehicle, we experienced no sensation whatever of cold. Indeed the nights are not colder than the days, and equally dry. We were introduced to a number of kind, agreeable people, who proposed all sorts of plans for showing us the country and the humours of Canadian winter life. We were to cross the river in canoes, fish for tommycods on the Charles through the ice, visit the Falls of Montmorency, and slide down the cone on toboggans. As I do not wish to mention all

the parties we were at, I may say, once for all, that we received much kindness and attention from the residents of Quebec during our short stay, and that for it we feel most truly grateful.

13th.—A lovely day. The sky is clear; there is no wind, and the sun is so hot that it melts the snow from the tops of the houses. This makes the streets sloppy, though there is no actual thaw. The river is so free from ice, that were any of the ships now frozen up along the quays but out in the stream, and ready for sea, they might get away. Several of the ships which were driven on shore down the river have got off without much damage, and we hear that few if any lives were lost. In spite of the mild weather, some people predict that "the bridge" will be formed this year, as the winter set in earlier than usual.

For the information of naturalists, I observed a spider a day or two ago crawling across the street from the gardens to the opposite houses. Did he come out of a tree? and was he on his way to take up his winter quarters in a house? As I thought he knew his own interests better than I did, I let him proceed on his way. Indeed, I should not have known to what species he belonged to had I examined him, so science lost nothing by his retention of liberty. While on the subject of natural history, I must remark on a bird we have eaten at mess tables, which we were told was the Canadian partridge. It is, however, a species of the prairie-hen, and I think almost equal in flavour to grouse. This Canadian bird is certainly very superior to its English namesake.

The infinite variety of atmospheric effects in this region, also, is very beautiful, and a constant source of interest. The sunsets and moonrises (to coin a word)

especially enchant me. On one side the sun sinks with a ruddy golden radiance, extending over half the western sky; overhead, the arc of heaven is of a pure, clear, transparent blue; while to the east, the bright, globe-like moon floats in a purple atmosphere above a broad line of yellow. Then the mountains are of a soft, deep purple, the trees of darkest green, and the snow of dazzling whiteness, except when the reflection from the bright glow on the sky tinges it of a pinkish hue. Then, also, even while daylight still lingers in the west, the bright stars come forth, eager to pay their nightly adoration to Nature's God, and shine in the clear sky with a glittering splendour unrivalled in other climes. A fog even cannot here shroud the earth for a time; but on its departure, as if to make amends for the evil it has inflicted, it leaves the face of Nature more richly adorned than before, for every tree, and every branch and spray, is found covered with a coating of frost, which glitters brightly in the sunshine. After a slight fall of rain in winter, the effect produced is still more beautiful, for every tree, and branch, and spray, and leaf, is covered with clear ice; and when the sun strikes on a forest just fresh from this operation of Nature, it seems as if the trees were loaded with topazes and rubies, and all the richest gems of every tinge of pink — like those wondrous groves discovered by the famed Aladdin in the magic caves beneath the earth. The effect I speak of is called by the Canadians the "*vert glace*."

Thursday, 15th.—The greater part of the snow has disappeared from the streets and pavements. A law exists here, as well as in Upper Canada, by which all foot-pavements should be kept free from snow; but here many a tumble, and not unfrequently broken limbs, are

the consequence of its neglect. There exists in the Lower Province an abundance of good laws and regulations; but, like pie-crusts, promises, and good resolutions, they seem only made to be broken.

Drove to a dinner-party in open sleighs into the country, and the night air was far from unpleasant. Canadian political economy was the after-dinner subject of conversation. Our host, who has long resided in the Upper as well as in the Lower Province, strongly advises perfect freedom of trade for Canada. Then, as long as the United States have restrictive duties, she will become the great depôt for that country, adding thereby enormously to her wealth and prosperity. With the great extent of border possessed by the United States, it will be impossible for her to prevent smuggling; so that Canada would become both the carrier and store-keeper for all the excisable articles consumed in the Northern States. In truth, the States will be compelled, even, against their intentions, to follow the example of Canada in her progress towards freedom of commerce, to the certain benefit of both countries. Canada may well do without any custom-house duties whatever. She has, it is true, a national debt; but that was incurred for public works; which works produce a revenue sufficiently large to pay both the interest of the debt and a considerable portion annually of the capital. Direct taxation on property, income, and houses, would be the most beneficial to the country. The revenue arising from this source, with that derived from the public works, would afford the government ample means to carry on the affairs of state. Every year, also, these sources increase even more rapidly than do the expenses of the country; so that they need have no fear of not possessing ample funds to meet all contingencies.

Among other expenses, she will soon have to support a national army, unless she is content to remain without any defence whatever. A few regiments are all she would require, sufficient to form the nucleus of an army, should she ever unhappily be plunged in war with her neighbour. I am far from thinking such an event probable, but still it is possible; and her total want of preparation to repel aggression might, under some circumstances, invite it. At present, with the exception of a small force left to garrison Quebec, no British troops remain in the country. She has, however, the Canadian Rifles, an admirable corps, and efficient in every respect; and in addition several regiments of loyal militia, who have on all occasions shown their readiness to come forward in defence of their homes and hearths, their laws and institutions. These are the men on whom the country has to depend; and from all I have heard her freedom is very safe in their keeping. Let four or five of these regiments be permanently embodied; a few non-commissioned officers from the regular army would soon render them efficient, and plenty of half-pay officers would be found among the settlers to command the companies, while the ensigncies and lieutenancies should be reserved for the native-born Canadian youth who may wish to follow the profession of arms. The pay might be the same as in the British army, or perhaps rather higher, while all the advantages now held out to encourage enlistment should likewise be accorded to the Canadian troops. Should this plan at once be carried out, Canada would soon be in a position to send an important contingent to aid the mother-country in her defence of the rights of liberty and civilisation. Whatever may be said to the contrary, I am very sure from the good feeling

and attachment generally displayed throughout the Provinces to the mother-country, owing to the wise legislative enactments introduced by Lord Elgin, that the protection from foreign aggression may, with the greatest safety, be intrusted to a purely Canadian military force, as also may the maintenance of internal tranquillity. Of course, at the head of such a force, there must be a thoroughly trustworthy man, and the officers must be fairly selected from all the shades of political parties, while they themselves are entirely free from all political bias.

With regard to the plan of direct taxation, I am not so certain, from what I hear, that it would be well received among the French Canadians. They are so wedded to old habits and customs, that they certainly would not comprehend the advantages to be derived from it; so that I fear, for some time to come, till they become more alive to their own true interests, such a measure would not be carried. No country in the world is making greater progress than is Canada at the present moment, not even excepting her sister colony of Australia; and if her people, or rather those who rule her councils, had but still more enlightened views, they might increase her prosperity ten-fold; but, unfortunately, old-fashioned protectionist notions still prevail, even among many of the influential persons in the Upper Province, and impede that advancement, which her unrivalled natural resources, and the energy and industry of her labouring population, are urging on, in spite of all obstacles.

16th.—A determined thaw, with a thick fog, and the most unpleasant day we have yet passed. Some friends drove us out in their comfortable sleigh to the picturesque village of "*Carouche*," as the French Canadians pronounce it; or, more correctly speaking, Cap Rouge—

red cape—from its being situated on a high promontory above the St. Lawrence. I take the word of my friends, that the scenery is very interesting, for not a glimpse of it did we enjoy; as also that the whole drive going by the St. Louis road, and returning through St. John's Gate, a distance of eighteen miles, is very interesting. The side of the road was studded pretty thickly with mansions and villas, most attractive and comfortable—the residences chiefly of the Quebec merchants. Most of them are of good size, and kept in admirable order, unsurpassed by any residences of similar size in England.

17th.—Thermometer 31°. Snow falling thickly. I hear that, on this day last year, the navigation of the St. Lawrence was still open, and that several ships got away. Although, at present, the river, as far as we can see, is in no place frozen completely across, the large fields of ice floating up and down with the tide would injure, if not destroy, any vessels not especially prepared to encounter them.

Monday, 19th.—The thermometer fell yesterday evening ten degrees in half-an-hour. It was this morning 1° below zero, and still lower in the afternoon. There was a clear blue sky, with some wind, which made the cold particles floating in the air feel like needles and pins, or sharp arrows shot from Lilliputian bows, as they struck our faces. At an evening party to-day I met one of the oldest and most respected British residents in the Lower Province. He has been forty-five years in the country, and was formerly a member of the Legislative Council. He speaks in the highest terms of the French-Canadian peasantry or *habitans*, as they are called. He says that they are honest, light-hearted, industrious, and loyal; but very ignorant, and entirely under the power of their

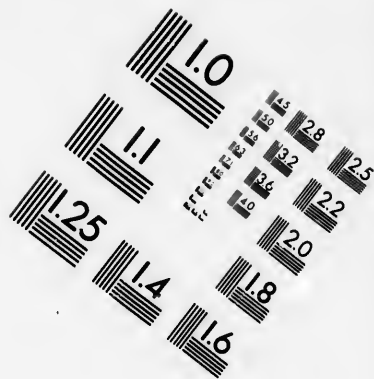
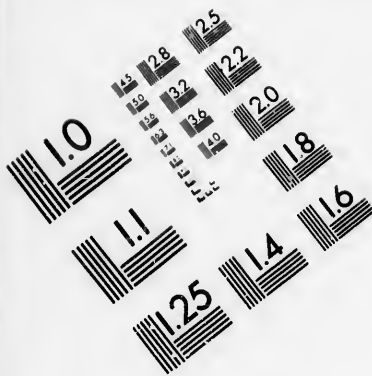
priests. Fortunately, these priests, though far from enlightened themselves, are generally worthy men, not inclined intentionally to lead their followers astray. Till within the last few years not one of the habitans among a hundred could read. Now the schoolmaster is abroad; but their progress is not yet particularly rapid. Temperance Societies have of late years increased much among them; and they, consequently, consume a much smaller quantity of spirits than formerly, very much to the improvement of their health and morals. The establishment of these societies is owing to the exertions of a French Father Mathew: I regret that I do not know the name of this benefactor of his race.

During the rebellion the Anglo-Saxon insurgents were far worse in their conduct than the French Canadians, who had some causes of grievance not altogether imaginary, although in no way sufficient to excuse the conduct of which they were guilty. My friend was, however, as little satisfied as were the loyal British universally with the treatment they received at the hands of the home government. By such conduct numbers of loyal men were for a time estranged from the mother-country; but though at first exasperated beyond control, and though, perhaps, had they at the time been tempted, they might have been ready to join the United States, the bitter feelings which might have induced them to do so have now been much mollified, and one and all would certainly, at present, indignantly repudiate any such notion, and scarcely like to acknowledge that it was ever entertained by any of their party. Probably very few, comparatively, did entertain it seriously. Those who did were chiefly the loud talkers and the least reputable of their party. I doubt, even, had they been brought

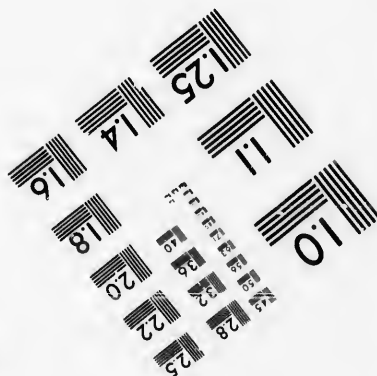
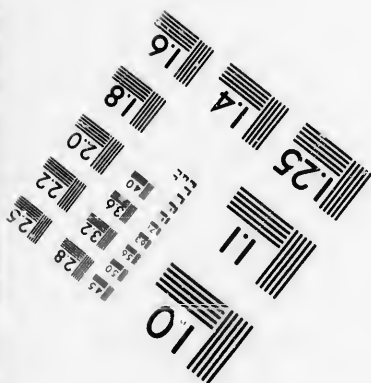
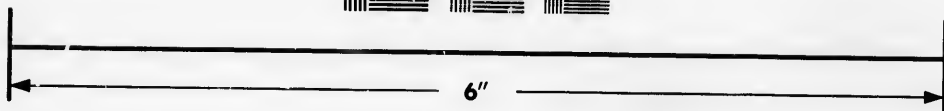
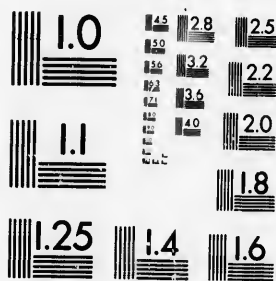
to the test, that any large number of the insurgents would have been willing to have sunk their nationality by joining the United States. Certainly the French Canadians would not have done so. Those who proposed joining the United States were principally American settlers, who had taken up their abode in Canada, with the prospect of making their way to wealth among the less active Canadians more rapidly than they could hope to do exposed to the competition of their keener countrymen; and they seldom belonged to the more respectable classes of society. Individuals of the then loyal party still speak of their wounded feelings, and of the ill-treatment they received in return for their exertions on the side of order and the maintenance of British supremacy, when the subject happens to be mentioned, but more with a subdued and regretful tone than with any angry spirit; and I do not fear that their real attachment to the mother-country has in any way been injured. Late events, indeed, have shown that all parties, of every shade and colour, now unite in loyalty and devotion to England's Queen, and in affection and sympathy for the people of England and her gallant armies.

Whenever I had an opportunity, I inquired whether a Legislative or a Federal Union would be most acceptable to the British North American provinces. When all the railroads in contemplation have been completed, joining Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Upper and Lower Canada, so as to form them, to all intents and purposes, into one country, everybody seems to consider that a Union of some sort will be advisable. Where the Anglo-Saxon race predominates, a Legislative Union is the most popular. The Anglo-Saxons of Lower Canada, especially, dread a Federal Union, because, as that Province



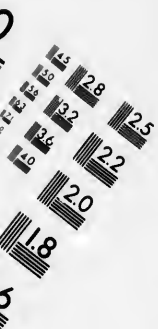


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would then have its own parliament, their party would completely be swallowed up by the French-Canadian party and the Roman Catholics, who outnumber them in the Province. For the same reason, some of the latter look rather with a favourable eye on the prospect of a Federal Union. The greater number, however, I suspect, have no great desire for a Union of any description. The people, residing in the capitals of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, I fancy, would also prefer a Federal Union, because they would not like to lose the advantages of their own parliament, and the exclusive management of their internal affairs; but at the same time the more enlightened of all parties advocate a Legislative Union. For my own part, while the North American provinces remain attached to Great Britain, I do not see what advantage is to be gained by merely a Federal Union. It would give the members a great deal of trouble to assemble at the meeting of the Federal Parliament; and, after all, the most important points on which they would have to decide could not be settled without the interference of the home government. Probably at first, with a Legislative Union, there would be some difficulty in working the machinery of State as the members accustomed to attend solely to the affairs of their own particular province would very naturally be inclined to forget that they were called together to consult on the interests of the whole country. By degrees, however, they would learn that it was both their duty and interest to attend to the welfare of the united provinces, and the beneficial results of the system would ultimately become apparent. In this manner alone can that magnificent country be prepared for the entire independence of the mother-country, which must ultimately be her destiny.

Another point of extreme interest is the rank, title, and position of the governing head of this Union. Whether he is to be simply a governor-general, or a viceroy, or a regent, a young prince, a royal duke, or an ordinary nobleman; whether he is to be selected by the Provinces, or sent out from England; whether such ingredients are to be introduced into the establishment as will best prepare the country for independence, or for remaining attached to Great Britain; and if for independence, whether for a monarchy or for a republic. All these different proposals have their advocates. The French Canadians would probably like a viceroy; or even a young prince, with a regent, till he attains his majority; as a court, with its pageants and officers of state, is in accordance with their taste and traditional feelings. Some of the British, who expect to be employed about such a court, are anxious to see this plan carried out. A considerable number of the Anglo-Saxons, both of Upper and Lower Canada, would welcome a royal duke as viceroy; but, perhaps, the more sober-minded would prefer a simple nobleman, or even a commoner, with the talents of Lord Elgin or Sir Edmund Head, as governor-general, to any official head with a new title. I do not believe that any large number of either party wish to select their own Governor while good men are sent them from England. There is a pretty strong party in both Provinces, most of whom, although they might not wish to form part of the United States, would, if separated from England, decidedly prefer a republic to any other form of government. Under the circumstances of Canada, I am inclined to think that such is the only form likely to answer.

CHAPTER X.

DECEMBER 20th, *Tuesday*.—We have at length got some real, unmistakeable winter weather. As we walk forth our whiskers become completely covered with frost, as does every particle of hair which is exposed. At first, not aware of this fact, I was surprised at the great number of respectable, white-haired, old gentlemen I was meeting. I did not discover the truth till an acquaintance stopped me whom I had seen the evening before with a jet-black head of hair; and I was beginning to fear that, like the Prisoner of Chillen, some domestic affliction had turned it white in a single night. Crossing to-day the high open space in the centre of the Citadel, when very hot from rapidly climbing the hill, as I put my fur glove up to my face to rub it to keep up the circulation which the sudden cold had somewhat impeded, I swept off in showers of fine snow the congealed perspiration which continued to collect there. The horses in the sleighs trot along, their skins coated with frost, while icicles hang from their manes and noses. The snow is now thoroughly beaten down and hard on the roads, so that it is very delightful for walking on.

A friend told me that he once heard a discussion between a Canadian and a Russian, as to the best means of getting in and keeping in a stock of caloric when travelling. The Russian said that he buttoned up his coats and kept them so till the journey was over, warming only his hands and feet. The plan of the Canadian, on the contrary, is, on going into a house, to take off all his wraps and to hang them up before the stove to dry and warm thoroughly, and then only to put them on again, well warmed through, just before starting. I certainly agree with the Canadian, and adopt the same plan. It is very important, in the first place, to dry up all the moisture which collects in the clothes, as well as in the outer wraps; and by getting as much heat as possible into each garment, it takes much longer before the cold can penetrate through them. The Canadians, when travelling, stop every ten miles or so, at any house they happen to be passing, to warm themselves, and to get the bricks on which they place their feet heated up afresh. Strangers travelling are welcomed at every house where they may stop by the roadside. Some hot drink is offered them, and they are allowed to warm and dry themselves at the family-stove as long as they like to remain. As we propose making a sleigh-journey to Montreal in the depth of winter, I study the subject with no little interest.

The chief means for keeping warm in a climate like that of Canada is to cover up, as much as possible, every part of the body. The heat from the body escapes through that part which is left exposed; but, by a provision of Nature, it warms in its passage that very portion which would otherwise be unable to withstand the cold to which it is exposed. It follows, therefore, that

the smaller the portion at which the air can get, the warmer will that portion be, while the rest of the body will retain its heat longer from their being a smaller space left uncovered by which its heat can escape. On very cold days, for example, I have found that I could keep my nose warm by covering up my chin and drawing my cap over my brow, and its flaps over my ears, so as to leave only that prominent and rather troublesome feature, with its adjacent eyes, open to the attacks of the wind. All the caloric, therefore, emanating from the body, rushed upward, and found vent, like the lava from the crater of a volcano, at the tip of the nose, keeping the surrounding blood in a state of fusion.

The troops here have flannel waistcoats and drawers, socks, fur caps, water-proof boots, and extra thick great-coats, served out to them; and they cut up their old uniforms into waistcoats, so that in ordinary cold weather they make themselves tolerably comfortable; but there are nights when it is necessary to withdraw the sentries to save them from being frozen to death. The sentries, by the by, have thick cloaks over all; and the man who goes off guard turns it over to his comrade who comes on: so I fancy. However, I should infinitely prefer being able to put on the cloak at the guard room fire, so as to shut in as much warmth as possible to last me while I had to pace up and down before my sentry-box. This guard-mounting in winter must be the most disagreeable duty the soldier in Canada has to endure. I have before mentioned that the troops are exercised marching in snow-shoes. The Canadian snow-shoe is an oblong frame, with net-work about three feet long. Some regiments in the Swedish service have snow-shoes six feet long, in which, from constant practice, they can make very long marches.

The greatest caution necessary in marching is not to gall the feet, which is easily done, especially if the snow is allowed to thaw and wet the thongs which secure it to the ankle, as they then shrink. A friend lately came back from an excursion in the woods, where he got his toes sadly galled; but the Indians, who frequently suffer themselves from the same cause, quickly cured him. It is said to be most delightful walking through the forest in snow-shoes, where, from not a breath of air being felt, scarcely more clothing is required than in England.

22*d.*—Dined at the Citadel with the mess of the 71st Regiment. The Colonel and some of his officers had just come back from an excursion northward to shoot caribous. The caribou is the North American reindeer; something like the fallow-deer, but stouter-built and less graceful. The moose-deer is the largest, but, at the same time, the ugliest-faced of the deer species. One will carry off a ball shot right through him. The moose are ugly customers to encounter. Their countenances are most vicious, and they look more like demon deer, fit inhabitants of the hobgoblin region of the Hartz Mountains, than denizens of the matter-of-fact, spirit-shunned forests of North America. My friends went sixty miles down the river by sleighs, and then thirty inland on snow-shoes. They camped out eight days, sleeping at night wrapped up in buffalo-ropes, with their feet to a blazing fire; and so far from feeling it cold, they seemed to have enjoyed the life very much. It was a good preparation for the work their gallant corps has now to go through in the Crimea. The sportsmen killed five caribous, the haunches of which they brought home on a toboggan, towed by their own sleigh. One night, while encamped, a sort of wild-cat, as big as a largeish dog,

attracted by the scent of their venison, sprang on the toboggan, and was about to make free with a haunch, when he was caught sight of and shot.

A traveller in North America experiences great variations of temperature in the course of a very few days. An acquaintance who had been shooting on the western prairies told me that as he passed through Detroit at the very end of November the weather was delightfully warm, and that landing here three days afterwards, he encountered hard frost and snow-storms. At Sandwich, a place situated in the west of the peninsula of Upper Canada, he said that he has frequently found it too hot to walk with his coat on in the woods in the middle of December. All the officers who had an opportunity of comparing the two Provinces infinitely prefer the Upper to the Lower.

It is useless to deny that the great drawback to the prosperity of the Lower Province is the large admixture of the Roman Catholic element; and Lower Canada is but subject to the general rule, that where that creed prevails, that country is behindhand in civilisation and prosperity. The Roman Catholics also consider it their duty to favour their co-religionists in every way in their power at the expense of the Protestants; and this, in addition to a general dissimilarity of tastes and habits, engenders a dislike and jealousy among parties,—a feeling which, although it does not rise to bitterness or animosity, might, some day, become of serious consequence to the welfare of the country, were not the Anglo-Saxon energy certain ultimately to triumph over the indolence of the inferior race—the one increasing in numbers and wealth twice as rapidly as does the other.

In Quebec, as an example of what I have said,

the Roman Catholics, having the collection of the assessed taxes, have taken care to favour their own religious institutions, as well as friends. For instance, they have assessed a church and a large convent covering a considerable extent of ground at much less than two small houses without any garden. The municipality, also, are most negligent in cleansing and draining the streets, especially in the suburbs and in the Lower Town. At present, covered as they are thickly with snow, they are like whited sepulchres, with all their foulness and impurities hidden within; for to save themselves trouble, the inhabitants throw filth of every description out of doors into the centre of the streets; nor was Lisbon in its worst days, nor is any Eastern town in the present day, in a more detestably nasty condition than the larger number of the streets in the suburbs of the British American city of Quebec. But as I was saying, the snow, like the marble covering of a tomb, now hides all this accumulation of filth; and it is not till the spring, arriving with its genial warmth, melts the snow, that, like the day of judgment, all that is foul and noxious is revealed. Then the obscene mass begins to fester and putrify, and emits noxious vapours and odours most horrible, which go far to injure, if they do not destroy, the health of the inhabitants, and are the main cause of the cholera and other epidemics which yearly visit the cities of Lower Canada. As to any system of drainage, such a thing has not been thought of; and as I walk along even the best streets—while, too, a hard frost might be supposed to mitigate the evil—my nose is assailed by vilely offensive odours. The municipality talk of draining the city effectually when a good supply of water has been introduced within the walls; but those who best

know their dilatory mode of proceeding, tell me that till the plague has once more sternly reminded them of their negligence, they will take no steps to effect the object. Many of the houses in the best situations in the Upper Town are, from ill-drainage, scarcely habitable; and I found that the hard frost caused no improvement in that respect; indeed, I think it rather increased the evil by stopping up any outlet which might have before existed.

I have inquired again of several people as to the reception the plan for governing the country by a viceroy would be likely to meet with. The answer is, that the French Canadians and the upper-class British would like it, but that a majority of the Anglo-Saxons would decidedly be opposed to it if the scheme were proposed; however, most people are so far indifferent to the matter, that it does not appear to have been discussed generally; and some even told me that they had no idea such a notion had ever been entertained.

A point which excites far more interest is, as to which city is to have the honour of being the capital of the United Provinces. Quebec is considered too much at one end for the convenience of the western members; Toronto too much on the other; Montreal and Kingston too much exposed to attacks from the United States, should hostilities ever again occur with that power. Kingston, also, is considered a place of too little consequence; and Montreal has offended past forgiveness, having so pelted one of its Governors, to be ever selected for so advantageous an honour. The rising city of Bytown seems to be the only remaining place to which none of these objections can be attached. When the railroads now in progress are finished, it will be reached with equal ease by the people of Upper as of Lower

Canada; it is remote from the border, and difficult of access for an enemy; it is cool and healthy in summer, which neither Quebec nor Montreal can be said to be; and in winter it is not colder than Quebec, while, if not of so much importance as they are, it may soon become so, and contains already eight thousand inhabitants. As to position, also, it is incomparably superior to any other city in Canada; and what is no little to its advantage, it has never behaved naughtily or ill-treated a Governor. Toronto, however, certainly deserves to become the residence of the governor, viceroy, or sovereign ruler, whatever may be his denomination, as she is hard at work building a magnificent palace for his reception. This looks certainly as if she had some ground for expecting the honour to be bestowed on her. Altogether, in point of climate, society, situation, facility of intercourse with the States and the mother-country, Toronto is not surpassed by any other city in Canada, so that I shall not be surprised if that gains the preference in the end. Quebec, by the by, once had a claim as having the largest House of Assembly, and tolerably convenient in its arrangements, though so ill-drained that the odours within it were most pestiferous; but last winter, during a hard frost, it caught fire, and there being no water to be obtained, it soon fell a victim to the devouring flames, which annually destroy so large a number of houses in Lower Canada. At all events, no system can be more inconvenient than that which has hitherto been pursued of changing the capital every few years, when books, records, office-stools, pens and paper, have to be packed up, and, with Government officers and offices, bodily to shift their quarters. In this manner Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec, have successively been capitals of

Canada to the sore puzzle of students in geography; and I must own that till I went to the country, I never could ascertain positively which was the real capital. The only satisfactory answer I ever got to the question was, that it must have a *floating capital*. Another friend of mine proposed that a large steamer should be fitted up as a House of Parliament, with its various offices and accommodation for members, and that it should move up and down between Quebec and Toronto, as circumstances may require the presence of the Legislature in any particular locality.

Friday, 23d.—Snowing hard all the day. It is most disagreeable entering shops in this weather; for, with the heat inside them, the snow covering one's dress instantly melts before it is possible to brush it off; and directly one goes out again, one becomes coated with ice. The roads are now level with the pavement; and in some places we plunge unexpectedly into deep snow-drifts up to the knees, and consider ourselves fortunate as we flounder out again, if we do not topple down, with our noses into the unfathomable mass. The market here, which is held in the open space opposite the Roman Catholic Cathedral, is well worthy of a visit in winter.

A., who went there one morning at an early hour, gives the following description:—"The market-place at Quebec presents in winter a curious and busy scene. The French Canadians come from great distances, very early in the morning, with their sleighs full of vegetables, poultry, fish, &c., to take up their position, and be ready to begin the sale of their wares as soon as the citizens come forth to cater for the daily wants of their households. The horses are never unyoked; and there they stand for hours amongst the snow, their shaggy hair

frozen white, and icicles hanging at their poor patient noses. The habitans are of very picturesque figures, in their rough buffalo coats and caps—most wearing red sashes; the women have comfortable, homespun-looking garments, and many wear fur bonnets. The market-place is on a slope, and it is curious to stand outside the crowd, and look on; the sleighs are so low, they are completely hidden; all you can see being alternate stripes of horses and human beings; the former standing still, the latter in constant motion, pushing, and turning and bending in all directions, for no visible object. Join the multitude, and you find that what interests them is frozen fish, flesh, and fowl of all sorts, heaped about on the ground and in the sleighs, which are now much raised above it. They make streets of sleighs by turning the horses face to face, dovetailing them about the length of their necks, so they are quite out of the way; and the people move up and down regular lanes, and find all the delicacies of the season displayed to the right and left. There you see frozen pigs set upon their legs, looking very ugly and uncomfortable; and here are great coarse sturgeons, standing on their heads, and leaning against the side of the sleigh as stark as sticks. The vendor seized two big haddocks by the tails, and held them out to tempt us; tapping their frozen heads together, with a clinking sound, like stones. Vegetables are at this season very dear: a head of cabbage, 4*d.*, currency; a small stick of celery, 4*d.*; a tiny bit of horse-radish, 1*s.* Turkeys are reckoned dear just now; at 5*s.* and 6*s.* for large ones—their usual price being 2*s.*, 3*s.*, and 4*s.*; fowls, 2*s.* a-pair. It is the custom for ladies to go to market, and make their own purchases; a maid, with a large basket on her arm, or else a boy, who carries it on his head, being in

attendance. The scene is amusing and lively; but, I confess, I should be sorry to be obliged to see it every morning at nine o'clock without regard to the state of the atmosphere."

Meat is said to lose its flavour by having been frozen; especially if thawed, as is the ordinary custom, in water. It is better to hang it up in the warm kitchen, and to let it thaw gradually. Potatoes and apples are almost spoilt by being frozen; and oranges, which, of course, only come from abroad, completely wither up if not housed before the frost sets in. Fowls do not suffer so much from being frozen; and fish are in no way the worse for it when they come to table. Some fresh-water species will actually return to life again, if put into water after being frozen.

Drove out in an open sleigh, with a veil over my face, to keep off the snow, to dine at Spencer Wood, with General Rowan, acting Governor of Canada in the absence of Lord Elgin. No one is more universally or deservedly beloved than the General by all who know him. Thanks to the successful policy of Lord Elgin, his duties as civil Governor are not very onerous. He is Commander-in-chief of the Forces in Canada. The snow on the roads was very deep; but we did not find it, as it fell, very disagreeable. It is amusing to see the unpacking of a party after a long drive. Now, spruce young officers, in bright red and shining gold, and trim, black-coated, white-neckclothed civilians, come out of monsters in shaggy bears' skins, covered with snow; and now, again, as they depart, the same personages are reconverted into wild beasts, like the changes of the characters in a pantomime.

The General gave me a very interesting account of the march of two regiments overland from St. John's, New Brunswick, to Quebec, during the middle of winter,

in sixteen days, at the time of the Rebellion. Ample forethought had been exercised, so that every possible arrangement for the preservation of their health and their comfort had been made. The result was, that the two regiments lost only one man during the march, and he died of a disease before contracted. Huts were built, and provisions were prepared at each of the places where it was arranged they should halt. Changes of sleighs were also provided, though some of them came all the way. The officers generally preferred sleeping in the open air, wrapped up in their buffalo robes, to remaining in the smoky huts; and none of them were the worse for the expedition. The most difficult feat was crossing the St. Lawrence, for the river had not taken, though full of floating ice; but this, by equally good arrangement, was accomplished without any casualty. To effect the passage, sixty canoes, with the best boatmen the neighbourhood could furnish, had been prepared; and as soon as the troops reached the banks, as many as the canoes could hold were embarked at once. It was a highly interesting sight to watch the little fleet, on which the safety of Lower Canada seemed to depend, crossing among the huge mass of ice, whirled here and there in the rapid tides of the broad river, and most heartily were they welcomed by all loyal men, as they reached the shore in safety.

Sir James Alexander, the General's aide-de-camp, to whom I am indebted for much kindness and attention, gave me also a very interesting account of a visit he paid to the eastern townships. He spoke warmly of the beauty of the scenery, the tranquillity of the secluded lakes, the thriving villages, the fertility of the land, the industry of the inhabitants, and the general prosperity of the district.

Till of late years this magnificent country was allowed to remain in a state of nature, it having been the mistaken policy of the British Government to leave a wide extent of desert between the United States and Canada, under the notion that it would be thus more difficult for an enemy to march across it. They forgot that a hardy and loyal population would prove by far the most secure bulwark to the Province. A considerable number of the settlers are Scotch, whole villages being peopled with them; and a remarkably fine, intelligent race they appear, improved, apparently, both physically and morally, by their transplantation.

I was shown a beautiful silver spade presented to Lady Elgin, with which she turned up the first sod of the Great Trunk Railway,—an undertaking which, when completed, will prove of immense benefit to Canada.

An officer present told me that, when the railway between Montreal and Boston was opened, the State of Massachusetts invited all the British officers in Canada to attend a fête given in honour of the occasion at Boston. A number accepted the invitation, and remained a whole week there, boarded and lodged in the best hotels, free of all expense; carriages were placed at their disposal, every public building and institution was open to them, and every morning gentlemen called to inquire what they would like to do, and to accompany them about the city; while every day some magnificent banquet was prepared for them, and no place can surpass Boston in the *recherche* style of its banquets. Highly delighted with the genuine kindness and warm hospitality they had received, and with feelings excited of the sincerest regard for their American cousins, they were sent back to Canada, with every expense of their journey paid for them. Indeed,

I am sure that the more sensible, right-minded Englishmen mix with the Americans, the more they will learn to appreciate their kindness of disposition, their hospitality, and their numerous excellent qualities. Wrong-headed, supercilious, quarrelsome, or vulgar fellows, who travel through the States, ready to take offence and to fancy themselves insulted or neglected at every turn, will, of course, pronounce the Americans full of faults; but the courteous English gentleman will find himself treated with civility, kindness, and attention, wherever he goes; I would, indeed, say, far more so than in any other part of the world.

The only subjects of Her Majesty who cannot endure the Americans are the French Canadians, but I do not think that they have a much greater regard for the English settled in the country. This feeling broke out in 1840, and still exists, though somewhat modified. It was created by the unequal justice with which they were at one time treated; it was fomented by traitors, anxious to overthrow the British power, and encouraged and maintained by the contempt with which the Anglo-Saxons are too apt to treat them. A great mistake was made from the time of the conquest by the British in not employing every means to amalgamate the two races, instead of keeping them, as they have done, a separate people, by allowing them to retain their own laws and institutions. At that time, had English laws been introduced, and the English language been made the public language of the country, they would, by the present day, have become, in all probability, one people. Now, by the large amount of influence which has been thrown into the hands of the French party, it is difficult to make any alterations of which they do not approve. Those who entertain the

idea of creating a French Canadian nation of course resist to the utmost measures in any way likely to effect that object. So pertinacious, indeed, are some of the party in keeping up what they consider their nationality, that in the House of Assembly members who can speak English perfectly will not only refuse to use any language but French, but insist on having what English members say translated to them. Perhaps, however, when they have something very bitter or disagreeable to say, they will suddenly discover that they have the gift of speaking English, and rattle it out without hesitation. This is very absurd and very foolish; for those who know them best feel that they possess none of the qualities which are required to make them an independent people. This foolish dream will soon be brought to an end by their being outnumbered in Lower Canada itself. Already, in the eastern townships, the Anglo-Saxon race far preponderates in numbers, energy, and intelligence; and, in a short time, as the railways produce their universal results of adding to the population, opening up new districts, and increasing the wealth and general improvement of the inhabitants, the race, the leaders among which now fancy themselves of so much importance, will dwindle into insignificance and contempt. Their only probable chance of salvation from this fate is amalgamation with the superior race. Let their laws be assimilated, let their language be blended, or rather let their execrable *patois* French be sunk in that of the English tongue; let them truly become one people, as they already are subjects of the same sovereign, dwellers in the same country, and enjoying the same unrivalled privileges of perfect freedom and self-government, and they will secure their own happiness and prosperity, and the

future tranquillity of the country. Fair, however, as the prospects in other respects appear of prosperity, of internal tranquillity, and freedom from external aggression, men of forethought and true Protestant feelings look with sombre foreboding, to the result which the Roman Catholic element may sometime produce.

The followers of the Pope are making here, as they are in all the British Colonies—indeed, throughout the British dominions—the most strenuous efforts to increase their numbers and power, and no little rancour and bitterness exists towards those who oppose them. This element of discord is to be found not only among the French Canadians, but far more largely among the Irish settlers. In the United States the Irish appear to amalgamate with the other races by whom they are surrounded, and are adopting, in a great measure, their ideas and feelings, while they cast off those priestly shackles which falsehood and tyranny have thrown around them. In Canada, however, the priests keep up their original influence over the minds of their victims; they were the instigators and agents in the Gavazzi riots; and they have, of late years, been the main, if not the only, cause of all the outbreaks and disturbances on account of what are falsely called “religious matters.” If this party then, who do increase in number, wealth, and daring, uniting with the French, find themselves in the ascendancy, they will, true as they ever are to their long-established character, endeavour to put down their opponents by any means which they may deem most available, by every species of persecution—even by the faggot and stake.

I speak but the opinions I heard expressed by many well-informed men. I trust in Heaven that they were mistaken; but still I have my fears that they have too

much reason for their prognostications; and I repeat their observations, that I may warn all sincere Protestants to exert themselves in counteracting the baneful influence which is at work, undermining the very foundations of society. I have no fears but that the truth, in all its splendour, will some day triumph, as the sun, after a night of darkness, of mists, and storms, bursts forth with bright radiance from out the ethereal blue of the unclouded sky upon the gladdened world. It is, however, the duty of honest men to endeavour in the meantime to counteract the aims of a false priesthood who have long striven, and still strive, to overwhelm the energies of the human race, and to intercept the adoration due to the God of heaven and earth.

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CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.—Thermometer 4° above zero. A sharpish wind, however, made us feel the cold out-of-doors more than we have often done with a far lower degree of temperature. Went to the Cathedral, where our good Bishop officiated, and a number of amateurs, ladies and gentlemen residing in Quebec, sang the anthem very beautifully. I would far rather have had the whole congregation join in the hymn of praise,—at all events, those able to sing.

The snow lay thick on the ground, as G. and I took our usual walk on the St. Louis Road. In some places, where it was unbeaten, walking was very laborious; in others, I skated or glided along the sleigh-ruts in my mocassins; and here and there, in the more exposed situations, so hard a crust was formed on the snow, that I was able to step on it without breaking through. Meeting the wind on our outward walk, our faces were pricked terribly, but on returning, with a fair gale, we found it positively hot. A snow-plough is used here, when the snow gets deep, to clear the roads, and very effectually it does its work. It is in shape like a plough, but Brobdingnagian,

and formed of wood. The roads are also staked, to mark where they exist—a very necessary precaution—for without such sign-posts it would be impossible to find the way, and sleighs, horses, and men, would often be swallowed up in drifts or ditches, hollows or trenches.

Dined at the house of Judge M——, where only our two families were assembled. Kindness to comparative strangers, as we were, thus far away from old connexions and kindred, is especially felt on such an occasion.

I find in my note-book two or three anecdotes I heard this day. In England we are under the impression that the Wenham Lake ice comes from a lake of that name in America, whose waters are of peculiar purity and brightness, and which have the property of freezing very hard. Where the said Lake exists, probably few people trouble their heads to inquire. Such a lake, however, does exist in the neighborhood of Boston, State of Massachusetts. Now, at length, the fame of this Wenham Lake ice reached Canada by the way of England, where it was supposed, by its large consumption, the Wenham Lake Ice Company were making their fortunes, and it naturally occurred to the Canadians, that if ice frozen so much farther south would remain congealed while it crossed the Atlantic, that frozen in Canada, where water of equal purity is to be found, would prove still more lucrative to the exporters. Accordingly, a company was formed, and ice of crystal purity and adamantine hardness was sent to England, but cargo after cargo arrived, part being melted, and the remainder proving a losing concern to the spirited exporters. The result was palpable; but for the cause no one could account, till it was discovered that the Boston Company got all the ice they sell in England from Norway, whence it is brought

at a sixth of the expense it would take to bring it from America. They had actually tried sending it from the Wenham Lake, but very soon it occurred to some sagacious member that it would be wise to try and obtain it from some icy region nearer their proposed market; and accordingly the 'cute Yankees sent out a staff of clerks to have ice cut and shipped from some lake in Norway to supply the unspeculating British. I hope, as they deserve, that they make the speculation answer.

Some years ago our friend and his brother paid a visit to the United States—I know not under the reign of what president. In the course of their travels they reached Washington, where they went to visit the presidential mansion. The monarch's butler, a genuine native of Erin's Isle, offered to show them over the building. As they were led from room to room, and from pantry to scullery, he informed them, that after serving several nobles and rich commoners in Great Britain and Ireland, he had bethought him of visiting the States. There hearing that the President wanted a butler, "Bedad!" said he, "I thought I might just as well take the place; and, faith, I've no reason to repent it. It's easy enough, and I'm very comfortable, though the wages is no great things; but then, you know, he doesn't get much of them himself, so I've no reason to complain; and besides, he's a very good sort of old gentleman as times go." I wonder if the President was aware how his worthy help spoke of him. Probably he would have been very much obliged for so favourable an opinion. I cannot vouch for the exact words, but such was the tenour of his remarks. When spending the evening on some reception night, the tea not making its appearance at the proper time, the President's lady

rang the bell to order it up, when, to the surprise of my friends, if not of herself, the butler walked into the saloon in his shirt-sleeves.

26th.—A slight snow falling; but it has collected in masses of such denseness in court-yards and streets, that people have begun to shovel and cart it away. If this were not done, the windows looking into court-yards would soon be blocked up. This adds another item to the expense of house-keeping in Quebec. In some of the entrances to grounds near the city it so pertinaciously blocks up the gateway, that people in despair give up the idea of keeping it open, and form a new entrance through the palings.

The odours in many of the houses, and even in the streets, as we walk along, are worse than ever, as the snow prevents the escape of refuse matter. The magistrates and other city people do not seem to be conscious of the objectionable circumstance, though one of them got a pretty strong hint on the subject the other day. This gentleman speaking to Colonel Grubb, commanding the 66th regiment, remarked, "Colonel, I don't like the new belts worn by your men; why do you rig them out in such things?" The Colonel looking at him hard, replied, before turning on his heel, "Twenty years ago I came out here and found your city stinking. I have lately returned, and finding it stink worse than ever. Go and drain and clean it, and then come and talk to me about my men's belts." All the shops kept by Roman Catholics are closed, and many of those owned by Protestants.

27th.—Thermometer 10° below freezing, yet so serene was the atmosphere, that it felt quite warm and genial. Met a party of ladies and gentlemen walking

along the road in snow-shoes. Though they got on faster than we did, they exhibited a sad deficiency in grace, for—truth must be spoken—they waddled horribly. There is a skating-club here, but a great lack of skating-ground, or rather ice, for the snow effectually covers up every smooth surface of frozen water. In consequence the club has formed an artificial glaciarium, by flooding a plot of ground near the river in the Lower Town. It is covered in to shelter it from the snow, and, barring the real ice, the skaters are not better off than were the frequenters of the glaciarium with artificial ice formed some time ago in London, only in the latter they were surrounded with Alpine scenery, Swiss cottages, and snowy mountains—of pasteboard.

28th.—The thermometer is 5° below zero, and with a sharp wind in the morning, found it very cold. Projected a visit to the grave of poor Wilson, the Scotch singer, whose mode of singing his sweet native ballads no one who heard him can ever forget. He came to Canada on a professional tour, accompanied by his daughter. After visiting Toronto and Montreal he reached Quebec. Though suffering from a bad cold, he went on a boating excursion on the Charles River, where he got wet through. A fever was the consequence, which carried him off. He lies buried in the new Protestant Cemetery on the St. Louis Road, near Spencer Wood, where, by the exertions of Sir James Alexander, his countryman, a monument is to be raised to his memory. By Sir James's kind efforts, also, a subscription was made for his daughter, who was left here almost destitute.

Some years ago the poet and singer Lover came out here also with his daughters. I do not fancy he found the tour answer as a cash speculation, but he brought

back some very sweet Indian melodies, which I heard him and his very charming family sing in private society. The Irish of the upper classes do not equal the Scotch in point of numbers in Canada, or probably Lover would have been as well supported as was poor Wilson.

It having been discovered that the old burying-ground within the walls was too full, the new one where Wilson lies buried was formed by a number of gentlemen of various denominations of Protestants. With a right spirit of Christian regard to the Episcopalians, the Dissenters agreed to apply to the Bishop to consecrate it. The Bishop, instead of meeting the Dissenters in the same liberal spirit they had exhibited, replied that he was perfectly ready to consecrate the ground, provided that his clergy should alone officiate at all funerals. To this the other party very naturally would not consent, on the ground that in many cases the families of deceased Dissenters might wish their own clergy to perform the burial-service. At length a compromise was entered into, the Bishop agreeing to consecrate one part in which Episcopalians might be buried by their own clergy, while the remainder should continue unconsecrated, that Dissenters, according to their own fashion, might lie at rest, so that those who had worshipped apart must still in death be separated. I do most sincerely regret having to mention a circumstance which occurred this morning, and which excited a very considerable amount of ill feeling on the part not only of the Dissenters, but of Church-of-England people, against the amiable Bishop. I believe that his lordship was ill advised, and that, had he not been urged on by others, he would have acted differently. As it was, his conduct made the Roman Catholics rejoice, the Dissenters and moderate Episco-

pallians very angry, and added much to weaken the influence of the Church of England. Before any portion of the ground was consecrated several Church-of-England people were buried in it; some in the portion which was afterwards allotted to the Dissenters.

This morning, a lady well known to the Bishop, and who died a few days ago, was to be buried. She had been attended also by an Episcopalian clergyman. Now, it appears, that her father's tomb was in the unconsecrated part of the cemetery, yet that she desired to be buried with him. Her husband was anxious to execute her wish, and the clergyman was ready to perform the ceremony; but the Bishop forbade him, on account of the spot being unconsecrated. The husband, notwithstanding, resolved to carry out his wife's request, and at length a minister of the Free Church of Scotland offered to perform the ceremony. The Bishop, however, to show his respect for the lady's family, attended with all his clergy; but this was looked on rather as a mockery, and tended in no way to soothe the public mind. The old burying-ground has never been consecrated, yet he allows his clergy to officiate there on the plea that they did so before he came, and that he will not alter an old-established custom. It is sad to reflect how often the Church of England, by mismanagement and want of Christian forbearance, drives those who would be her supporters and friends into dissent, and leaves her a prey to that party, who, by grasping at undue power, is now her bane, and will prove, if left unchecked, her destruction.

In the afternoon we visited the House of Assembly, the large building I have spoken of with the Mambrino's helmet on the top of it. It contains a number of halls,

rooms, and offices, very conveniently arranged. The Hall of the Lower House is fitted up with thick carpets, and the members sit on cushioned chairs in couples, with desks before them. The speaker has a throne at one end—a piece of furniture calculated, I should have thought, to excite the jealousy of so democratical an assembly. It has a remarkably comfortable, cosy look, and is, I should think, well suited for allowing the speakers in it to be heard; a quality not always attained in similar places of more pretension. There is a large newspaper-room, fitted as is usual with desks, and containing most of the English and Canadian, and a good supply of the American papers. By the by, the whole of the lower part of the building was filled with so pestiferous an odour, that I am not surprised that on one of the members dying of cholera last year, the rest broke up the house and fled the city, each man fancying that if he remained to breathe so foul an air, that he might be the next victim of the plague, and yet (can it be believed?) not one of them has proposed any measure to avert it for the future. They hug themselves with the idea that they can always run away when the epidemic appears, and what matters it to them if a few thousands of their fellow-creatures are left to perish?

We next went into the library belonging to the Legislative Assembly, which contains a large number and great variety of works. Novels, biographies, and histories, poetry and philosophy; indeed, I doubt if Mudie can show a more miscellaneous collection. Dr. Adamson, the librarian, seems very zealous in his office, and has arranged the books with great skill. I am indebted to him for much interesting information. One large room is devoted exclusively to works on America,

including Canada. Had I remained long enough at Quebec, I should have found the free admission he gave me of great use. As each member may order any work he pleases, the collection is somewhat miscellaneous and not very choice. A former government library was destroyed, when the Orange mob, to exhibit their loyalty to their Queen and respect for her authority, burned the House of Parliament at Montreal, and pelted her representative. The present library has taken only four years to collect, and certainly does credit to its zealous and active librarian.

A large room at the top of the house is lent to the Literary and Historical Society of Canada, to be employed as a museum and library. Of books they have very few; but the Museum is well arranged, and contains a number of interesting objects. It is especially rich in North American birds. Instead of being perched on wooden stands, the birds are arranged according to their habits, in good attitudes, on rocks, or branches of trees, or by artificial ponds, with imitations of which, by the aid of pasteboard, paint, and tinsel, the sides of the rooms are ornamented. Among the animals there are two enormous moose-deer, with the features of rhinoceroses, and standing half as high again as the tallest horse. Their countenances certainly do not win one's regard, and I should feel as little compunction in killing one of them as I should the wildest beast of the African desert. Some caribou deer, standing near them, look quite diminutive. They are stoutly-built animals, fitted for the hard life they have to endure. They may be considered the plebeians of the deer tribe. The Museum contains a fair collection of the woods and minerals of Canada. The chief object of the Literary and Historical

Society is to illustrate scientific points connected with Canada; but a variety of other subjects are discussed at their meetings.

A short time after we visited the House of Assembly, the whole building shared the common fate of so many edifices in Lower Canada. During a very hard frost it caught fire, no water was to be procured, the engines came, and the firemen looked on in vain, and ere long the softly cushioned chairs, Mambrino's helmet, the moose-deers, and Dr. Adamson's well-loved books, were reduced to one heap of ashes.

From the House of Assembly, we went into the Roman Catholic Cathedral. It is a large pretentious edifice, the interior decorated with gold and white paint. It is fitted up with pews, as are the Roman Catholic churches throughout Canada. We were told that it contains some good pictures, copies of the old masters; but our unbelieving eyes could only discover the usual miserable daubs to be found in other churches throughout the country.

At a large dinner-party to which we went to-day, people were very indignant with the Bishop about the affair of the funeral. I would gladly have defended his lordship, could my so doing have satisfied his accusers. After dinner, the guests drove off in open sleighs to a house-warming in the country.

A scene occurred there which shows that the feelings and habits of the inhabitants of Erin's Green Isle are not extinguished by a voyage across the Atlantic. A friend of ours, it appears, lent his servant, a Protestant Orangeman, who had been in the police, to help at the house. As this man, in the course of his duty, was attending a gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. T——, to their sleigh,

he was set upon by three Irish drivers, who knocked him down, and were proceeding to inflict further ill-treatment, when Mr. T—— jumped out of the sleigh to his assistance. This diversion enabled the servant to get up, when the master of the house coming out, the drivers were beaten off. However, they proved themselves better politicians than combatants, for they forthwith laid an information against Mr. T—— and the servant for an assault and battery. As the case will be tried before a Roman Catholic magistrate, a known favourer of the Gavazzi rioters, the general opinion is that the decision will be given in favour of the drivers, especially as there is no proof who began the scrimmage, and they are not likely to allow a little false swearing if necessary to stand in their way. “Erin go Bragh, Ould Ireland for *iver!*” Oh, much, much, will those have to answer for who should have better taught this unfortunate race, and did not!

CHAPTER XII.

DECEMBER 29th.—Thermometer 10° below zero. One of the coldest days we have yet encountered. We had not yet seen the Falls of Montmorency, and so some kind friends had arranged a picnic for us there. A pic-nic with the thermometer 10° below zero does sound something rather out of the way as an amusement, but Canadians are seldom stopped by the weather in their excursions either for pleasure or business; and at the appointed hour, a sleigh came to the door to convey us to the house at which all the party were to rendezvous.

At about one o'clock we had all assembled, to the number of fourteen ladies and gentlemen, well clothed in buffalo-ropes, bear-skins, and woollens, and were told off, two and two, into seven carioles, with hot-water bottles, or heated bricks, for our feet, and our heads covered up with plaids and veils, so as to defy the frost and snow.

Looking at the men as they stood ready to brave the cold, one felt some doubt whether in their vast bulk they could stow away in the diminutive vehicles prepared for them. They were truly grand figures, though in outward

appearance more like wild beasts than civilised gentlemen fitted to take proper care of the fair creatures destined to be their companions. Two or more wore buffalo coats, with caps of the same skin. One curly black Astrakhan coat was very fine; then there was a white blanket coat, with blue embroidered epaulettes, blue seams and a red sash; but they were all thrown into the shade by an enormous shaggy yellowish white one, which looked as if made of undressed feathers; but had, I believe, erst covered the back of a polar bear. I felt myself very insignificant in a blue flushing coat, with a simple red sash. How the ladies managed to keep their graceful forms within due proportions, and at the same time sufficiently warm, it was difficult to say. All I know is, that besides sundry flannel vests, A. wore a chanois leather jacket, which, in addition to one of linsey-woolsey, a greatcoat, and a fur mantle, enabled her to keep out the cold without difficulty. By the advice of my companion, I brought one end of a plaid I had with me before my face like a veil, and found it very efficacious in protecting my nose and chin from the cold, though it prevented me somewhat from observing the scenery as we passed.

The French carioles had been selected instead of the private sleighs of our friends, as it was expected that some of our road would be unbeaten and unexplored, with many steep turns and twists, which might try their high mettled steeds. Indeed, I fancy that on such occasions the French drivers are generally chosen, as they have the virtue of keeping sober, which the private coachmen, who are mostly Irish, have not.

The whole party being ready were stowed away by our kind master of the ceremonies in the sleighs, each

gentleman having a lady committed to his care. At a word away we went, whips cracking, bells ringing, drivers hallooing, and passengers laughing in high glee, in a long line, like a flock of geese,—though in no other respect, I hope, like to those aids of literature,—we took our way through the suburbs of St. Roch, and along the bridge over the now hard frozen Charles. On the ice a busy scene was enacting. Many people were crossing it in preference to the bridge; some were burrowing through it for sand from the bed of the river, while here and there a number of little wooden sheds had been erected in preparation for the tommycod fishery.

This occupation is so interesting, that it is pursued not only by humble fishermen, but by the high and wealthy, by refined gentlemen and fair dames, in this wise. A hut is built on the ice, containing seats and a table. Here at night the fashionable fishers assemble, a hole is cut in the ice and a fire kindled near it, round which they sit with frying-pan, butter, and salt, and other condiments ready. The fire attracts the tommycods, who, coming near the hole, eagerly catch hold of the hook so insidiously let down to entrap them, when being hauled up, they are forthwith transferred to the fire, at once the cause and means of their destruction. From the frying-pan they soon reach the watering mouths of the assembled party. They are, I have no doubt, very pleasing to the palate, but I own that I was not tempted to quit a comfortable house at midnight to go and catch them.

After crossing the Charles, we passed a number of good houses in grounds, one of them belonging to Dr. Douglas, the most eminent physician in Canada. His

conservatories are splendid. He has now retired from public practice, though in conjunction with Dr. Morin and Mr. Fremont, he promotes and manages a large Lunatic Asylum near his residence. This we also passed, close to the road, from which the grounds are divided only by a light, low, wooden paling. The gates were wide open. The inmates are prevented from escaping by constant watchfulness, discipline, and invariable kindness. Dancing seems to be one of their chief amusements. When the Asylum was opened, a ball was given to collect funds, eight hundred people being present, and part of the entertainment was to see the unhappy lunatics dance. The taste which could allow so public an exhibition of such a malady might be doubted, while, as a spectacle, I should have fancied it very painful. This very night the lunatics had a ball when guests were admitted, and on our return, we saw the whole building lighted up for the occasion. The unfortunates are said to enjoy the recreation, and are excessively polite to each other; but a master of the ceremonies is required to keep order among them.

Driving on, we passed through the thriving village of Beauport, with its two great tin-spired churches. The cottages are seldom built close together, but are so placed, that the walls of one shall shelter the porch of the next to it from the more prevalent and colder winds. This gives them a very scattered look. Beyond Beauport, the whole way was thickly inhabited. Many of the dwellings are well-to-do farm-houses. The farms run back in long narrow strips far away from the highroad, and the dwellings being at one and the same end, the owners can live on them and yet in close neighbourhood

and sociability, instead of in an isolated position, surrounded by a large circle or square of fields. This plan suits well the cheerful, good-tempered, neighbour-loving habits of the honest habitans.

Among the habitans there is little or no poverty. How can there be when there is plenty of work and high wages? Ignorant and unenergetic though they may be, they are active and sensible enough to keep perfectly comfortable, and for more they wish not. Their wants are few and easily supplied. They have warm dwellings, and each man has his horse and sleigh. Poverty and misery enough are found among the newly arrived Irish. A friend told me that nothing gave him so much pain on going home, after a residence of twelve years in Canada, as to see the number of beggars wandering in every direction in England.

After leaving Beauport we turned off to the right along a track, marked by fir-branches stuck in the snow, across some fields, and then down a very steep hill between lofty banks of the purest snow, which in graceful wreaths literally curled over our heads. The track was so narrow that our buffalo-ropes swept the snow-banks, and seemed as if they would bring them down over us. Every now and then our driver would jump out and steady our sleigh, not without need, for the spots inviting upsets were rather more numerous than we could have desired. What had become of our companions we had no means of ascertaining, for we could see nothing beyond our horse's head; and it was with no little satisfaction that at length we found all our seven sleighs safely arrived at the bottom of the hill close to the frozen water of the St. Lawrence. The method I have before

mentioned of marking a track over the snow by means of branches is called *valising*. Whence the term is derived I know not.

As we drove along the shore we had a view of the Isle of Orleans across the north channel. This channel is frozen over every winter in January, but there is still much water in the centre. A short time brought us to the door of an old-fashioned Canadian inn. A steep flight of steps led us up to a very broad verandah, which ran round the house. Below it was a place for carts and horses. The inn is kept by an English family who have emigrated from some spot within the sound of Bow bells—undoubted Cockneys. The head of the family, an old lady, to show that time had not numbed her limbs, and that the climate suited her, gave a hop, skip, and a jump out of the room, much to our amusement.

Having laid aside our heavy outward wraps, and taken some biscuits and wine round the stove in the large guest-chamber, we sallied forth on foot to visit the Falls. We were preceded by a troop of Canadian boys, each dragging a little sleigh, and eagerly offering their services to spin us down any steep place we could find. A short walk, among heaps of timber, brought us in front of the scene which was the object of our excursion. The water rushes down between two highly picturesque cliffs, and then flows on only a few hundred yards before it joins the St. Lawrence. The stream appeared frozen across and covered with snow, and we were anticipating the pleasure of sliding down the newly-formed cone, when it was discovered that the tide had overflowed the ice, and cut us off from any means of reaching it. All we could do, therefore, was to stand shivering on the banks, gazing through the mist of spray, on the frozen water-

fall and the wondrous heap of ice in front of it. The scenery is very picturesque, far more interesting than that of the Chaudière. A fine sweep of steep and wooded bank, upwards of a hundred and fifty feet high, forms a deep cove-like bay out of the St. Lawrence, in the centre of which is seen the Fall, now turned into masses of green and white ice. The cone is formed a little on one side of it by the spray which rises from a pool immediately beneath the Fall, which never freezes. Some current of air, I fancy, carries the spray in this direction. Day after day it settles down on the heap, which gradually rises in height, always keeping its cone-like form, till by March it sometimes reaches an elevation of ninety feet. Nearer it is a lower cone. They both are ascended by steps which the boys cut in the ice.

The great amusement at the picnics here is to slide down these cones on little sleighs, under the guidance of the small boys who were now accompanying us. As we were debarred from the pleasure, we betook ourselves to sliding down a steep zig-zag path which led up to the domain of Mr. Hall, the proprietor of the Falls, and the great saw-mill-owner of the neighbourhood. The amusement is called *coasting*. A little boy sits down on his sleigh with his legs stuck out before him. The lady or gentleman sits behind him and holds him tightly round the neck. He lifts his feet, and away they glide rapidly down the zig-zag path, or rather the last zag. Faster and faster goes the sleigh—another and another follow in quick succession. The ladies shriek and laugh and squeal, the little boys shout, "N'avez pas peur!" till at length, with no little risk of going over the bank to the right, they reach the bottom, two or three of them ending their short though rapid career by a somersault

in the deep snow. The little boys laugh, the ladies and gentlemen pick themselves up, shake their garments, and look as if they don't quite like it, but no one can possibly be the worse for their tumbles, so they once more begin to climb up the zig-zag path, and the little boys following with their sleighs without difficulty persuade them to make another "coasting" voyage to the bottom. It is exhilarating work, and warming withal, and we carried it on till we were too tired to make any more trips.

We next climbed the zig-zag path to Mr. Hall's beautifully situated mansion on the summit of the hill, and directly over the water-fall. The views from it, looking up towards Quebec and down the St. Lawrence across the Isle of Orleans, are very fine. With our bodies in a warm glow from the exercise, which, had it not been for a nip every now and then at our noses or ears, might have made us fancy it was spring, what was our surprise to find the thermometer before Mr. Hall's house down to zero! We passed over several large wooden aqueducts which carry the water from the stream above to Mr. Hall's saw-mills down on the shore of the St. Lawrence.

A short time ago a man fell in and was whirled down several hundred feet through the covered passage, projected clear over the overshot wheel, and picked up unhurt, though a little confused, probably, with the rapidity of his progress. Not so fortunate as he, last year two carters, wrestling in joke, slipped into the stream, and being carried down the Falls were drowned.

While most of the party turned back, A. and I, led by our friends, Mr. C— and Mr. F—, found our way, often treading up to our knees in snow, to a spot whence the cataract could be best seen

from above. The whole stream was frozen over, with the exception of two or three holes, through which the water was seen bubbling and foaming before it plunged below ; but the most wonderful part of the scene was the cataract, to which there had been formed a complete outside casing of ice. The water evidently had been arrested as it fell, and now hung suspended in wreaths of frozen foam. The cold must have been tolerably severe so to hold it in its vice-like grasp.

The house inhabited by Mr. Hall was, I fancy, built by the Duke of Richmond, the beloved governor of Canada, whose tragic end from hydrophobia is well known. Mr. Hall owns, beside his mills, a vast timber-dock several acres in extent, in front of the little inn where we put up. The timber remains frozen up securely all the winter, ready to be sawn when the spring sets it free and the mills going.

A cold wind and heavy snow had come on, which made us not sorry to turn our steps inn-ward. It was no easy work to descend the zig-zag path and to maintain our perpendicular ; indeed, our tall friend, F—, every now and then brought some anecdote or sentence to an abrupt termination, by suddenly assuming a sitting posture, though heartily joining in our laugh as he picked himself up—very soon again to perform the like extravagance. At length, well sprinkled with snow, we reached the inn, and being brushed and shaken, and our outer garments being hung up at the stove to dry, we all assembled in the large room, where a splendid cold collation, provided by Mr. T—, with hot soups, hot pies, and hot potatoes, and champagne, gladdened our eager eyes and hungry mouths. A very sociable, pleasant, merry dinner had we ; and, as the re-cloaking and

re-booting took some time, it had long been dark before we were ready to start: in addition to which, the snow was falling heavily. But such are trifles to Canadian picnickers. Off we set, with our heads covered up in our plaids, so that we were hoodwinked completely. We had not gone far when we came to a standstill, and, by the shouts of our drivers, discovered that the tide had risen over the ice, and flooded part of the road. Not pleasant, considering that the thermometer was below zero, and that the snow threatened to block us up completely if we did not move onward. At length one of the drivers, bolder than the rest, plunging into the stream, got safely through, and the rest following, we spun along into Quebec, and out again at the St. John's Gate to the house of the kind giver of the party. Here we spent the evening, and sang, and talked, and supped, and then drove home in a snowstorm, with the thermometer 10° below zero, highly amused, and not the worse for the excursion.

CHAPTER XIII.

DECEMBER 30th.—Thermometer 10° below zero. I called again to-day on Dr. Adamson, the librarian of the Legislative Assembly, who most politely showed me, and let me take a list of, a number of works on Canada likely at some time to prove useful. He has been in the colony sixteen years, in the capacities of parish priest, private chaplain to Lord Sydenham, and now as librarian, so that he is well acquainted with all ranks and classes of men, and his opinion on all subjects is of great value.

“I have never known,” said he, “an industrious, sober person fail of success in any part of the country. I have, of course, seen the strong man stricken down by disease or accident, and children, by the death of a parent, deprived of their support; but poverty, or anything like poverty, except as the evident result of profligacy and idleness, I have not met in the whole course of my experience. When, from the former cause, families are brought into distress, their neighbours invariably show a kindly sympathy and eagerness to relieve them. As an example of this, I remember on one occasion hearing that an honest, hard-working woman, whose husband was a confirmed drunkard, had died at the birth of her

ninth child in my district. Though too late to attend her death-bed, I hastened to her house to afford such relief as was in my power to her bereaved family. On leaving them, I took some dollars out of my pocket, and begged a farmer, in whose neighbourhood they lived, to apply them for their immediate necessities, at the same time I expressed a hope that others would subscribe towards their more permanent support. A few days afterwards I was on my way to visit the family, when I met the farmer to whom I had given the dollars. 'I was coming to see you, sir,' said he: 'the money you left with me is not wanted. I have taken one of the children into my house. Mr. — has taken another; Farmer So-and-so has the third boy. My sister has charge of the infant; and, indeed, they are all well provided for.' This is, I assure you, a very usual mode of procedure under similar circumstances. Children thus brought up by fathers of families are treated in every respect as their own, and often marry their sons or daughters. If they marry out of the family, a child's portion is given them. Formerly it was the custom to give a hundred acres of land to each child so brought up; but land of late years has, in many districts, become of too much value to allow of this scale being adhered to."

Dr. Adamson has made several excursions to the coast of Labrador for the sake of fishing and exploring the country. On one occasion he went in a yacht; on another he hired a schooner, and, with part of her crew and some voyageurs, he went in a canoe forty or fifty miles up a river. People in England, and even in Canada, are little aware of the magnificent salmon-fisheries to be found both on that coast and in several rivers which fall into the St. Lawrence near its mouth.

He knows of ten or twelve superior to any in Scotland, which are fished both by the Hudson Bay Company's people and by Yankees, who come in schooners with casks, and salt and slay and pickle large and small fish without compunction. He thinks that were these rivers properly preserved, they would prove the richest salmon-fisheries in the world. He had already written the larger portion of a work on the subject, with an account of some of his exploring expeditions, which I have no doubt will prove interesting and valuable.

It sounds like a very fine thing to be the owner of a seigneurie of some hundred thousand acres. A friend of mine is the proprietor of one of these princely properties. His father, who came into this country with Wolfe, bought it. His income, however, often reaches only 300*l.* per annum, and never exceeds 800*l.* This will be understood, when it is known, that any Canadian wanting wild land may claim it of the seigneur at a rental of about 7*s.* per hundred acres! Often, too, they grumble at having to pay that sum, and think they ought to obtain it for less. To make a seigneurie answer, the owner should live on it so as to take advantage of the various droits and privileges he possesses, otherwise it is but a barren honour. It is in contemplation to abolish the seignorial rights altogether; and if this could be done, and the whole code of French laws got rid of at the same time, the country at large would benefit considerably. Of course, however, the seigneurs would require compensation; but, on the other hand, the inhabitants of the Upper Province, who have no seigneuries, are unwilling to pay their share of the expense, so it seems very doubtful if the measure will be carried.

There appears to be a most pernicious and foolish

jealousy between the people of Upper and Lower Canada, each fancying that every advantage gained by the other is their own loss, instead of learning to consider themselves as one people united by the same interests, with the same prosperous future in store for them.

A friend had invited me to an assembly ball held at Russel's Hotel, so, encasing myself in ample coverings from the weather, I hurried down to it knee-deep in the snow. As I saw few sleighs at the door, I conclude that most of the party walked like myself, for, barring the honour of the sleigh, one's legs were by far the most pleasant conveyance. There was the usual sprinkling of red coats to be found in a garrison town, and an average number of pretty faces, but there was not so much beauty as I expected. The French Canadians carried off the palm, and there were two or three very attractive-looking Scotch girls. I had expected to see more beauty, from what I had heard of that quality in Canada, but a sober-minded gentleman of middle age, who has wasted more time in such assemblies than he would willingly confess even to himself, is not likely to give an over-flattering account of one of them; but I doubt not that young officers fresh from schools or colleges find them very delightful, and that to them Quebec society affords as much amusement as is to be found in any possession of Great Britain.

I was speaking on the subject of politics to a gentleman long resident in the country. He assured me that the plan of a Legislative Union of all the British North American Provinces is very popular with the people of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with many in Upper Canada, and even with some in the Lower Province, and that they would prefer a viceroy to any other governing

head. He advised one tariff for the United Provinces, or rather, which would be far more advantageous, the abolition of all custom duties. He deplored the mistake the British Government committed in not abolishing the French laws, and the use of the French language in all public offices at the time of the conquest, and, losing that opportunity, in not having taken occasion, at the termination of the rebellion, to remedy their previous error. However, should the Provinces be united, there can be little doubt that the French element will speedily be swallowed up by that of the Anglo-Saxons; and as the language falls into disuse, the desire of getting rid of the French laws will be felt by the majority of the population.

Canada is decidedly conservative, and far more attached to monarchical than to republican institutions, and in truth, instead of her becoming a part of the United States of America, it is far more likely that the States of Massachusetts and Maine will some day join Canada, should she be either a monarchy or republic. This may not take place in this generation; but when the present Union comes to be split up, it is one of the changes which may very possibly occur. Improbable as this may appear, it is far more likely than that Canada, with her present state of feeling, should join the Union.

I should say that there is but little likelihood of Canada becoming a monarchy when in the fulness of time she separates altogether from the mother country. None of the most intelligent colonists with whom I conversed appeared in any way averse to a republic, though from feeling and old associations they might prefer to live under a monarchy, should the choice be offered them; but the idea of fighting for that object, or even of putting themselves out of the way for it, would be scouted as too

ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. At the same time they would, I believe, to a man resent any attempt on the part of the Americans to compel them by force of arms to join the Union, and would, I feel fully assured, defend themselves successfully against them or any other nation who might venture to invade their territory.

31st.—Awoke by a lurid glare on the sky, and by the well-known, fear-inspiring sound of the fire-bell. On looking out of the window, the snow on the glacier appeared of a pink hue from the reflexion of the conflagration. As it was at some distance, considering that the thermometer was below zero, I was not tempted to rush out into the streets to see the spectacle for my own amusement, or to render assistance, which was not likely to be required. I heard afterwards that for an hour and a half only one small engine was on the spot, when four more arrived, but, as usual, there was a difficulty in procuring water. People are so accustomed to fires in Quebec that they cause very little alarm, notwithstanding the constant destruction of life and valuable property, though a stranger cannot help feeling some fearful misgivings when he sees a house blazing away furiously, and knows that not a drop of uncongealed water is to be got at, and that the surrounding edifices are composed of materials but little less inflammable than touchwood. On this occasion two or three houses were burned down, and the whole winter stock of one of the largest shopkeepers in the city destroyed.

I called to-day on Mr. Sinclair, the principal bookseller in Quebec, to obtain some information as to his opinion regarding the proposed plan of an international copyright, and the book-trade in general in Canada. He assured me that he would most gladly get all his books

from England if English publishers would sell low enough to compete with those in the United States; but while the latter offer more favourable terms, this of course could not be. However, American reprints often sell for very nearly as much as the works which are originally published in England. I bought one of my own boys' books for 4s. 6d. currency, which in England sells at 5s. 6d.; and I have no doubt that the English publishers could bring out the same work in a less expensive form to compete advantageously with the American pirated edition. However much one may dislike the wholesale pirating carried on at present by the publishers of both countries, the proceeding of which some of the Americans are guilty, not only of curtailing works, but of altering them to suit their own political or religious opinions, is far more unwarrantable, unjust to the authors, and a most shameful fraud on the public. Several sound theological British writers have thus been treated, and whole pages and paragraphs have been inserted, while others have been omitted, totally altering the bias of their works. Mr. Sinclair's shop is the general rendezvous in the city of those in search of information, or who have an idea above lumber and flour.

Dined with our kind friends the C——'s. Their servant gave me an account of the attack made on him the other night at Mr. Gillespie's door. He was a policeman at the time of the Gavazzi riots, and from that day the Irish had vowed to be revenged on him for his activity in the defence of that bold denouncer of falsehood. The case was brought up for judgment before Mr. Maguire, the same police magistrate who had prohibited the police from acting when an Irish mob attacked Gavazzi in Sion Chapel. As the servant stood in the

dock, the lawyer engaged by his assailants, pointing him out to the persons present, exclaimed, "There's an ex-policeman—there's the man who thrust himself forward to act against honest men in Zion Chapel—a rascal who knocks his fellow-subjects about like dogs, and wouldn't mind killing them if he dared. Scoundrels like that shouldn't be allowed to go at liberty. We must put a stop to their tricks, I say." The Roman Catholic magistrate decided against the Protestant policeman, as was expected. What are we to think of a man who can so conduct a court of justice? The Canadian Legislature hold him in estimation, as he still sits on the magisterial bench, pledged to administer equal and impartial justice to all his fellow-subjects.

Not long ago a French Protestant engaged a room at St. Roch, and expounded the Scriptures to all who would come to hear him. As soon as the priests got notice of it, a mob, in this case composed chiefly of Canadians, instigated by them, attacked the house, which they either pulled down or burned, and forcibly ejected him from the city, threatening to take his life should he venture to return.

We had been anxious to see some of the convents of Quebec, and the General's aide-de-camps, and other influential gentlemen, kindly offered to procure us admission from the Roman Catholic authorities; but the bishop, on the plea that crowds of strangers coming with no friendly feelings desired the same favour, refused the request, as he had made it a rule to deny it to all. We had, therefore, given up all expectation of being able to inspect any of those establishments, when a gentleman whom we met at a dinner-party undertook to procure admission for my

wife and sister-in-law to some of them. The following is the account they gave of their visit:—

“*December 31st.*—We met at the house of a mutual acquaintance, and being comfortably seated with her in her handsome sleigh, Mr. D—— and a French priest led the way in a cariole, and we followed them a long way into the outskirts of the Lower Town, expecting to stop at every large building we came to. At length we arrived at the convent we were to be permitted to enter, and learned that it was also the general hospital. We did not feel quite sure that we should like to see that, but having no choice, we resolved to be as much interested and pleased as we could.

“On being handed out of the sleigh, the priest, who turned out to be an Irishman, and told us his sister was a nun in this establishment, was introduced to us. He was a little man of cheerful aspect, with a pleasant twinkling eye, and a ready laugh. He led us into a very small room, and seated us opposite a grating which had shutters closed on the other side. These were presently opened by a nun. Mr. H—— rose, and in French made a very humble request to see *La Mère Supérieure*, saying we were a party of strangers desirous of being shown the house. The nun withdrew, and soon four or five veiled figures appeared inside the cage, whereupon we all rose, and great, and elegant, and prolonged were the silent bowings and curtsycyings which ensued. When at last we had testified sufficient respect for each other, the priest introduced us severally, with a short account of us annexed to our names. After which we sat down to enjoy a little conversation through the bars; but most of us found the occasion far from conducive to fluency in the

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French language, and rejoiced when it was proposed to go over the house. We mounted a wide stone staircase, and entered a long apartment, where we met *La Mère* and the Sisters face to face. They were all merry, and inclined to laugh and talk with us, and seemed on most happy terms with *La Mère*, whose face was pale, and kind, and motherly. The dress they wore consisted of a petticoat of white serge, with a shorter one of dark blue over it; their sleeves extremely wide, and they constantly kept their arms folded within them. Their head-dress was peculiarly unbecoming, a close cap resembling that of any old woman in Scotland,—an ‘*auld wife’s match*’ in short, made of the stiffest and purest of white linen, with a broad bandage of the same under it, across the brow, and coming close down to the eyelids, without the shadow of a wrinkle; the effect of this was painfully ugly. Their short black veils were, I think, of silk, and hung behind. The long room in which they met us was a ward for old and infirm men. It was perfectly neat and clean, and the few patients we saw sitting in it looked very comfortable. Tidy white beds were ranged down each side, chairs between them, and a long table in the middle. Under a large glass-case we were shown, with no little exultation, a *Madonna* made and dressed by the Sisters. I certainly never saw a more beautiful wax doll; she was seated, and, with her head coquettishly thrown on one side, smiled at us through lovely flaxen ringlets: her dress was very rich white satin, spangled with gold. (We found the same in every ward we afterwards visited.) In ascending another staircase, we were again separated from the ladies of the house, and through an opening in the partition-wall we saw them gaily running up their own flight of steps. They again met

us in an apartment allotted to old and idiotic women. In this ward many of the little beds had the curtains closed, and were, they told us, occupied by patients too ill or unpleasant to be seen. Each ward opens into a little gallery at one end of the chapel, and as they are on different floors, the occupants are invisible to each other. After this we were taken to some rooms used by the 'Boarders,' and found that the convent receives pupils as well as sick people, Protestants as well as Papists. And that was all we were permitted to see of the interior. They are 'Cloistered Nuns,' therefore more strict than others, and now far less willing than formerly to admit visitors within their own conventual precincts. So with a renewal of the graceful salutations of our introduction scene, we departed.

"Our leaders in the little cariole glided away before us over the snowy streets till they stopped before another convent belonging to the 'Congregational Nuns;' but what that means I cannot pretend to explain: only we were told they were of the nature of Sisters of Mercy or Charity, and had a good deal of liberty, being allowed to go out for exercise once every fifteen days.

"We entered, fancying we knew exactly what we were going to do, and that, after waiting a little, the ladies would make their appearance behind a grille. Instead of which, we found ourselves at once in the presence of twelve black figures, with high-peaked, white linen head-dresses, who with one consent rose from their seats as we appeared, and saluted us profoundly in perfect silence and without advancing. Our priestly guide performed the introduction ceremony; and we were seated in a row on one side of the room, while the twelve nuns resumed their places in a semicircle opposite us—the whole width

of the large and now nearly dark room between us. The Lady Superior, whose chair was an inch or two in advance of the rest, talked a little to the priest; and a lady of our party, who sat tolerable near one horn of the formidable crescent, made a few remarks, I believe; while I am pretty certain Mr. D—— informed the nun at the other extremity that it was a very cold evening. But in spite of these efforts the silence was long and ludicrous in the extreme. Another minute, and it would have been broken by a giggle. Fortunately the scene changed before so incorrect a catastrophe took place, and we were led over part of the house by a detachment of the ladies in a very agreeable, unceremonious manner, both parties then finding plenty to say. I was surprised to discover rosy young faces under the quaint, tall hoods, for in the solemn twilight scene they had all appeared old, and sharp, and wrinkled. This convent seems to be simply an 'Establishment for Young Ladies.' They told us they had two hundred day-boarders, and more than sixty resident pupils, at present absent for the Christmas holidays. These twelve nuns teach them all, but they have a music and one other teacher in addition. We were shown nothing very remarkable. Several school-rooms with the usual furnishing of benches, desks, maps, big boards, &c., and in each a little shrine adorned with artificial flowers. In one or two of the glass-cases was a statnette of the Virgin in an arbour of verdure and tinsel, and laid before her on a cushion a wax baby doll, most exquisitely modelled. As I stopped to look at one of these, the Mother Superior came up, and said in a playful, laughing voice, spreading her hands and bending towards it, 'Un petit Jésus!'

"There was a long, uncarpeted, empty-looking room,

with a small bookcase at one end and a few plants at the other, where, they assured us, 'on s'amuse très bien;' little cabin-like dormitories opened off it. The kitchen had a large crucifix on the wall; and in the middle was a stove well packed with pots and pans; two or three neat maidens were watching over them, and I suppose they contained the supper of the establishment, for that meal they take at six, dine at eleven, and breakfast at half-past six. The savoury smells in the kitchen reminded us that our own evening meal was in preparation a long way off, and we suddenly became in a great hurry to depart; so with a friendly leave-taking, very different from the dignified pomp of our reception, we left the Convent of Congregational Nuns, and drove home."

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CHAPTER XIV.

JANUARY 1st, 1854. *Sunday*.—A truly wintry day to commence the new year, and snowing very fast, though the thermometer was not more than 10° below the freezing point. We attended the Presbyterian Established Church with some Scotch friends, and heard a most excellent sermon, with appropriate and well-delivered prayers. With all the respect and affection I feel for the Church of Scotland, yet I still love more the beauty and excellence of our own Church-of-England Liturgy, —albeit I would divide the services, and avoid some of the repetitions.

What with the cloudy sky, the wind, the mist, and the falling snow—this being one of the least agreeable of Canadian winter days—we went out but little; a few turns on the Platform being the extent of our peregrinations.

2d.—The principal shops in the city were shut, people of all classes making this a holiday. Ladies sit up in their drawing-room with cake, and wine, and other refreshments spread out before them to receive the visits of the gentlemen of their acquaintance; who, on their

part, rush about from house to house to pay the compliments of the season, scarcely giving themselves time to sit down and take a sip of wine and nibble a bit of a cake. Some told me that they managed to call at seventy houses in the course of the day. General Rowan held a reception, and the St. Louis Road was thronged with sleighs conveying persons going to pay their respects to him. He seems universally and deservedly beloved.

Snow was falling at intervals during the day. On going out, however, to pay a round of farewell visits, though wearing lighter clothes than usual, I found the air quite warm; yet here we are in what we are to consider well on in an Upper-Canadian winter. Then it must be understood that to-morrow the thermometer may sink to 20° below zero; the fact being that the climate of this part of the country is as changeable as the humours of a spoiled child, a petted belle, or that of old England itself.

This was our last day in Quebec. For the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants I shall ever feel grateful, and the magnificence of its surrounding scenery I shall never forget; but in the winter its means of egress are too few; it is far too cribbed and confined to make me again willingly spend so large a portion of that season there.

We passed the evening at the house of some kind friends, who furnished us with a variety of warm wraps for the long sleigh-journey we are to commence to-morrow. They are sound Protestants. From them I received much information regarding the condition of the Roman Catholics of Canada. In the Lower Province the Roman Catholics outnumber the Protestants; in the Upper, though not so numerous as the members of the

Church of England, they prove a large and powerful body.

Whether the account I am now about to give is the same I have before mentioned I am uncertain. About three winters ago, a number of persons anxious for the propagation of the truth formed an association, under the direction of Dr. Cooke, a Presbyterian minister, and, collecting subscriptions, hired a large room in the suburb of St. Roch, which is chiefly inhabited by French Canadians. Through Dr. Cooke's means, a Swiss Protestant minister was engaged to perform Divine service, and to preach to all who would come to hear him. At first large numbers assembled to hear the word of truth; but very soon the Roman Catholic priests, finding that many of their flocks were about to desert them, stirred up the people against him. The house was attacked by a mob, composed chiefly of French Canadians. The windows were broken, and he was compelled to fly for his life. He returned however, and again attempted to preach, a police force being summoned to protect him; but a larger and more infuriated mob than before assembled, drove the police away, and very nearly succeeded in murdering him. He was, however, surrounded by bold and courageous friends, who, pretending that they had him still among them, enabled him to make his escape by himself; while they, after dispersing in small parties in different directions, completely baffled their bigoted enemies, who were left to wreak their vengeance on the house where he had preached.

The outrageous attack on Father Gavazzi at Sion Chapel is another example of animosity which any attempt to promulgate the truth is sure to excite among the Roman Catholic priesthood. On this occasion the

bold Italian Reformer was preaching to Protestants in a Protestant place of worship, when a mob, composed chiefly of Irish, attacked the building and attempted to destroy him. He defended himself with the greatest bravery, aided by those who surrounded him, but with much difficulty escaped from the fury of the populace. The most shameful feature in the case was that a magistrate (I need not say that he was a Roman Catholic) refused to allow the police to go out to aid in quelling the riot. There can be no doubt but that, on this occasion also, the priests had instigated the people to the attack.

It has been the very foolish custom of Protestant parents to send their children for education to Roman Catholic convents, where they are compelled to attend the services of the Church, though the nuns profess to make no other attempts to convert them to their faith. The result of this system must be that either the girls become converts to Romanism, or they are taught to look on the services of religion as a mere matter of form. Do the parents not perceive that this attendance on a service in which they can take no part is a mockery of religion, an outrage against their Maker? The so-called education which the poor girls obtain at this cost is nominally cheap, which is, of course, the attraction to the misguided parents, but it is at the same time very second-rate and superficial. It consists, at the best, of a few flimsy accomplishments, and not the very purest French. Gavazzi's preaching, and the mode in which he was treated, have, however, tended somewhat to enlighten Protestants as to the very probable consequences of the system under which they have been placing their children, so, instead of twenty-six Protestant scholars who

last year were sent to the Ursuline Convent, only six are there at present.

The following is an example of the mode in which children are liable to be treated. An English tradesman at Quebec sent his little girl, a very intelligent child, to one of the convents, with the express understanding that she was not to be tampered with or compelled to conform to any religious service. However, before long, as she was passing a figure of the Virgin Mary, a nun told her to bow down before it, but this the child resolutely refused to do. The next day, on passing the same figure, another nun, excited with zeal for her faith, forced her down on her knees before it. The child informed her father of what had occurred, who complained in consequence to a certain Father Maguire, the confessor of the convent. Father Maguire replied that he would inquire into the circumstance, but, as was to be expected, the nuns denied it altogether, or rather the priest asserted that they did so. Mr. —, the father of the child, indignant that his complaints should be thus treated, told the priest that he should withdraw his child and make the story known in every direction. "Well, if you do, you will lose the custom of all the Roman Catholics in the place, let me tell you," was the reply. Mr. — told the story; the priest was as good as his word, and many of his former customers deserted him.

Although the convents of Canada may be as free from objection on the score of morality as any convents in the world, yet, were the temptations ten times greater than they are as to cheapness and excellence of education, while Romanism remains, what it always will be, diametrically opposed to true and pure religion,—Protestant

parents are committing a sin of no slight magnitude in sending their children to them. How they have hitherto been able to excuse it to their conscience I know not, except by supposing that they have been perfectly indifferent to the religion they may adopt. The result, in numerous instances with which I have been acquainted when girls have been sent to convents, is, that they have become Roman Catholics. I earnestly trust that for the future the Protestant girls of Canada will receive their education at Protestant institutions.

Tuesday, 3d Jan.—We had arranged to start this day for Montreal. In the winter regular stages run daily between Quebec and that city. They are huge covered sleighs, like char-a-bancs with curtains, on runners, and are drawn by four horses. They go through in two days, stopping midway for a few hours to allow their passengers to obtain a little sleep if they can, and to imbibe a fresh supply of caloric to prevent their turning into ice. This mode of travelling is, I fancy, as thoroughly uncomfortable as can well be endured. Since then, however, the railroad between Quebec and Montreal on the south bank has been opened, and has probably driven the stage off the road. We had been recommended to hire a private vehicle, which goes by the name of an "extra," I conclude from being owned by the postmaster, and originally despatched in addition to the stage when that was full. Our heavy luggage was sent on by the stage, the charge of transport being eight dollars, while that of the "extra" was thirty. Thus the entire expense of the journey was not much above ten pounds.

Our first day's journey was to be a short one, as our kind friend the Hon. Edward Hale had invited us to stop

at his house at Pont Neuf. The "extra," however, with its merry bells, jingled up to the door at half-past ten, though we were not warmed up and cloaked and hooded sufficiently to start till mid-day. We were well provided with tea, bread, and wine to comfort our insides, and fur cloaks and hot-water bottles and wraps innumerable to shield our outsides from the cold, therefore we had little cause to dread any ill effects from the inclemency of the season. Farewells were over; and we packed, as best we could, into our narrow seats. Our conveyance was a red-painted wooden machine, raised a few inches only from the ground on runners, with an upright wooden back; a flat roof, supported by two poles in front; a narrow board, not used as a seat, separated us from the driver, who stood up all the journey, with a high splash-board before him. Our place was side by side, into a space into which there was scarcely room to squeeze; but a cushion to sit on, and a huge buffalo robe, tucked well in over our knees and over our feet, made us tolerably comfortable, and very secure from being jolted out; for, being once well jammed in, any further movement was altogether impossible till extricated at the end of the stage. Leathern curtains hung from the roof; but we very seldom had occasion to use them. Behind the sleigh there is a platform, on which our luggage was piled up, reaching very nearly to the roof. As its weight added much to the force of the shocks, and the way in which the vehicle laboured over the rough roads, I advise my friends, who have to take a similar journey, if they have any regard to their bones, to carry as little luggage as possible with them. Two horses are driven in tandem, gaily decorated with bells and red worsted frieze. The horses are said to be very fond of the sound of the bells, and

will not go half as freely without them. On each side of the splash-board were two iron uprights, at which the driver alternately grasped as he leaned on one side or the other of the sleigh to balance it, as it heeled over into the soft snow, or slid suddenly down an inclined plane, while with his voice he urged on his steeds to drag the vehicle out of danger.

The weather was surprisingly warm, not much above the freezing point (indeed, we afterwards found that it had been raining hard at the time at Montreal); our driver cracked his whip; our horses shook their heads and their bells, not sorry to be moving, and away we glided from the famed city of Quebec by the St. John's Gate. We reached the neat little inn at Lorette just before one o'clock. Near this place is a village of Indians, who make moccasins, snow-shoes, and toboggans, for the gentlemen, ladies, and small boys of Quebec, and Indian curiosities for the strangers who go there, and are weak enough to purchase them.

This little inn was like many at which we afterwards stopped, consisting of one story, on a raised platform, to keep it out of the snow, with a verandah round it, very neat and clean, and the people very civil. The bedrooms were small; a number of them opening out of a large central sitting-room, with a huge stove in it, and ornamented with pictures of saints of the Romish calendar and figures of the Virgin Mary. We here changed our sleigh and driver, and found ourselves, to our sorrow, under the charge of an obese and stupid fellow, who could not drive, with a team of rickety steeds, which could not draw. The snow, too, was deep and soft; and, to increase our difficulties, few sleighs had passed over it; so that we should have had many misgivings as to our

coming fate, had we not been assured that Canadian sleighs never upset, and that Canadian drivers are carefulness personified. Under this assurance, my brother had the year before made the journey, with his wife and infant, to whom an upset might have been destruction, and certainly escaped without an accident. However, before long, as we were crossing a wide field, covered with a uniform sheet of white, the wheeler gave a jump on one side, and without further warning, we found ourselves tumbled over into a bed of snow, some two or three feet deep. King Cheops, or any other mummy, thrown into a sand-heap, with the ruins of a pyramid on the top of him, and told suddenly to unroll himself and get up, would have no more difficulty in so doing than had we to free ourselves from the multitude of wraps in which we were enveloped, and to put ourselves on our feet again. We were not frightened, for there was evidently no danger; but we were excusably annoyed at the gross carelessness of the driver. Had we known better, we should have sat, or rather lain, still, and let him right the sleigh as best he could. In our ignorance, however, we thought it necessary to endeavour to scramble out. After many efforts, I made my escape on the upper side, while A., who was below, crept out into the soft snow, completely wetting her petticoats and stockings. Fortunately a cottage was near; and while the driver put the sleigh on its runners, A., civilly invited by the kind-mannered peasants, went in, and had her saturated garments dried at the stove. All the inmates of the cottage seemed to sympathise with her, and vied with each other in their eagerness to render her assistance. The domicile consisted of a chief room in the centre, serving for kitchen and parlour, with a large stove in it; while several bed-

rooms opened out of the sitting-room, so that the one stove served to heat the whole building. In half-an-hour we started; the road was winding and pretty; but the sleigh-track very narrow. We passed several sleighs in safety; but at length the huge Montreal stage, with a pile of hay on its roof, came bumping along, driven by an Irish carter. He either could not move on one side, or his vehicle, being somewhat top-heavy, he was afraid of its turning over if he did so. Whatever was the case, he sung out, "There is no danger, drive on." Our driver, consequently, moved out of the way of the big machine; but, instead of himself keeping on the roadside of the sleigh, and heeling over to balance it, he jumped off on the ditch side, where, instantly sinking up to his waist, he was unable to prop up the sleigh, and over it went, plunging me head and arms into a deep snow-drift. A., who remained jammed up in her place on the upper side, was much frightened at seeing my head disappear, not knowing whether it might not be under the top of the vehicle. I spluttered out an assurance, as well as the snow would let me, that I was unhurt; and this time, sitting quite still, the driver, after one or two heaves, righted the vehicle. I suffered but little inconvenience, except that I was covered with snow, while a quantity had got up my arms.

This stage is unusually long—one of eighteen miles.—and as with our rickety horses we could scarcely ever go out of a walk, in addition to which, the snow being deep, and the driver being incompetent, we were nearly five hours in performing it. To do the Canadian drivers, or carters as they are called in English, full justice, this was the very worst turn-out we had during the journey. We changed both sleigh and driver at "Cape Sante,"

and this time got a good team and steady carter. There was also much less snow, and a small moon, aided by the bright glare of the snow, affording us abundance of light, we trotted gaily along, crossing the beautiful Jaques Cartier River by a long bridge, and at half-past seven reached the house of our kind friend the Hon. Edward Hale at Pont Neuf.

From the lateness of the hour he had given us up; but welcomed us warmly, and in a few minutes dinner was again brought on the table. He is connected with many noble families in England, and highly respected in the land of his adoption, where he has resided for fifty years. He is, indeed, a perfect specimen of the old English gentleman. His cottage, which he bought, is an old habitant dwelling, built of cedar logs; but as he new weather-boarded and caulked it, it is thoroughly proof against wet, cold, or wind. It consists of two stories, with large rooms below, and a number of small ones above, according to the usual habitant fashion, and has a broad verandah in front. After tea, we all sat up talking till eleven o'clock.

Though he is the owner of a seigneurie, he told me that he considers the seigneuries might be abolished advantageously for the country, provided the seigneurs receive sufficient compensation for the loss of their property. A seigneur derives his income from a half-penny paid him on every acre sold, and from a fine levied each time that property changes hands, according to the value of the property. Frequently property is freed from this fine by the owners paying a sum in full. The greater part of the city of Montreal has been thus freed. He spoke warmly of the French Canadians, among whom he has long lived, as kind, honest, courteous, and simple;

but at the same time very ignorant, and easily made the dupes of designing demagogues, as they were at the rebellion, when few could tell why they took up arms against the British Government.

January 4th.—Our driver not making his appearance, as we expected, Mr. Hale sent us onward to the next post-house in one of his sleighs, our luggage going in another. We at once found the advantage of an open sleigh, free from the weight of our portmanteaus; for we glided on far more easily than we had before done. We did not start till nearly twelve o'clock, and found the air warm and pleasant. On showing our tickets at Deschaubault, the post-master provided us with an extra.

Most of our drivers wore buffalo-skin coats, sheep-skin caps, and bright red sashes round their waists; but we now got a youth, evidently a great dandy in his way. His habiliments were a bright-blue blanket-coat, with a hood lined with red; red epaulettes, red binding, and a red sash. He let us see that he was not a little proud of his costume; for ever and anon he would feel that his hood was hanging gracefully, and that his sash-tie was in its place; and then he would pass his fingers through his carrotty locks and smooth his freckled face. He ogled every damsel he passed, and thought so little of us, his helpless charge, that he bumped and thumped us dreadfully over the cahots, and more than once nearly upset us. We agreed that he was one of the ugliest fellows we ever saw; but we might possibly, for the above reasons, have become prejudiced against him.

The road was marked by boughs stuck in the snow. Sometimes we made short cuts across the fields; but as the snow is a sad leveller of the beauties on the face of nature, we should not have known when we had regained

the highroad had it not been for the two lines of telegraph posts and wires, which run from one end of Canada to the other,—indeed, through all the North American provinces, connecting almost every town within their boundaries. At intervals there appeared large black crosses, surrounded by palings; but I could not ascertain why they have been erected,—certainly not to mark the spot where a murder has been committed, as in Spain or Italy. In some places there were shrines, like little dolls' houses on pedestals, with figures in them of the Madonna adorned with silk robes and a tinsel crown; such I have often met with in Portugal, and I cannot say, as works of art superior to those in the latter country. In each village or hamlet we observed between every five or six houses large ovens standing on platforms in the open air, with rounded tops, something like bee-hives. They are made of clay, and have wooden roofs to protect them from the weather. They are, doubtless, the same in construction as those used by the earliest French settlers.

We had a sight continually of the St. Lawrence, in the centre of which there appeared a line of open water, in some places, where the current was strong, of considerable width. The road began to be very rough, and we now encountered those dreadful impediments to easy sleigh-travelling, the vile cahots. Oh those abominable cahots! It will be impossible ever to forget the bumps and thumps, the dislocating jerks and pitches, the rolling and tumbling, we endured during that afternoon, as we plunged up and down like a labouring ship over an interminable succession of frozen waves. No wonder that travellers in the Lower Province are in no way inclined to bless the country sleighs which are the cause

of their misery. In addition to this, the sleighs often glide off to either side of the road towards the ditch, each successive vehicle increasing the segment of the circle thus formed, and digging deeper into the snow, till, at last, it seems impossible to pass the spot without overturning or sliding into the drift; and as these spots occur every fifty yards or so, it truly is surprising how sleighs can get along at all without an accident.

St. Anne's, a neat and pretty village, was our next post. Here we were to have stopped, had not a family to whom we had letters been absent. The villages have all a French, or rather a Swiss, look, with neat churches of odd architecture, and tall tin spires. The cottages have verandahs mostly surrounding them, and have very high pitched roofs and carved palings. The villages are particularly neat and clean, and have an old, settled look, very unlike the rapidly changing places in Upper Canada and the Western States. The fences, also, are of sawn timber, frequently painted,—not a snake-fence is to be seen; and, indeed, so different an aspect did the country bear to what we had hitherto seen, that we could scarcely help fancying that we were travelling in some country on the other side of the Atlantic. The post-inn at St. Anne's is of two stories. We ascended to the upper, and having a supply with us of meat, bread, and wine, we made a very good luncheon. I strongly advise travellers in Canada to carry those articles with them; and more especially black tea, which is not to be procured. We found the greatest comfort in being able to make tea directly we reached a post-house; and scarcely did the people expect any pay for the hot water with which they supplied us, a sixpence affording them ample satisfaction.

Having crossed the River St. Anne's, the road improved somewhat, and we began to recover from our previous jolting, when our hopes of an easy journey were put to flight by the accounts we received of the state of the road from several drivers we encountered; and very soon our worst anticipations were realised. The moon arose before we reached Champlain, where the inn was so bad that we could not have stopped had we wished it; but we took some tea, which revived us; and then, changing our sleigh, proceeded on to Trois Rivières. The road now became worse and worse, and the cahots deeper, more frequent, and more bump-giving. At one time the way in which the vehicle plunged, and rolled, and heeled over—the driver standing almost on its side, as he endeavoured, by counterpoising it with all his weight, to keep it from completely upsetting—was perfectly terrific. It was surprising that we were not capsized, and equally so that we had not every limb in our bodies dislocated; but we escaped without any such accident, though heartily glad were we to get to the end of our day's journey.

This stage completely dispelled any remaining romantic notions of the delights of sleigh-travelling; and I sincerely wished that any other means existed of reaching Montreal, for I feared that, should we be compelled to endure two more days of similar rough work to that we had just gone through, it would completely knock up my wife, who had, however, borne it better than nearly any other lady could have done.

Soon after passing a long, handsome bridge over the St. Maurice, we entered the town of Three Rivers. A regular thaw had begun, and water dripped from the

roofs and ran through the gutters. Traversing a number of narrow streets, we reached Bärner's Hotel, a two-storied house, tolerably neat and clean. It had a verandah in front, whence we could see the river, here entirely free from ice; and as we stood watching the moonbeams playing in the wavelets which crisped its surface, it seemed as if we had suddenly got into a southern clime, and must have left all the frost and snow far behind us.

Thursday, January 5th.—After a good breakfast we started at nine o'clock in the smallest sleigh we had yet attempted to enter. At first I looked at it in despair; but, by dint of some contrivance, and by letting a great-coat or two hang outside, we did pack in. The road improved a little, but the cahots were still too numerous to be amusing. At the next stage we got a still smaller sleigh than the last; and I can scarcely tell how we and our luggage were stowed away in it, but so we were, and once more went bumping on our road. For some distance we cut across the country through a copse-wood, the branches of the trees scratching our faces as we passed through them, and then we plunged down a steep bank on to a frozen stream. Our horses' heads were turned up it; and along we trotted, gaily and smoothly, keeping clear of numerous round holes which had been cut for the purpose of catching fish. The fish are caught by being attracted to the hole at night by a light held over it, when they are either speared or caught with hooks, like the silly tommycoös.

As we were going quickly along, some lads in a little sleigh started from the steep bank above with the expectation of crossing in front of us, but they miscalculated their distance, and were carried directly under our horses'

feet; and our sleigh catching theirs, dragged them along for a considerable distance, their faces all the time exhibiting the most perfect expression of horror. Our driver scarcely deigned to look at them; and had he pulled up, he would have run a greater risk of hurting them. They soon broke free again, perfectly uninjured, though their sleigh was slightly the worse for the adventure.

We continued along the bed of the river for two or three miles, and then mounting the bank, went over a somewhat cahotty road till we came to Maskinonge. Many of the villages we passed have retained their Indian names, which sound far better than the French ones taken from the saints in the Romish Calendar. One point reminded us that we were not in Italy or France, for not a beggar did we meet; whereas in those countries at every post-town the traveller stops at, he is surrounded by a whole crowd of the maimed, blind, and halt. Leaving the village, we again descended another steep bank, and found ourselves trotting along over the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence.

The contrast of the delightful smoothness of the ice after the cahotty road was exactly similar to that one experiences on board ship when getting into a sheltered channel on leaving a heavy, pitching sea outside. For about nine miles we went along almost as smoothly as we had expected to do before we started during all our journey, till we reached the river-port, for so I may call it, of Bertier. It was curious to land among a dozen or so of frozen-up schooners, and a collection of canoes and boats peeping out among the snow.

The part of the St. Lawrence we traversed was a wide channel among islands at the west end of the Lake

St. Peter's; where there being little or no current, the ice forms early in the season, and it was now, we understood, the only part of the river safe for sleighing. During some years, however, people travel over the ice the greater part of the way to Montreal.

Bertier is a neat village, and has a pretty little inn; the landlady of which pressed us to stay, as daylight was nearly passed, but we were anxious to push on; so taking a most refreshing tea, we entered another extra, which stood ready for us. This was roomy,—at least as extras go: and the road being tolerably smooth, we reached without much fatigue the small village of La Valtrie. The outside of the inn had not a tempting appearance; but as it looked capable of affording tolerable accommodation, and the snow had begun to fall fast, and as the people who kept it were very civil, we resolved to chance it for the night, and to make an early start on the following morning. We had soon a plentiful supply of fish and meat placed before us, and as we had our own home-made bread and tea, we fared sumptuously. Our bedroom was clean, and the window was full of plants. The French Canadians are fond of plants, which are found in every cottage. In one corner of the sitting-room was a small citron-tree, the fruit of which was rather colourless from the rays of the sun being so much shut out from it. The landlord, as he padded about the room in his stocking feet and nightcap on head, was in appearance a complete Frenchman. The house contained two large sitting-rooms, with several neat, white-curtained bedrooms opening out of them, with a kitchen and other rooms, in one of which our supper was served. Each sitting-room had a large stove in it.

January 6th.—We were up at six, and, breakfasting comfortably, were in our extra before eight. This morning the cold was far greater than we had yet felt it; and as we proceeded close to the river, and frequently completely level with its waters, a piercing wind which came across it made us glad to hide our faces in our hoods. This small but faithful specimen of hyperborean weather convinced us that, although sleigh-travelling may be very pleasant when the air is serene and the sky bright, we would rather not undergo many days of it under less favourable circumstances. Soon, indeed, railways will supersede nearly all other modes of locomotion throughout the country.

A railway between Quebec and Montreal on the north shore can certainly be formed without any difficulty; for the whole distance we had come showed us nothing like a hill till Mont Royal appeared in view; the rivers alone, and those not very broad, being the only spots where any engineering skill is required. Considering the great number of large villages, and the still greater of hamlets—indeed, we were scarcely ever out of sight of a habitation of some sort—I cannot but feel sure that a railway in this direction would pay, as it would certainly add to the prosperity of the large cities at each end, and more especially to that of the intermediate towns and villages, which now for five months every year are almost cut off from any communication with each other. Quebec and Montreal, it is true, are now joined by the Southern Shore Railway, and for passenger traffic this is sufficient; but as heavy goods have thus twice to cross the river, the risk and expense are considerably increased. In case, also, of a war with the States (too remote a contingency, I trust, to speculate on), that might, by the

advance of an enemy into the country, be rendered useless. It must be remembered that we were travelling along the shores of the St. Lawrence; a few miles inland we should have found the country much less densely populated, and in some places almost a desert.

A stage of sixteen miles took us to *Bou de l'Isle*, the post-house, close to the river. Leaving it at about half-past ten we shot down a steep bank, and found ourselves crossing a wide arm of the St. Lawrence, or rather the Ottawa, which forms the eastern boundary of the island of Montreal after it has washed its northern shore. This was the first day it had been passable for some time, as a determined thaw had rendered it rotten; but the previous night's frost had again frozen it hard. We hoped sincerely that it was sufficiently strong; but we had our misgivings as we advanced towards the centre of the wide, icy plain—for should we break through, the perfect hopelessness of escape struck us forcibly. However, I do not mean to say that the idea troubled us much, for we were too much interested with the novelty of the scene as we trotted gaily along for upwards of a mile, shielding our noses from the bitter wind till we reached the extreme end of the island of Montreal. Here we saw our driver, who was a stupid fellow, wavering as to where he should land; and looking out ahead, I observed a considerable quantity of water between us and the shore. However, some Canadians with a sleigh before us cried out, "*N'ayez pas peur!*" and on we dashed and splashed through it, our horses' legs sinking through the ice, and in another instant were on hard ground, not a little to our satisfaction.

As we proceeded, we found that much less snow had fallen here than at Quebec; and owing to the hard rains

which came down two days ago, much of what then was snow had disappeared, so that many of the fields were quite bare, and in some places the stones were cropping out in the road. We kept close to the river, which had here for a considerable extent overflowed its banks; and trees and fences were sticking up from the masses of ice which surrounded them.

So near the termination of our journey we had no expectation of further adventures, but they were not over. As we were passing a cross road, a sleigh coming out of it drove against our leader, which turned him round, and made him follow after it, while our wheeler went straight on, our stupid carter losing all control over him. This dragged us off the road; and our carter in backing the wheeler got him by some means at right angles with the sleigh, when, of course, over we went with a tremendous thump on the hard road. We had now learned to sit still and not to trouble ourselves with such trifles. After a few heaves our carter managed to put us upright again; and getting into his stand, without a word of apology he drove on; neither we, nor the sleigh, nor our luggage, being the worse for the accident.

The road as we neared Montreal was almost bare of snow, but very slippery with ice. The river presented a very curious appearance. Its whole surface up and down, as far as we could see, was covered with huge broken masses of ice, two and three feet thick, piled one over the other in confused heaps, as if they had been trying to overleap each other; or like a terror-stricken crowd overtaken as they are endeavouring to escape from the destroyer. A bright sun shining on the sparkling snow, a smooth, civilised road, and numerous gaily-caparisoned

sleighs, made Montreal look clean and cheerful, as with no little satisfaction, at about one o'clock, we drove up to Donegana's Hotel; and in a few minutes were comfortably settled in as nice apartments as we could desire, congratulating ourselves on the happy termination of this part of our journey.

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ICE CUTTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER XV.

ALTHOUGH our stay at Montreal was to be short, as we hoped before long to return again, I was anxious to make the acquaintance of several persons to whom we had letters; which I at once, therefore, sallied forth to deliver. Among others, I had one to Professor Logan the geologist, whom I found at the new Government Geological Museum; and I feel most deeply indebted to him for his kindness, and the very valuable information he gave me. He is devotedly attached to his profession, and is at the head of the Geological Survey of Canada carried on by the Colonial Government. They make a grant of 2000*l.* a-year

for its support; a sum, however, very inadequate for the purpose. He is following the plan of the late Sir Henry De la Beche and the late lamented Professor Forbes in their arrangement of the Geological Museum of London. The rooms were then in a very incomplete state. The lower floor is devoted to the economics of Canada, and contains specimens of all the minerals, clays, and other productions of the earth, which are used in manufactures. He is sadly short-handed, so that much of his valuable time and attention is taken up in financial or ordinary details, to which less scientific persons could attend as well as he. He has thus an accumulation of specimens of five years' collection, which he has been unable to arrange. He has, however, contrived to ticket each of them with the position in which they were found. Even when surveying he has not hands sufficient to use chains, and therefore has to pace all the ground he goes over,—a process which continual practice enables him to perform with tolerable accuracy, but which sadly lengthens and increases the labour of the operation. When completed, the Museum will be most interesting and valuable, and will reflect credit on the able professor.

He told me that he had surveyed the Gold Region in the Eastern Townships. It intersects nearly at right angles the Rivers Chaudière and St. Francis, the northern line running north-east and south-west at about thirty miles from their mouths. It embraces all the streams which run into them, and extends to the borders of the States, and probably farther. He suspects that the arrieros rocks have been swept across the American continent from Florida during a great flood by strong currents, or by some agency which I may describe as similar to that when icebergs touch the ground and carry rocks

away with them far to the south. In the same way a flood has carried away huge masses of earth with the gold rocks adhering to them; and encountering the ranges of the Blue Mountains, probably thrown up by some other agency, have there broken to pieces and deposited their burden, which, when the waters subsided, the streams, springing forth, have carried back and spread over the lower ground at their base. There can be no doubt that this gold field contains a considerable amount of the precious metal, but much scattered and deeply imbedded in the rock. A company has been formed to work it; but as yet they have not done more than pay their expenses, if even they can justly boast of that success. Professor Logan calculates that each man working hard will not gain more than six shillings a-day, even if successful—a sum scarcely above what a labourer on the roads can obtain in Upper Canada. He showed me one nugget weighing 126 pennyweights found in the Chaudière; also a bottle of large dust weighing eight pounds, and two pounds of nuggets, the value of the ten pounds being 500*l.*; to collect which fifteen men were employed five months. Rich as the region is, few people even in the neighbourhood have left their regular work to dig in it.

Attached to the Museum is a laboratory, in which Mr. Hunt, chemist and mineralogist to the Survey, is employed. He has lately discovered three shells of the same composition as human bones. One was found in India, the appearance of which led to the examination of the other two, which were found in Canada.

In the evening the Professor and an old friend of mine in the Engineers called on us. They told us that yesterday “a shove,” as it is called, on the St. Lawrence

took place; and as it was still moving, we had hopes of seeing it on the next morning. A shove is the ice formed up the river being broken by the force of the current, and driven violently against the sheet which covers the stiller water on the wide expanse opposite Montreal, when the whole mass with terrific crashes breaks up into huge fragments; the sheets which come hurrying down from the Ottawa and the upper part of the St. Lawrence rushing both under and over that which was stationary; when the whole confused mass drives against the island and shores of the river, sometimes sliding two hundred feet or more over the land, and rising twenty and thirty feet, and sometimes much more, against walls and other impediments in its way. The water from above, at the same time impeded by the mass of ice, rises many feet and floods the country. A large suburb of Montreal to the west of the city was yesterday under water, so that the inhabitants were compelled to move about in canoes; while, at the same time, they were greatly in fear that their dwellings would be completely ruined by the inundation. What with fires and floods the residents in Montreal seem to have an uneasy life of it. Mr. Logan gave me the following very interesting account of the packing of the ice in the St. Lawrence.

“The frost commences about the end of November, and a margin of ice of some strength soon forms along the shores of the river and around every island and projecting rock in it; and wherever there is still water, it is immediately cased over. The wind, acting on this glacial fringe, breaks off portions in various parts, and these proceeding down the stream, constitute a moving border on the outside of the stationary one, which, as the

intensity of the cold increases, is continually augmented by the adherence of the ice-sheets which have been coasting along it; and as the stationary border thus robs the moving one, this still further outflanks the other, until in some parts the margins from the opposite shores nearly meeting, the floating ice becomes jammed up between them, and a night of severe frost forms a bridge across the river. The first ice-bridge below Montreal is usually formed at the entrance of the river into Lake St. Peter, where the many channels into which the river is split up greatly assist the process.

“As soon as this wintry barrier is thrown across (generally towards Christmas), it of course rapidly increases by stopping the progress of the downward floating ice, which has by this time assumed a character of considerable grandeur, nearly the whole surface of the stream being covered with it. It moves in solid and extensive fields, and wherever it meets with an obstacle in its course, the momentum of the mass breaks up the striking part into huge fragments that pile over one another; or, if the obstacle be stationary ice, the fragments are driven under it and then closely packed. Beneath the constantly widening ice-barrier mentioned, an enormous quantity is thus driven, particularly where the barrier gains any position, where the current is stronger than usual.

“There is no place on the St. Lawrence where all the phenomena of the taking, packing, and shoving of the ice, are so grandly displayed as in the neighbourhood of Montreal. The violence of the currents is here so great, and the river in some places expands to such a width, that whether we consider the prodigious extent of the masses moved, or the force with which they are

propelled, nothing can afford a more majestic spectacle or impress the mind more thoroughly with a sense of irresistible power. Standing for hours together on the bank overlooking St. Mary's Current, or wandering up and down like a weary spirit on the shores of the Styx, I have seen league after league of ice crushed and broken against the barrier lower down, and there submerged and crammed beneath; and when we consider that an operation similar to this occurs in various parts from Lake St. Peter upwards, it will not surprise us that the river should gradually swell. By the time the ice has become stationary at the foot of St. Mary's Current, the waters of the St. Lawrence have usually risen several feet in the harbour of Montreal; and as the space through which that current flows, between the island of St. Helen's and shelving ledges of trap, affords a deep and narrow passage for nearly the whole body of the river, it may well be imagined that when the packing here begins, the inundation rapidly increases.

"The water in the harbour usually attains a height of twenty, sometimes twenty-six feet above its summer level. It is at this period that the grandest movements of the ice occur. From the effect of packing and piling, and the accumulation of the snows of the season, the saturation of these with water, and the freezing of the whole into a solid body, it attains the thickness of ten to twenty feet and even more; and after it has become fixed as far as the eye can reach, a sudden rise in the water, occasioned by some greater impediment from submerged ice lifting up a wide expanse of covering of the river, so high as to free it from the many points of rest and resistance, the vast mass is set in motion by the whole hydraulic power of this gigantic stream. Proceeding

onward with a truly terrific majesty, it piles up over every obstacle it encounters, and when forced into a narrow part of the channel, the lateral pressure it there exerts drives the border ice to the banks, where it sometimes accumulates to the height of forty or fifty feet.

"In front of the town of Montreal, there has lately been built a fine revêtement wall of cut lime-stone, to the height of twenty-three feet above the summer level of the river. This wall is now a great protection against the effects of the ice. Broken by it, the ice piles on the street or terrace above it, and there stops; but before this wall was built, the sloping bank guided the moving mass up to those of gardens and houses in a very dangerous manner, and many accidents used to occur. I have seen it mount a terrace garden twenty feet above the bank, and crossing the garden, enter one of the principal streets of the town.

"A few years before the erection of the revêtement wall, a friend of mine, tempted by the commercial advantages of the position, ventured to build a large cut-stone warehouse, closer than usual upon the margin of the harbour. The ground-floor was not more than eight feet above the summer level of the river. At the taking of the ice, the usual rise of the water of course inundated the lower story, and the whole building becoming surrounded by a frozen sheet, a general expectation was entertained that it would be prostrated by the first movement. But the proprietors had taken a very simple and effectual precaution to prevent this. Just before the rise of water, he secretly laid against the sides of the building, at an angle of less than 45° , a number of stout oak logs, a few feet asunder. When the movement came, the sheet of ice was broken and

pushed up the wooden inclined plane thus formed, at the top of which, meeting the wall of the building, it was reflected into a vertical position, and falling back, in this manner such an enormous rampart of ice was in a few minutes placed in front of the warehouse, as completely shielded it from all possible danger. In some years the ice has piled up nearly as high as the roof of this building, which is 180 feet long and four or five stories in height. Another gentleman, encouraged by the security of this warehouse, erected one of great strength and magnitude on the next water lot, but he omitted to protect it in the same way. The result might have been anticipated. A movement of the ice occurring, the great sheet struck the walls at right angles and pushed over the building as if it had been a house of cards. Both positions are now secured by the revêtement wall.

“Several movements of the grand order just mentioned came before the final setting of the ice, and each is immediately preceded by a sudden rise in the river. Sometimes several days, occasionally but a few hours, will intervene between them, and it is fortunate that there is a criterion by which the inhabitants are made aware when the ice may be considered at rest for the season, and when therefore it is safe to cut the winter roads across its rough and pinnacled surface. This is never the case until a longitudinal opening of considerable extent appears in some part of St. Mary's Current. It has embarrassed many to give a satisfactory reason why this rule, derived from the experience of the peasantry, should be depended on. But the explanation is extremely simple. The opening is merely an indication that a free sub-glacial passage has been made for itself by the water, through the combined influence of

erosion and temperature; the effect of which, where the current is strongest, has been sufficient to wear through to the surface. The formation of this passage shows the cessation of the supply of submerged ice, and a consequent security against any further rise of the river to loosen its covering for another movement. The opening is thus a true mark of safety. It lasts the whole winter, never freezing over even when the temperature of the air reaches 30° below zero of Fahrenheit, and from its first appearance the waters of the inundation gradually subside, escaping through the channel, of which it is the index.

“The waters seldom or never fall so low as to attain their summer level; but the subsidence is sufficiently great to demonstrate clearly the prodigious extent to which the ice has been packed, and to show that over great occasional areas it has reached to the very bottom of the river. For it will occur to every one, that when the mass rests on the bottom its height will not be diminished by the subsidence of the water, and that, as this proceeds, the ice, according to the thickness which it has in various parts attained, will present various elevations after it has found a resting-place beneath, until just so much is left supported by the stream as is sufficient to permit its free escape. When the subsidence has attained its maximum, the trough of the St. Lawrence, therefore, exhibits a glacial landscape, undulating into hills and valleys, that run in various directions; and while some of the principal mounds stand upon a base of five hundred yards in length by a hundred or two in breadth, they present a height of ten to fifteen feet above the level of those parts still supported by the water.”

Who has not heard of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky? Certainly no one who has travelled in the States; for as the Britishers are proud of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway, so are the Yankees rather more so of the wonders of their big cavern. They say that its passages extend one hundred and fifty miles into the bowels of the earth. My engineer friend, who had visited it, and with whom we were discussing the subject, making due allowance for their exaggeration, thought that it might extend fifty; but Captain Lefroy, who measured the chief passage, found that it is three miles and a half in length, which is, I suspect, nearer the truth.

Willis gives an admirable description of it in his most amusing work, "A Health Trip to the Tropics," the perusal of which I strongly recommend, and shall therefore not speak of it further than to say that it contains hills, and valleys, and lakes, and rivers, and bottomless pits, with many other wonders, and that the inhabitants of the lakes are eyeless fish, who make amends for their want of sight by their acuteness in hearing. It is a question among philosophers whether the ancestors of those fish dwelling in waters under the blue vault of heaven had eyes, and whether their descendants, when they came within the precincts of this gloomy cavern, finding no use for them, gave up wearing them altogether.

January 7th.—A fresh and most delightful day, with a bright sun and clear sky, while the cold was not too severe to be unpleasant. Accompanied by my old friend N——, we went down to the river to see the effects of the shove. Far as the eye could reach, the surface of the St. Lawrence was covered with blocks of ice, one

overlapping the other, at an angle of about 45° . In some places the slabs had been forced up to form hillocks, some ten to fifteen feet in height, the whole surface being far too rough to allow any person walking over it. Huge masses had been piled up eight or ten feet above the level of the quays, which the water had also covered, but that had much subsided, though still far above its usual height in summer. Further on, another huge pile of ice-blocks had been formed, still higher than those near us; while beyond it again, to the westward, a long line like a reef of rocks extended outward from a point of land running into the river, and which forms what we may properly call a "break-ice" to the quays in front of the city, and which, without the protection of this point, would be overwhelmed, if not completely destroyed. To comprehend fully the immense and destructive power of the ice, the scene I have described must be witnessed, and yet engineering science is now attempting to oppose this power in the wonderful bridge which is being thrown across the river.

Among this chaotic mass of ice were a few level spots, on one of which people were skating, in another men were engaged in sawing out slabs of ice to fill the ice-houses in the city. They first marked a furrow on the ice with an ice-plough, which is in shape not very dissimilar to a common plough, and then with long saws they cut through the ice at right angles to the line marked by the plough. Other men with hooks dragged the slabs thus separated through the water to a spot where sleighs were in readiness to carry them off. The slabs were under two feet in thickness, and four or five in length. The charge we were told for a hundred such blocks is three dollars; but whether delivered at the ice-house or on the

river I know not. The water ran rapidly under the hole thus cut, and rose at once to the level of the ice, but did not overflow it.

I called this day on Mr. Ramsay, one of the chief booksellers in Canada, and had much conversation with him on the copyright question. He has published a considerable number of works, especially school-books. Among other points, I was anxious to ascertain the best method by which British publishers can supply the Canadian market on terms as favourable as the United States publishers can do. He seemed to think that British publishers might bring out editions on cheaper paper and with less expensive type, &c. &c., which still would be superior to those editions which issue from the press of New York. If this could be done, of course Canadian booksellers might compete successfully with American publishers, not only in Canada, but in the United States also. He told me that several Scotch publishers have already supplied him with books at a price fully to compete with those published in the States. The Americans, however, publish English school-books at half the price of the English editions. He was also of opinion that he might publish in Canada American works, although the copyright is secured in England, and since the decision that foreigners cannot hold copyright in England, such of course he could do: but the great aim of all those truly interested in the spread of information in both countries should be to bring about an international copyright, and then the authors, publishers, booksellers, and public of both countries would have equal justice, and while the first obtain a better reward for the labour of their brains, the latter will get cheaper, and probably better books.

I have often spoken of the difficulty men of education experience in succeeding as farmers in Canada. Dr. M——, who has been long settled in the country, if he is not a Canadian by birth, and who called on us this day, assured me that he has known only one gentleman settler succeed in Canada as a farmer. He was possessed of an abundance of physical strength and health, and of a lieutenant's half-pay. He went into the woods, where he bought land and made a clearing. Success attended his first efforts, and year by year he increased his store, till he was able to build mills on some unfailing water privileges which he possessed. These added to his wealth, and having brought up a large family, and seen them all well settled, he died, leaving fifteen thousand pounds to be divided among them. Dr. M—— owned that a gentleman may succeed and make six per cent if he starts with a good capital and thoroughly understands farming; but he will make more by investing his money judiciously in mortgages or in some mercantile pursuits. Hundreds of gentlemen, especially unmarried, go into the backwoods with the idea that they are about to form an Arcadia; but when the stern realities of such a life as they must inevitably lead break upon them, their spirits sink before them—they take too probably to drinking, when, of course, matters grow worse; and at length, if not ruined in mind and body as well as in property, they go home and abuse the country as the cause of their misfortunes.

Canada is certainly the country for a strong, hard-working, uneducated man, who has never known the pleasures of refined society; for a life in the backwoods is to those accustomed to the social intercourse of the Old World dreary in the extreme, besides being rough

and trying to the health; but then again, persevering, hard labour, guided by common sense and practical knowledge, must bring its reward. From the advice of every one who knows the country thoroughly, I may safely recommend those with moderate capitals, who cannot live at ease at home, to come out here and to invest their money, or the greater portion of it, judiciously, with good security, while they buy a small portion of land near some town, on which to build a house, and sufficiently large to supply themselves with milk, butter, bacon, fowls, and vegetables, and to keep their horses, and perhaps to feed a few sheep. In other words, a given sum will enable a gentleman to live far more liberally in Canada than he can in England, if he invests it judiciously, and buys or rents a small farm to supply himself with all the necessaries for his table; if he is near a town he will probably be able to enjoy as much pleasant society as he can desire, and obtain a fair education for his children. I have several times resorted to this subject, on account of its importance to so large a class of the community.

From what I saw of Upper Canada, of which province I now speak, I feel sure that many thousand British families, who now exist on limited incomes, scattered about through Germany and France, would live far pleasanter, more satisfactory, and more useful lives, if they would carry themselves and their fortunes across the Atlantic, and take up their abode near Toronto, Hamilton, Coburg, or any of the other rapidly-rising towns in the province; while they would infinitely benefit themselves, they would add much to the wealth and prosperity of that interesting and beautiful country.

We heard to-day of the opening of the Great

Western Railway between Toronto, Hamilton, the Falls of Niagara, and London,—the time occupied between the two most distant places being about three hours. It goes on to Sandwich, opposite to Detroit, in the United States. Besides running through the richest districts, and connecting the largest towns in Upper Canada, it will bring the traffic of a considerable portion of the Western States through Canada. Several large hotels are building in the different towns to accommodate the expected travellers.

The day was beautifully bright, but the wind was bitterly cold. We went down again to the river. The hole which the ice-cutters had formed the previous day was still open, a fringe only being formed round the edge of the old ice; this was owing to the rapidity of the current running through it, for the frost was tolerably severe.

Mr. Logan called and described the bridge to be constructed across the St. Lawrence over which the Grand Trunk Railway is to pass. It is to be tubular, supported on arches sufficiently high to allow the largest vessels to pass under them. It will be nearly two miles in length, and strong enough to withstand the vast pressure of the ice as it breaks up and rushes down from the Ottawa and Lake Ontario.

I have already described the breaking up of the ice, and the immense force with which it strikes the land about Montreal, by which some idea may be formed of the engineering skill required for the construction of this wonderful work, which will as far surpass the Menai Bridge as that did any similar work which had preceded it. Stephenson, the engineer, says that he got the best information of the formation and movement of the ice

from Logan's paper, and the best hints as to the means calculated to withstand its power.

Mr. Logan described a curious land-slip which took place on the 4th of April, 1840, on the Maskinonge river, which we crossed on our way to Montreal. A mass of soft marl, resting on a rocky bed, covering about eighty-four acres, slipped from its position into the stream. On it were two homesteads and a wood of maple-trees. The people escaped, but all the animals perished, with the exception of two hens and a cock, who was heard to crow most lustily as the mansion in which he was cooped up sailed away. Like Robinson Crusoe, he exclaimed probably, "I am monarch of all I survey." The mass was narrow where the movement commenced near the river, gradually widening to six hundred yards. It crossed the stream, and divided in two parts, one going up, the other down, most of the trees still standing on them, and many days afterwards the palings dividing the fields were to be seen in their places. It would have been a nice case for the law to decide to whom the land belonged. A lake was thus formed by the blocking up of the river, extending nine miles above the scene of the mishap, which setting everything afloat, committed a vast deal of havoc. At length, however, the water forced a passage through the mass, and in about six months swept the greater portion of it into the St. Lawrence.

We find that we should have made a more rapid and far easier journey had we travelled along the south shore. A gentleman and his daughter, whom we knew, left Quebec at nine in the morning, and reached Richmond at one on the next morning, having stopped to lunch, dine, and tea. They slept there, and came on to Montreal the next day with perfect ease. However, we did

not regret our long sleigh journey, though we are not likely to attempt a similar one except in a case of necessity; and now that railways are about to be opened directly through Canada, travelling even in the winter season will be comparatively easy. In the summer travelling in America is certainly more easy, more amusing, and infinitely cheaper than in any part of Europe.

Monday, January 9th.—A bright sky and no wind, and though the thermometer is 9° below zero, we found walking out very pleasant in spite of the cold. This was to be our last day in Canada, so I got my Canadian notes changed for American gold, which, as may be supposed, is more trustworthy than American paper is said to be, though I must confess that I never received an American note which I had the slightest difficulty in passing. The American gold doubloons are remarkably handsome pieces, with splendid, fierce-looking eagles on one side, and a star for every state in the Union on the reverse, while the gold dollar is a very pretty little coin.

Our friends here tell us that Montreal is a far pleasanter residence in the winter than in the summer, when the heat is very excessive, and the constant appearance of the cholera gives evidence of its inefficient drainage, and consequent insalubrity. At that time the more wealthy residents, whose occupations will allow them to get away, go down the river to places within the influence of the ocean breezes, or to the shores of the lakes in the Upper Province, while some betake themselves to Long Island and the neighbourhood of New York.

I called on Mr. Lovell, the printer, who very politely presented me with a number of useful pamphlets. He told me that Canada is inundated with American publications, and that Canadian publishers can print no Ame-

rican work the copyright of which is secured in England, although the Americans pirate every English work they please, and make any alterations they fancy, to suit the taste of their customers. He thinks Canadians ought to be allowed to print all American works. This seems fair enough, but I doubt if they did that there would be a sufficient demand for them in Canada to pay their expenses, and they could scarcely expect to smuggle them across the border.

As we were so short a time at Montreal, I can say nothing about its society,—for though those families to whom we had introductions lost no time in calling on us, we were unable to take advantage of their kind invitations. I fancy, however, that it differs very little from that of Quebec. There are probably more British families, or families of British origin. They associate very little with the French, for the same reason as I have before given. It is in the winter rather a gayer place than Quebec, we were told. As a residence it is about as desirable. Taking all things into consideration, I should certainly prefer living in Upper Canada; yet Montreal is in many respects a very nice place; and so I bid it farewell.

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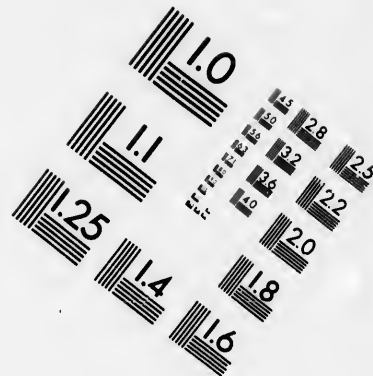
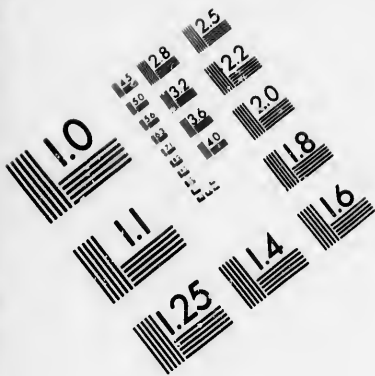
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CHAPTER XVI.

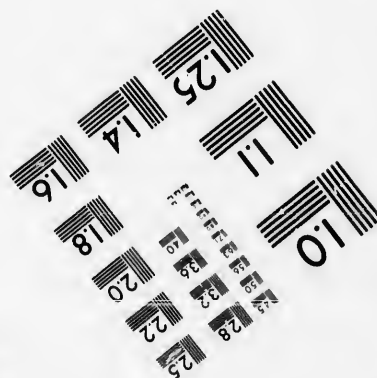
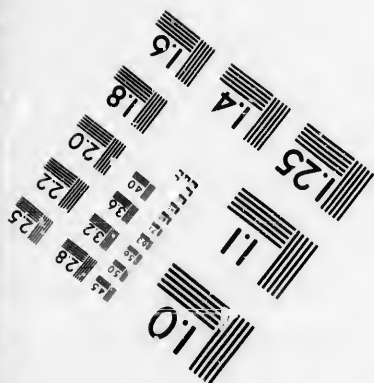
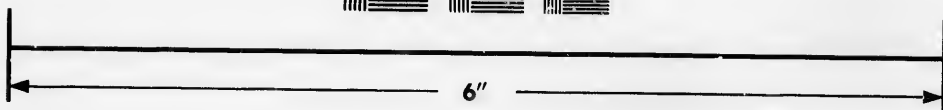
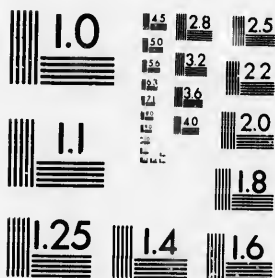
JANUARY, *Tuesday 10th.*—We got up at half-past six in readiness for our journey, and found the thermometer 10° below zero, with a strong wind and snow falling thickly,—no very pleasant prospect, considering the two miles we had to journey across the ice, which had taken a few days before over the St. Lawrence, and was now said to be safe. There was, however, some novelty, and no little excitement, in the undertaking, and we had, on commencing our travels, determined not to be hindered from doing anything which might serve us as a topic of conversation in future days. As soon as we had breakfasted, two sleighs came to the door, one to convey us, the other our luggage, across the St. Lawrence to the railway station at St. Lambert's.

Passing through the few streets which divide Donegana's comfortable hotel from the river, we reached the quays, sliding off which, down an inclined plane, we embarked on the rough ocean of ice which covered the river. The scene was wild, obscure, and dismal in the extreme; and as we turned off the street to enter on this apparently pathless expanse of ice, which resembled a





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raging sea arrested in its fury and thus petrified, we could not help thinking of Pharaoh's desperate pursuit of the Israelites through the foaming waters. The island to our left, looming dimly through the driving snow, was the only land in sight, and we felt that small indeed was our prospect of rescue should the ice, over which we were the first passengers, give way—not, however, that there was much cause to fear such a catastrophe.

Keen blew the blast, and heavily fell the snow, as we proceeded onward along the newly-cut road, with huge slabs of ice piled up on either side of us, on the sharp corners of which an upset would have been far more uncomfortable than our deposit on the snow. Our horses' hoofs sank into the debris of the slabs which the workmen's pickaxes had left, and which looked like thick pieces of frosted glass, and made a clinking noise like it, while the grinding of the runners in it was like the boom of distant waters. As we passed slowly over this bed of smashed ice we likened it to driving through a slate-quarry, while we enjoyed the rolling, jolting, and pitching feeling of being at sea; though the jolting was certainly not to be compared in misery to that inflicted by our old friends the cahots.

Now and then we came to open level spaces, which had frozen completely only after the surrounding ice had packed, and we could clearly distinguish the slabs which had been floating in the water when the severer frost secured them in their present positions. The danger was, that some of the young ice which encompassed them might not yet be sufficiently strong to bear our weight. To go out of a walk was impossible, so we sat patiently enduring the cold, which was more severe than any we had before encountered; but, fortunately, it was not to

continue for any length of time. Speedily my fur collar was encircled with a fringe of snow and icicles, and our hair, and eye-lashes, and eye-brows became frosted over. Right glad were we, therefore, when we could discern the outline of the further shore, and gladder still to climb the bank, and to reach the railway station at St. Lambert's. A heavy stage with four horses crossed after us in safety, so that our friends need not have had any alarm at our undertaking. The clerks and porters at the station were very civil, and we were well pleased to undergo a short delay, while we thawed at the huge stove in the waiting-room, before we entered the "cars," as the railway carriages are as universally called in Canada as they are in America.

Our train started at half-past ten. The cars are similar to those in the States, and possess, as do the latter, a stove in each carriage; which we would gladly have dispensed with, for not only did it warm us, but very soon the heat became so stifling as to be scarcely supportable. I believe we should have ceased to breathe altogether had we not been able to open a window, though the other travellers pressed into the seats nearest the burning fiery furnace, and endured the torture for hours with perfect equanimity. We had to change cars several times, and always made for the seat furthest behind, so that our open window affected no one but ourselves, and we were permitted to keep it, and thus to continue our existence without molestation or remonstrance. We got to Rouse's Point, the frontier station in the United States, by half-past twelve, and found that the train for Boston did not start till two o'clock.

There was a pleasant contrast to European travelling in not having to undergo the absurd ceremony of having

passports viséd or luggage examined, our trunks being merely passed under the eye of an official as belonging to travellers. Rouse's Point, which is on Lake Champlain, is about a mile and a half from the Canadian frontier. We settled ourselves in a car, and enjoyed a good luncheon from the provisions we had brought with us. I strongly advise travellers who, not having the digestion of ostriches, cannot bolt their food, to carry provisions with them when travelling in the States, as we found the greatest comfort from the precaution.

Having crossed an arm of Lake Champlain by a long wooden bridge, we kept along its shores, with the water on our right, and the snow-covered hills rising with picturesque abruptness on our left. I have no doubt of the beauty of the scenery in summer, though the snow on the ground marred its aspect, and the mist and sleet prevented our seeing beyond the edge of the lake. We passed through St. Alban's, Milton, Colchester, and many other places with well-sounding English names; and by half-past six reached Montpelier, the very picturesque capital of the State of Vermont. In the latter part of our journey we had high wooded hills, broken into every fantastic shape on either side of us, with a broad stream running at their base, the scenery reminding us very much of Germany, while Montpelier itself is not unlike a little Baden-Baden. It was named by a Frenchman, who built the first house in it; but there are no mineral springs, as might be expected, though the water, however, is remarkably good, and people come here in the summer on account of the salubrity of the place. In truth they could scarcely find a prettier spot. The Court-house and other public buildings appeared handsome and well kept, and altogether the little city seemed worthy of the beau-

tiful State of which it is the capital. We crossed a wide open space through the deep snow, in the calm clear air, with the brightest moonlight, to the Pavilion Hotel, which was clean and neat, and simply furnished, and the people civil in the extreme.

January 11th.—Started at half-past nine. "Good luck to ye!" said our rough, honest host, shaking hands heartily with us as we departed. This is the sort of address I like: it came from his heart, and I believe we were well pleased with each other. We had now begun to understand the people of the States; and I fancy we should, in most cases, experience the same reception wherever we might go. Crossing the open space once more, we placed ourselves in the railway-cars. The day was fine and calm, and the cold scarcely felt. Nearly the whole distance we were passing through pretty little valleys, well watered and cheerfully inhabited, closed in by very steep wooded hills, much broken, and sometimes approaching so as to form a narrow gorge; at others receding, with wide and fertile basins, with small lakes and streams at their bottom. Snow covered the ground, and weighed down the still leafy branches of the abounding evergreen trees. The cars, besides having one or two retiring-rooms in each of them, have a broad passage down the centre, by which the guards and ticket-takers can pass from one end of the line to the other. Venders of books, newspapers, and lollipops, were also allowed to perambulate the cars, the latter especially finding an abundance of customers. Never had I seen so many lozenges, and sticks of pink, yellow, and white trash eaten in my life. One after another they were munched up in ceaseless succession like biscuits, by young and old, by

men, women, and children. The boys who vend these delicacies live in the cars for many stages together, and find constant purchasers. Apple-boys succeeded them, and their fruit was in everybody's mouth till we stopped at a place where refreshments were to be had, when most of the passengers hurried out and returned with every variety of sweet-cake and other sweet-stuffs, with a novel sort of lollipop. No wonder that the people look sallow, and complain of indigestion. Were it not for the fine climate of New England, I doubt whether they would continue to exist under so pernicious a system of feeding. Next to the lollipop-sellers, the boys with what are called "story-papers," the lightest of light literature, seemed to gain the most custom; the latter being not more nourishing to the mind, than the sweets are to the bodies of their customers.

It was dark when we passed through Lowell, the Manchester of America, so I can say nothing of its outside appearance. In 1815, the site on which it stands, at the junction of the Merrimack and Concord rivers, was a wilderness: it now contains forty thousand inhabitants. It is not a little celebrated in England for the literary tastes of its manufacturing population, some of the young women producing among themselves a periodical of much merit, and there being a library of seven thousand volumes, to which all classes have access. Its abundant water-power has advanced it to its present prosperous condition; aided, however, by the enlightened and liberal views of its projectors and supporters for the advancement of the intellectual and moral condition of its population. All honour be to the Americans! their freedom from prejudice and narrow sectarian views enables them to

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advance the education and social condition of the people at a rate which leaves England and the countries of the Old World far behind.

I certainly have no prejudice in favour of republican institutions, and am, I believe, fully alive to their evils and inconveniences; but when I see the fruits they nurture and bring to perfection in the New World, I wish that my own countrymen would take lessons from them more frequently; and I often feel that, were I not an Englishman I would wish to be an American. This, I think, would be the feeling of all enlightened men who visit the States, and, divested of prejudice, see the Americans as they are: their faults are glaring, but their virtues are numerous, wide-spreading, and influential to effect much good. If not an American, let me ask to what other country would any Englishman, worthy of the name, wish to belong? To Sweden, perhaps, or Denmark; scarcely to Prussia; certainly not to Austria; still less to Russia; or, indeed, to any country in Europe.

We reached Boston at half-past six, and found the streets full of snow; but umbrellas were up, and it was raining hard,—a phenomenon we had not seen for many a day. Nevertheless, all vehicles were on runners; and entering one of those capacious inns, with which we had first become acquainted at New York, we were dragged to that very best of hotels, I verily believe, in this sublunary world,—the Rivière House.

Something like the scene at the St. Nicholas occurred. While I went to ascertain about rooms my wife was shown into the ladies' parlour, a handsome apartment, with a rich flowery carpet, a blaze of gas, pictures, mirrors, and a group of ladies worthy of the pages of the "Belle

Assemblée," where, with her heavy load of plaids, and rough linsey-woolsey travelling costume, she sank into a bright satin damask and carved oak chair, feeling herself totally out of place among them. The house being very full, no rooms suited to our moderate style were vacant, so that we were obliged to reconcile ourselves to great magnificence and scanty comfort,—a very small bed-room and a very large sitting-room, elegantly furnished, which had to contain our way-worn luggage and our mountain of wraps, and to serve also as my dressing-room. We hurried through our toilets in order to go down to a supper-tea, after which thoroughly-comfortable and satisfactorily-served meal, a great revival of our energies and spirits took place. Everything seemed admirably arranged throughout the whole house; and, in spite of its being crowded with people of all classes and nations, an air of the most perfect quiet and regularity pervaded the establishment. There was no bustle, or confusion, or noise; everybody seemed to be well attended, and the demeanour of the servants was as respectful and obliging as could be desired.

I could not help laughing at my incongruous figure as, in my shirt and a pair of red flannel drawers, I surveyed myself, when preparing for bed, in a superb mirror in our vast room. The walls were of a pale delicate green, in panels, on which are painted highly-finished groups of figures, nymphs and naiads, &c. The ceiling was adorned with graceful devices of scrolls, flowers, and the Four Seasons. From it hung a large gilt chandelier with gas. Mirrors, in massive gilt frames, reached from floor to ceiling. The chimney-piece, of white marble, was highly ornamental. On it stood a marble vase, flanked by very tall ruby and gold Bohemian flower-glasses, and Sèvres china

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vases. The carpet was crimson, white, and fawn colour; all scrolls, and leaves, and large flowers. There was a great variety of chairs,—satin, and damask, and carved wood; some of them, as well as the curtains, were of blue and orange, and others of crimson and gold. There were, also a marble table, a chiffonier covered with a Sèvres china tea-service, a large Bible on the shelf above, and many ornaments; indeed, the whole room was far too lavishly adorned to suit our tastes: but as we were not charged more for it than for an ordinary room, we had no wish to grumble, and I describe it merely to show the handsome style in which the house is furnished.

Thursday, January 12th.—The morning broke dark and gloomy, with heavy rain, which rapidly washed away the thick snow covering the centre of the streets high above the pavement. The heat, contrasted with the temperature we had before been enduring, was very great, 50° or 60° above freezing, while on the previous Monday we had it 10° below zero. The air was positively oppressive, and full of a thick, white vapour, as if the streets had been running with hot water. Never was a city seen to less advantage, and yet Boston from the first pleased us.

After breakfast we engaged a carriage on sleigh runners, and drove forth slowly through the deep slush to perform various errands, and make sundry calls. One of the first was to secure a cabin on board the Canada, to sail on Wednesday next. We would fain have remained longer in the States. While inclination whispered, Go and see New York and Washington, and other important cities in the Union, other circumstances urged our immediate return, one of which was, that we might reach home two weeks before we were expected,

to save our friends the anxiety they might feel if they thought we were at sea. We paid the deposit, and the deed was done; but I own that we felt many pangs of regret at thus being compelled to hurry away before seeing more of that magnificent and wonderful country, especially when we had just discovered how to see it to best advantage.

Having left a letter of introduction on the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, we drove to the house of Mr. Prescott, in Beacon Street. He was at home. I was shown up into a drawing-room, exquisitely furnished, and surrounded with bookcases, the walls between which were ornamented with choice prints. In a few minutes, a door behind one of the bookcases opened, and a most pleasing, gentlemanly-looking man, of slight figure, stepped forth, and, cordially holding out his hand, led me to a sofa, and we at once entered into an animated conversation on various topics of interest. Most people in England are under the impression that Mr. Prescott is blind. Such is not the case. Although from an injury received at college his eyesight became so weak that he is afraid to exert it, and therefore writes with the machine used by the blind, he can see with perfectly sufficient clearness to distinguish people and to enjoy society to the utmost; indeed, no defect in his sight is discoverable to the ordinary observer. He remarked that, although no sensible man in America would desire any but a pure republican government, or believe that any other could possibly exist, yet that it would most certainly be desirable to prevent the power being wielded so completely as it is at present by the most uneducated classes of the community. I suggested that, as free-masonry was used in despotic countries to curb the tyranny of the ruling powers, here

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I was shown up rished, and sur- between which were ew minutes, a door d a most pleasing, are, stepped forth, ed me to a sofa, d conversation ca e in England are t is blind. Such injury received at at he is afraid to machine used by cient clearness to y to the utmost; rable to the ordi- ough no sensible pure republican could possibly e desirable to pletely as it is at the community. used in despotic ing powers, here

it might be employed to check license and to preserve order, and a higher tone of principles and morals. He did not think that it would thus appeal sufficiently to the feelings of any number of men to obtain any influence. Nor, on after consideration, do I. Far higher motives are required to check the license of republicanism than any invention of man. Nothing, I feel, but the spread of pure religion, can effect it. As its softening influences obtain greater power over the minds of the population, so they will gradually shake off those habits and manners which now strike the stranger as so offensive; and instead of showing an inclination to oppose all constituted authorities, they will yield a willing obedience to the powers that be, and pay a glad respect to those whose superior education or virtues have elevated them in the scale of society.

Mr. Prescott described the abuse of the words "lady" and "gentleman." His servant would tell him that a lady or gentleman was below and wanted to speak to him; probably, on going down, he would find an ill-favoured person in rags with a begging petition. Very likely, if any friends call directly after, the servant would say, "A man or a woman in the drawing-room wants to see you."

This absurd misappropriation of terms will cure itself in time. "Man and woman" will some day come to mean the refined and educated class of the community, while "lady and gentleman" will refer to the illiterate and unwashed portion of the population.

The assumed independence of the lower orders is in the meantime carried often to a somewhat offensive degree. A mulatto came lately to ask for a subscription, and threw himself into an arm-chair while he stood

talking to him. In the South the fellow would not have ventured thus to misbehave himself, or if he had, would have been kicked down-stairs. Tradesmen, when they enter the house of a gentleman, always keep their hats on. A friend of his rebuked a carpenter who came to mend the lock of his drawing-room door for so doing; the man made no reply, but when the lady of the house came in he took off his hat, to show that he had respect at all events to the gentler sex. We agreed that men might be very liberal, and yet refined in the extreme, and shrink from all that is coarse and vulgar.

A certain class of Americans are too apt to mistake license and vulgarity for freedom; but, disagreeable as some few may be, I believe that the most odious in manners and principles of the population of the United States are Americanised Englishmen, or Irishmen, who, whenever they meet a person from the old country wishing to pass for Americans, think they can most effectually do so, and also prove their own superiority, by insulting the stranger. I repeat, however, that as I received nothing but civility and attention from all classes while I was in the States, I have no right to make any complaint of the sort.

Mr. Prescott spoke in the warmest manner of his English friends, and of the pleasure he experienced during his visit to England. Having in the kindest way offered to be of every assistance in his power in showing us the institutions of the city, he courteously accompanied me to the door in a mode that would have done credit to a grandee of Spain; and every time I had afterwards the pleasure of meeting him raised him still higher in my estimation.

We returned to the dinner at the Rivière House,

which took place at the somewhat inconvenient hour of half-past two. The air in the street was hot and oppressive, full of noxious steam, rising from the melting snow and the offal with which it was mixed. Mr Prescott assured us that it was one of the very worst days ever experienced at Boston.

Early dinners are the fashion here, especially among the merchants. A merchant, on whom we were calling, accounted for it in a way which amused us mightily. "Servants are so used to clear away, and have the evening to themselves," he said, "that none would remain in a family where a different order of things was attempted;" so merchants in the middle of the day rush home a mile or two, bolt dinner in fifteen minutes, and hurry back to the afternoon labours of the desk—no wonder that they suffer from indigestion, and that doctors find work, and enough to do to cure them.

All carriages are still on runners, but unable to run; all walking and pitching heavily into the "cradle-holes," as the cahots are here called. We saw no sleighs, such as are used in Canada, but here every variety of huge omnibns, and all carriages, public and private, are mounted on runners. Real sleighs are, however, used, and some are very fancifully built, and of great size, in the shape of boats, ancient chariots, shells, &c.

We drank tea at six o'clock in the public rooms, and afterwards drove to the National Theatre, for the purpose of seeing a play written by an American, and performed by American actors. The design of the play was to exhibit the abuses of slavery. The theatre is in a bad part of the city, but the people at the entrance were very orderly. It appeared to be about the size of the Haymarket, with scarcely any decoration, and but few gas-

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lamps. There are six private stage-boxes, but the rest of the theatre is fitted with open seats. Our tickets, for which we paid half a dollar each, little more than two shillings, had Rivière House marked on them; and Rivière House being called out, we were shown to some front seats in the dress-circle. The audience were very ordinary in their appearance; indeed there appeared to be few ladies, properly so called, but everybody was perfectly well behaved: indeed we saw none of those *gaucheries* which some writers delight in describing as the characteristics of our Transatlantic cousins; people sat as civilised people generally do sit, and took off their hat during the progress of the performance. Still it was very evident that theatricals are not in fashion in Boston. Many, I believe, refrain from them on account of religious scruples; others can only draw pleasure from more refined and scientific sources; and a considerable number look upon play-going as vulgar, and suited only to the lower orders.

The play was the tragedy of the "Gladiator," written, we were told, by Dr. Bird, of New York, the author of several dramas depicting the evils of slavery. The deservedly celebrated tragedian, Edwin Forrest, holds the copyright, so that no other actor can perform the part he has selected for himself—that of Spartacus, the Thracian Gladiator. The argument of the play is as follows:—Spartacus has a brother, Phasarius by name, hitherto the first gladiator in Rome, owned by Lucius Gellius, the Consul. Phasarius commences the drama by making some very just remarks against slavery in general, and by levelling a considerable amount of abuse at his master, not undeserved apparently, while the latter is compelled to listen, unable, lest he injure his

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own property, to inflict any punishment in return. Ballastus Lentulus, a Capuan Lanista, next appears on the scene, boasting that he can produce a gladiator who shall prove more than a match for Phasarius. He accordingly orders Spartacus to be brought forward. The lately-captured Thracian, however, has not taken the oath of a gladiator, and sternly refuses so to do. Both Gellius and Lentulus employ every means to induce him to fight. Threats, persuasions, promises of reward, are alike unavailing; he stands with head bent down, and chained arms hanging listlessly by his side, nor deigns them a reply. At this juncture some more Thracian captives are brought on, owned by Gellius. Among them are a woman and her child. Gellius wishes to sell them to Lentulus at a certain price, but the latter will give only half the sum demanded. At length Gellius expresses his readiness to part with the woman alone for the sum offered, while he retains the child. On this the wretched mother shrieks out her entreaties not to be parted from her child. The author would say to a southern audience, "You hate the cold-blooded Romans, and pity the hapless Thracian mothers; yet this do ye, and worse often, with those whom Providence has placed within your power." He reads another lesson afterwards, and a severe one, on the successful revolt of the slaves of Rome against their masters, though historic truth compels him to make the latter ultimately victorious. The cry of the miserable mother rouses Spartacus from his lethargy. That voice thrills through his heart—it is that of his wife. Forgetful of the power they are thus throwing into the hands of their tyrants, they rush into each other's arms. The effect is excellent, and Forrest's conception and

performance of the part struck me as perfect. Gellius, of course, at once sees the hold he has thus obtained over his hitherto intractable slave, and promises that he will not only allow the mother to retain her child, but will give them their liberty, and send both him and them back to Thrace, if he will fight and kill his score of men. In his desire to save his wife and child, Spartacus promises to take the gladiator's oath. In another act a gladiatorial arena is introduced, with a party of Roman nobles, and Spartacus appears prepared for the combat. A variety of opponents are proposed, but he refuses them, one after the other, as unworthy of his sword. At length Gellius reminds him, that unless he consent to fight his wife must remain in slavery. On thus overcoming his repugnance to the bloody work, he consents to fight a Gaul, who, rushing on, is speedily killed. Another antagonist is offered to him, a Thracian. He refuses to slay a countryman, but being reminded that his wife's fate depends on his compliance, he consents to meet the Thracian. The renowned gladiator, Phasarius, appears, and instantly recognising him, proves to him that he is his younger brother, carried away as a lad from their home. They cast aside their weapons, and embracing, refuse to fight; but the incident has no effect on the callous hearts of the nobles; the praetor calls them to commence the combat, and on their refusal, summons the whole band of gladiators to cut them to pieces. The two brothers on this seize their weapons, and calling on their countrymen, who have at once been won by their noble bearing, to aid instead of destroying them, attack the Romans, and hew their way out of the city.

In the next act Spartacus and his brother appear

perfect. Gellius, has thus obtained promises that he will give him her child, but she will not give both him and them up for his score of men. Gellius, Spartacus pro- vides, and the other act a gladi- ation of Roman nobles, in the combat. A gladiator who refuses them, is killed by his sword. At length he consents to

On thus over- worked, he consents speedily killed. A Thracian. He is reminded that he consents to fight, Phasarius, proves to him that he is away as a lad with his weapons, and that consent has no effect. The prætor calls on them for their refusal, to cut them to pieces with their weapons, and that they have at once been cut out of the way. His brother appear

at the head of an army of gladiators. Phasarius, true to his impetuous character, and burning to avenge the insults he has received, is eager to march on Rome, and to give it up to plunder. Spartacus, on the contrary, desires to fight, solely with the object in view of being able to return unmolested to Thrace. At this juncture, Julia, niece to Crassus, the Roman General, and Florus, son of Lentulus, the former master of Spartacus, are brought in prisoners, captured in the Consul's camp. Florus is betrothed to Julia. The son of one hated, as is Lentulus, would have stood a poor chance of his life from a less generous foe; but Julia pleads so earnestly for her lover and herself, that, influenced also by the entreaties of his wife Senona, Spartacus, pledges his word to protect the lovers. Phasarius has, however, placed his affections on Julia, and now claims her as his lawful prize. The elder refuses to give her up, and urges the latter to abandon his intention. Enraged at his brother's refusal of his claim, Phasarius draws off that portion of the army under his immediate command, and marches on Rome. He is encountered on the way, and defeated by the Roman Consul, his followers being cut to pieces; when, escaping with his life alone, he returns broken-hearted and repentant to Spartacus. His description of his defeat, and of his subsequent escape across the field of battle, where his followers, made prisoners by the Consul, hung dead and dying on crosses, is vivid and dreadful in the extreme. He is now, with a diminished force, hard-pressed by his foes. Generous on all occasions, after a few efforts to maintain his sternness, he once more receives the brother who had so cruelly deserted him to his heart. At length, so far outnumbered are they by the enemy, that Spartacus

resolves to send away his wife and child, and confides them to the care of his brother, who pledges his life for their safety. Still unfortunate, he and his band are overtaken by the foe, by whom the child is captured. Severely wounded, Phasarius returns to tell how Senona threw herself on the Roman swords to save her boy. Overcome by grief, despair, and rage, Spartacus plunges his sword into his brother's bosom; but instantly repenting of the rash act, he casts himself on the body, exclaiming that he is alone. Just then the trumpet sounds an alarm, and he rushes to the fight. He returns mortally wounded, to expire in the attitude of the dying gladiator. Florus and Julia are looking on. He talks incoherently of his cot and family in Thraace, then rolls on his back, snorts, and rattles his throat with a reality far too dreadful for good taste. This mode of dying, although, I have no doubt, true to nature, and exhibiting the powers of the tragedian, might, I opine, be well omitted. The drama is full of expression, of deep feeling, of effective bursts, and situations of intense interest, but the language I thought more adapted, in general, to a melodrama than a tragedy.

Forrest was but indifferently supported, with but few exceptions; added to which the gas-lights, flickering from the first, began to wink and wink more pertinaciously, till they ultimately went out altogether, and we were left in total darkness. I was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing how an American audience would behave on such an occasion, and I am able to say that their conduct was most creditable. The gallery yelled a little, but a stout merchant-captain, sitting next to us, got up, and telling the audience that the manager would do his best to remedy the evil, and that it de-

pended on themselves to maintain order, in a little time, the stage-lights being replaced by candles stuck on boards, and the manager himself appearing to apologise, the play went on. Several scenes were, however, acted in almost total darkness, so that we could barely see what was going forward on the stage. We took our departure before the farce began, and finding our carriage without difficulty, reached our hotel before ten o'clock, where a very good supper was on the table. Nearly all public entertainments begin at half-past seven, an hour which suits the habits of the people, who mostly, when in private, dine early.

CHAPTER XVII.

JANUARY 13th, *Friday*.— A magnificently bright day— a great contrast to yesterday. The air was fresh and pure, and though slightly frosty, to our feelings it was very warm. Our breakfasts, as were all our meals at the Rivière House, were luxurious, abundant, and admirably served.

Soon after breakfast Mr. Abbott Lawrence called on us.* He is a fine dignified old man, with a benignant countenance, a most genial manner, and tall and stout in figure—such, indeed, as I should paint one of the fathers of the Constitution; and I can fancy no man better fitted worthily to represent the great Republic at a Foreign Court. He has only lately returned from England, where he was for some time American Minister. He sat for more than half an hour, and gave his opinions freely on Eastern politics, observing that England is bound by every tie and interest to oppose Russia, and that all true-hearted Americans wish her success. He assured us that the great mass of honest Americans have a sincere affection and regard for England, and that, should she require aid, they would

* I much regret to have heard lately of his death.

gladly afford it; that those who speak and write against her are chiefly Irish, instigated by Irish rebels and disappointed demagogues, but that even Irish hatred does not endure through a second generation. As certainly as rabid articles appear in the papers the writers are found to be Irish. He gave us orders to admit us to all the public institutions of the city, but of very few had we time to avail ourselves. I was speaking warmly of Mr. Prescott, with whose manners I had been so much pleased, and of the high standing his writings hold in England, when he told me that his son had married the historian's only daughter. Having invited us to dine on Monday at his house, he rose to depart, and I accompanied him to the door of the hotel, as I should any nobleman in Europe, of age and standing, for I felt that he was one of nature's own nobility, equal in true rank to the most worthy of Europe's titled nobles.

Young H—— called, whose relations were so kind to us at Quebec. His father, though an Englishman, has bought an estate near Boston, and settled down as an American citizen. From all I see and hear of Boston there are few cities in America which afford so much pleasant and intellectual society, or are more desirable as a residence. Had I to quit England, I think, on many accounts that I should select it as my abode. He brought us many kind messages and an invitation, which our short stay would not allow us to accept.

We then sallied forth on foot. The centre of the streets is more than two feet deep in snow, but the pavements are clear and clean. Having paid some visits and shopped, we went to the Athenaeum, in Beacon Street. It is a fine building of granite, with a remarkably handsome front. The institution was originated by

Colonel Perkins, Prescott, Abbott Lawrence, and other leading men. It is so far private that it is supported by private contributions, but has a large number of members belonging to it,—indeed, nearly all the more educated and wealthy people in the city. On the ground-floor is a statue-gallery, containing casts or copies of many of the first works of art to be found in Europe, such as the Apollo, Venus, Laocoon, with several original works of the highest merit by American artists. One, a boy struggling with an eagle, is very effective: it is by Greenough, whose brother we afterwards had the pleasure of meeting at Professor Longfellow's. Another, "The Drowned Mother," is painfully beautiful and true, while the conception and execution are equally original. She lies with womanly dignity, her left arm encircling her child, which has fallen somewhat behind her as death has relaxed her grasp. She has evidently retained her hold of the loved object to the last, and died just as the surf has washed her to the shore. There are numerous busts of Washington, Franklin, and other great men. One of Washington in the costume he ordinarily wore is very interesting. It is lifelike,—the man himself, though to the vulgar eye not the hero who stands in the State House. The staircase is handsome. On the first floor there is a fine and very extensive library, worthy of the most literary city of the Union. Members take the books to their own homes; and all applicants of good character desirous of studying are admitted to read in the rooms. On the second story is a picture-gallery. Among the finest pictures was a very large one of King Lear, by West, who, though an American by birth, can scarcely be called an American artist; and a very beautiful St. Sebastian, by an artist who may justly be claimed

by America. There was a fine portrait of Colonel Perkins, the great patron of art. I was struck, also, by a picture representing a father and his dead son slain in battle.

In the afternoon we drove out to Cambridge, to call on Professors Longfellow and Agassiz, of Harvard University. We crossed an arm of the sea, by a long artificial causeway, to that portion of the suburb of Boston called Cambridge. Our first visit was to the poet. Passing the University Buildings on our right, which, surrounded by green lawns and trees, put me in mind of those on the banks of the Cam, we drove on to his garden-gate. A straight plank walk leads up across a lawn to the house, a large wooden edifice, one of the oldest in the State, and once the head-quarters of Washington. A verandah runs round it on the ground-floor, in which we saw a gentleman, with a cloak over his shoulders, pacing up and down. "That, I am sure, is the poet," said A. He saw us approaching, and by the time we reached the hall-door he had opened it, and stood stretching out his hand. Welcoming us cordially before even asking our name, he ushered us into a handsome drawing-room, when, still holding our letter of introduction and our card in his hand, he sent one of his two nice, active, slender boys to tell Mrs. Longfellow that an English lady and gentleman were come to call on her, and not till then did he retire to the window to look at our credentials, returning instantly to talk of the friend who had given them to us.

During the short interval we took a survey of the room. It was surrounded with very handsome, dark carved oak book-cases and cabinets, bronze statuettes and figures. There was a wide fireplace for wood, and green

Christmas wreaths were twined round two pillars at each side of the room. Mrs. Longfellow soon appeared. Her figure is fine and tall; her manner calm, and dignified, and very pleasing, while she possesses an abundant fund of lively conversation.

I may venture to describe the poet, and I hope he will pardon me, though I may not do him justice; but let me assure him that everything about him excites so much interest among all those who delight in his works in England, that I should be considered guilty of great neglect were I not to give some notice of his outward man. His address is extremely affable and animated, without the slightest approach to pedantry, and at once shows that he is a man of genius. He is about the middle height, compactly built, and active though not slight; with a piercing eye, and a full, rather overhanging brow; his complexion is fair; his eyes are somewhat close together, with a longish nose, and a mouth exhibiting firmness and confidence in his own powers. Every time we afterwards met I became more and more pleased with him. His manners are those of the world, with a *bonhomie* which is very winning.

We were soon discussing books and writers of books, the leading spirits of our two great countries. After talking for a few minutes he stopped short, and said, "I am certain of it,—we have met before,—many years ago though." "When can that have been? I must own that I have no recollection of your countenance; but then, from being near-sighted, countenances do not make much impression on me," I replied. "Did not you cross from Ostend to London one night in September 1842? and did not you spend the first part of it on deck, as the cabin was crowded?" he asked. "I am pretty

certain that I did, undoubtedly, about that time; and I think I made a note in my diary, that I had met on board a very agreeable American, with whom I had much conversation, but little thought I who it was," I exclaimed, not slightly gratified at being so recollected. He must certainly possess, in a perfect degree, what is considered an attribute of royalty,—the power of remembering countenances once seen and remarked.

We were speaking of Mrs. Southey, better known as a poetess as Caroline Bowles. On telling him that she was a relation of mine, and that I had known and esteemed her all my life, he went to a bookcase, and giving me a copy of her works printed in America, begged me to assure her how highly her poetry is appreciated there. Alas! though she was alive when I returned home, illness prevented her seeing me, and her family and friends were soon afterwards deprived of one whom those who knew best could value most.

He told me that his family had come from Hampshire,—somewhere, he believed, in the neighbourhood of the New Forest, and that he was anxious to learn if any traces of the old stock could be found. His is, doubtless, a Saxon name. I promised to make inquiries on the subject among my Hampshire relatives and friends, and to let him know; and I shall be most obliged to any one who will send any information on so interesting a subject to my publishers.

The Professors of Harvard University are supposed generally to hold Socinian or Unitarian doctrines, and to instil those principles into the minds of their pupils; but we were assured that, as their chairs become vacant, they are replaced by men holding the true doctrine of the Trinity. Our visit to Mr. Longfellow had occupied so

much more time than we expected, that it was too late to leave our letters with Professor Agassiz; and as he left Boston a day or two afterwards, much to our regret we missed him altogether.

Hearing that Dion Boucicault, the author of "Young Heads and Old Hearts," and many other highly-esteemed dramas, was going to lecture on "The Position of Literary Men in England" at the Tremont Temple, we set forth after tea to hear him, curious to know what an Englishman would have to tell the Americans on the subject. We entered a handsome lecture-hall, in which a small but apparently educated audience were assembled. In a short time the young dramatist stepped forth from a side-door, and with his MS. in his hand, went to a high desk. There was in his delivery much elegance, sparkling wit, and pathos; but, to my great surprise, and no little vexation, he led his hearers to believe that literary men are held in far lower estimation in England than is really the case; that a considerable portion of them, neglected by society, are driven to indulge in beer-drinking and clay-pipe smoking, and to lead a pot-shop and tavern life. That a very few, with names known to fame of a certain sort, may at times thus luxuriate, like fowls on dunghills, I acknowledge, while some of the lower orders of newspaper scribes certainly imitate their example; but that true men of letters, the leading spirits of the age, or, indeed, the great mass of writers, are prone to indulge in such habits, I totally deny. Had he been describing the men of the past age he would have been nearer the truth; but as the principal writers of the present day are more refined in their writings than those of the past, so are they in a still higher degree in their habits. Then, again, he asserted that the chief

contributors to the leading journals of England think only how they may best write themselves into place; at the same time he acknowledged that their names are unknown. Barristers wrote to become stipendiary magistrates; clergymen to obtain stalls in cathedrals; naval and military men hereditary commands; laymen titles. Many instances, of course, may be cited of writers prostituting their talents for even worse objects; but it is absurd to suppose that any paper could maintain a high character if supported by such men; and I could not but feel that the lecturer had either been very unfortunate in his experiences, or that he made these remarks for the sake of pleasing his republican audience. In some parts of the Union, whatever is said to disparage England is believed without much consideration; but in Boston the case is very different: and I was sorry, for his own sake, to hear statements made which would not be credited by the best informed of his audience, who would, indeed, be more affronted than would an Englishman by hearing England abused. He asserts that literary men are more honoured in France than in England. I question this. In France, at the general periodical scramble for place and power, they with others have gained influence. In both countries a man may possess great literary merit, and yet the higher orders of society may be unwilling to admit him into their social circle on those terms which would warrant him in demanding the hand of a daughter or a sister in marriage; and I see no reason why the literary men should complain of this. Surely those who smoke clay-pipes and drink beer in the back-parlours of pot-shops cannot expect to be admitted on a social equality with the polished

circles of England's aristocracy. When he came to his own experiences he was most graphic and amusing; and having explained how before choosing his line he had considered how he could best make his own talents available in the world, he gave a pathetic and touching description of a friend, who with the highest capacity had attempted to grasp fame and fortune as a poet. The tale of his youthful aspirations, marriage, short career, and early death, could scarcely have failed to draw tears from the eyes of most of his hearers. It was the most delicate and perfect piece of acting imaginable, and redeemed what I considered the faults of some portions of his otherwise excellent lecture.

Saturday, January 14th.—At an early hour we drove over to South Boston, to visit the Deaf and Blind Asylum, under the management of Dr. Howe. We crossed the water, by an earthen causeway, to an island in which South Boston is situated. We stopped in front of a fine stone building, standing on the summit of a hill, with a high flight of steps leading up to the entrance-door. It is admirably situated for the health of its inmates, and from it there is a fine view of the city and its surrounding waters and islands. A blind boy opened the door, but he moved with so much freedom and rapidity, that I at first had no idea he was thus afflicted. I had a letter to Dr. Howe from a friend in England, and Mr. Prescott had also given me a note to him; but, greatly to our disappointment, we found that he and all the children had gone to Boston to attend the funeral service of Colonel Perkins, the great patron of the institution, who had a few days before been gathered to his fathers. Everybody in authority was away, so that we

could not even go over the building. We had, therefore, no help but to return to Boston, leaving our letters to be given to the Doctor on his return home.

The first Blind Asylum in Boston was established by Colonel Perkins, who gave up his house for the purpose, and afterwards liberally subscribed to erect the present extensive building, in which he was much aided by Mr. Prescott. An important object was to find a man capable of managing it, and, after a long search, Mr. Prescott heard that Dr. Howe was much interested in the subject, and that he was a man who enthusiastically carries out whatever he undertakes. He gladly accepted the office, and, setting to work with the warmest devotion, so admirably did he form his system, that it has been adopted in all the institutions of a similar character throughout the United States. His success in instilling abstract notions into the mind of Laura Bridgeman, a girl born deaf, blind, and dumb, is most wonderful. He had taste, touch, and smell alone to work on, but touch was the only faculty perfect. She knows the whole of Longfellow's "Evangeline" by heart; and, when Kossuth came to Boston and visited the institution, she made him a long speech. That is to say, she expressed her sentiments on Dr. Howe's hands, one of the modes by which she makes herself understood. She can also write perfectly, and she has a very sweet expression of countenance, proving that her existence is a source to her of extreme happiness.

Dr. Howe is now engaged in establishing an institution for the education of idiots, in which he has, it is said, been very successful. He has, we were told, instilled knowledge and comprehension into the minds of apparently the most hopeless idiots. On returning to Boston,

we again visited the Athenæum, where I delivered a note to Mr. Fullsome, the librarian, given me by Mr. Prescott. He told me that the city corporation were about establishing a large public circulating library, much on the same plan as the London Institution or Mudie's. There are at first to be twenty or thirty copies of each work, and after some time, a copy or so only of them being retained, the rest are to be sold.

Harvard University has a large library, and arrangements have been made between the three libraries I have mentioned, that the more expensive works should only be purchased by one of them, each in turns taking its share, and thus, by exchanging catalogues, a student requiring a work will be tolerably certain of finding it at one or the other.

In the afternoon I called on Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, the chief booksellers and publishers in Boston. I had much conversation with Mr. Fields, a man, I was told, of great humour and wit, and a poet, though of a grave countenance. He informed me that, for the present he feared the International Copyright Law would not pass Congress, though he was assured that it would do so ultimately. A very powerful work has been published against the proposed law, and he considered that any attempts to refute the arguments it maintains would only exasperate its opponents, and probably defer the settlement of the question. He was very polite, and offered to aid me in any object I might have in the city. I bought a copy of Mrs. Howe's poetry, just published, and also one of my own books, "Mark Seaworth," which had been reprinted in the States, to give to one of Longfellow's boys.

The day was frosty and cold, very like an English

winter day. Being too tired to go to any place of public amusement, we spend the evening in our room. I went down to supper, and found myself opposite to Boucicault and a wild baronet, Sir W—— D——. I introduced myself to the former, as we have many mutual friends, and he invited me to adjourn to his rooms. I frankly told him, I could not agree with his strictures on "The Times," or his account of the mode of life led by literary men of the present time in England, and that he must have been thinking of the contemporaries of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith when he wrote his description: so we argued the point, he taking my remarks in very good part. He told me, that he had been very successful in New York, and was much disappointed at the small houses he had hitherto drawn in Boston. I explained, that Boston was too much accustomed to literary men to look upon them as lions, that there were lectures of some sort or other going forward every night, and that he really had not yet had time to make himself known. He has since married and gone on the stage in America, and I should think must make a very good actor. He proposed writing his travels through the States, and I hope he may do so, for his terse, graphic, and epigrammatic style will make them very amusing.

Sunday, January 15th.—A most exquisite day, clear, fresh, and sunny, the air perfectly exhilarating, though somewhat cool in the shade. At ten o'clock Mr. W—— kindly called to conduct us to St. Paul's church, which faces the Park. The interior was simple and elegant, and the service well and quietly performed by Dr. Vinton, considered one of the best preachers in the place; but his sermon partook too much of the elegant, fashionable style to please us; and, though clever and eloquent, it

was too much like a well-expressed essay on some secular subject, and had too little about it of the useful, simple sermon. The music was very good. The alterations in the American Prayer-book are slight and judicious, and we liked them exceedingly. When the American prelates came to deal with the beautiful Liturgy of the Church of England, they must have felt afraid of marring its excellencies by making many alterations or curtailments.

The church was tastefully decorated with green Christmas wreaths. The wreaths, for want of holly, were composed of a small creeper which runs along the ground. The lamp-branches were thickly covered with the same plant, and the walls were hung with long graceful garlands, while, in large green letters, the height of the front of the organ-gallery, and extending from one side to the other, was the following sentence, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour." Service was over by twelve.

We afterwards walked round the Park, or Boston Common, as it is called, and some distance along a causeway leading over the water, and then, returning up Beacon Street, called on Mr. and Mrs. Prescott. Their house faces Boston Common. The common is a wide extent of picturesque, undulating ground on a steep hillside, with a pond and trees in it, and bounded at the foot by the harbour, Beacon Street, in which there are a number of handsome houses, forming another side of it.

The Prescotts were at home. Their house is fitted up in a way which much pleases the eye, combining elegance and comfort. Mrs. Prescott was most kind in her manner, amiable and refined, and worthy of her husband. Her countenance expresses sweetness and beauty. Being

much of an invalid, she never goes into society. The library is perfect in every respect. Among other treasures, Mr. Prescott showed us a piece of lace taken from the shroud of Cortez; also a picture of the conqueror of Mexico, sent him by the Spanish ambassador, — a copy of one at Madrid.

Mr. Prescott pointed out over an arch, forming the roof of a large recess with a window in it, two swords crossed. "There," said he; "one of those was worn by my grandfather, Colonel Prescott, who headed the infantry at Bunker's Hill; the other by my wife's grandfather, who commanded the British sloop-of-war, *Falcon*, which fired on the American troops. They are now happily crossed in peace and amity."

We returned to our hotel to dine at the Sunday dinner-hour of half-past one—fixed thus early, I fancy, that the servants may have the afternoon to themselves. I afterwards went out to South Boston to pay a visit to Dr. Howe, who had been good enough to invite us to spend the evening at his house to meet Boucicault and other literary men, but we had been previously engaged to drink tea with Mrs. Abbott Lawrence. Very few omnibuses run on a Sunday, only indeed such as are required to take people to and from church, a slight remnant of the respect paid by the Pilgrim Fathers to the Sabbath. I had some difficulty in finding the way; but everybody I spoke to was civil and anxious to aid me, and a gentleman went some distance out of his road to point out the Doctor's abode. I found also, that the people I met in omnibuses were always ready to afford information, and the knowledge exhibited by many was far greater than their dress or appearance would have led me to expect. There is much in the manners and the

intelligence of the people, the look of the buildings, and the tone of Boston, which reminded me of Edinburgh. I do not mean to say that the two cities are alike, but still one constantly recalled the other.

Neither Dr. nor Mrs. Howe were at home when I reached their house, but the servant begged I would sit down till they returned, which I did. They welcomed me with all that kindness and frankness which we found so attractive in our American acquaintance. The Doctor, in his early days, went out from America to Greece to aid the Greek patriots against the Turks, and fought bravely for them. He told me, that he well knew David Urquhart, who was then a most noble gallant youth, a perfect young hero. His reminiscences of those days were very interesting. He gave me an account of Odessians's revolt. The Greek chief and Trelawney took shelter in a cave, when young —, an Englishman, instigated by Fenton, who had followed them there, shot at Trelawney. Fenton was immediately cut down and killed by Trelawney's followers, but — was bound and kept alive. When, two days afterwards, Trelawney, who had been shot through the neck and fainted from loss of blood, recovered, he questioned —, and finding that he had been a mere tool in Fenton's hands, gave him his sword, and told him that he was at liberty. When young — joined the patriots, he was a fine handsome youth, full of high hopes and gallant aspirations, eager to distinguish himself, the only son of his mother. She, however, could scarcely have had the natural affection of a parent, for she made him an allowance of 300*l.* a-year to keep out of England. Some eight years afterwards, Dr. Howe, being in England, encountered the once handsome youth landing from a

ship, and now become a bloated, ill-conditioned, and shabby-looking man, evidently approaching the last stage of his existence. He soon lost sight of him, and has never since obtained any particulars of his fate. We had much conversation about Urquhart and others of the gallant band of Philhellenes whom I knew, in all of whom he took a warm interest; but I regretted exceedingly that I could not remain to obtain some information on the subjects to which he at present devotes his ever-active mind. I parted from Dr. Howe with a feeling of sincere regard, and an impression that he is one of the most acute, most enthusiastic, and most sensible men I ever met, qualities rarely combined. I consider him, in truth, one of the extraordinary men of the day.

In the evening we went to Mr. Abbott Lawrence's, where we had the pleasure of meeting some members of the well-known families of Lowells and Peabodies, with whom we had much very agreeable conversation. Mr. Abbott Lawrence gave me a considerable amount of information about the United States. Every time I meet him I become more pleased with his hearty, kind, and urbane manners—not the manners, perhaps, of a courtier, but such as well become one of the first citizens of a mighty republic.

I respect the institutions of my native land, her monarch, her aristocracy, and her landed gentry; but that in no way prevents me from admiring and respecting those of the United States, and I should be as loth to change her free form of government into a monarchy as I should be to see a republic established in Great Britain. There is no necessity to discuss which is the best form of government. We have a monarchy—it is an established thing, and, consequently, it is the best for us. It has

grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, and we have therefore reason to confide in it. The United States have a republic, and a great and powerful one it has become, and it would be the height of folly in any of her "Upper Ten Thousand," or in any foreigners, to wish to exchange that institution to which she owes her greatness and her glory for the distorted shadow of a distant reality. Such would, in truth, be any new monarchy built up across the Atlantic. Little as I desire, however, anything like monarchical institutions in the United States, still I wish to see the true nobility of America marked and brought forward—not, as is the fashion, to place their effigies before State houses, on lofty stone pedestals, but I desire to have them recognised, honoured, and obeyed while alive. I have no wish to see titles assumed in America; but I ask the Americans to acknowledge their nobles when they discover them. Surely a republic can produce true nobility as well as a monarchy; but, alas! noisy demagogues come forth and shout, "I am a noble; I am a *dux*, follow me." The eager, ignorant crowd believe and obey. Oh, that the Americans would but look with all their sharp eyes and keen wit for the great men of America, would drag them forth from their retirement, and would obey their councils; but do not let them suppose that they can honour such men by giving them titles, while they neglect their advice. The truest title we have in England was that of the Duke of Wellington. He was our veritable *dux*—our leader—our councillor. In trouble we instantly flew to him—we claimed him as our chief—he did lead us, and led us into safety. When the Americans find such a man, they will be wise not to let him remain in obscurity. Let them call him their *dux*,

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their leader, their duke, their president, or what name they will, only let them obey him. To such sentiments I know my friends at Boston will respond; such were the sentiments of the true men who followed Washington, and earnestly do I wish that they were held by all Americans at the present day.

I feel that it would be indelicate to speak more at large of the conversations I enjoyed in private society, although held with public men whose works are known to the world. I trust that nothing I have said will ever cause them annoyance. I could not pass them by with a mere cursory notice, and yet the less conversations are repeated, or remarks made, the less risk there is of giving offence. I, fortunately, have only to praise those I met, and to express my gratitude for the kindness, courtesy, and attention, we received from all classes, both in the United States and Canada. By no one were we more kindly treated than by Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, and it was truly pleasant to hear those devotedly attached to their own country and institutions speak with the warmest affection of England and the English. I am certain that if it were feasible an interchange of civilities, such as has taken place between England and France, would do much to abolish mutual jealousies and misconceptions, and would enable both nations to perceive and appreciate their respective good qualities.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY 16th, *Monday*.—The day was somewhat raw and cold for America, but since we crossed the Atlantic, we have not encountered any of that damp, chilly weather, such as seems to penetrate to the very marrow in Old England. We were engaged to dine with Professor Longfellow at two o'clock. We had also a previous dinner engagement, at the Lawrences, but as we were unwilling to lose the pleasure of either of these parties, we had resolved to exert our gastronomic powers to the utmost, and had accepted both.

At an early hour we drove out to Cambridge, intending to call on Professor Agassiz, but only reached the poet's house in time for dinner. I had taken with me an American edition of a book of mine, called "Mark Seaworth," to give to his boys. On my presenting it, my vanity as an author was not a little gratified by his exclaiming, "Oh, we already have 'Peter the Whaler;' my boys prefer it to any of their other books." Then calling to Mrs. Longfellow, he re-introduced me as "Peter the Whaler himself." Some of the other guests said they knew and liked the book, and the boys came up and

looked at me as if they fully believed that I was the veritable hero of my own tale. I explained to them that I really was acquainted with the hero, and I gave them a sketch of the adventures on which I founded the story.

Among the guests was Mr. Tom Appleton, a brother of Mrs. Longfellow's, an excellent specimen of an American gentleman of fortune, who has seen the world. We soon found that we had many mutual acquaintance. He goes every year to Europe, and mixes with every class of society. I much admired him for the way in which, wherever he goes, he stands up for America and the Americans, and with his frank, hearty manner, puts down all opposition. A Mr. Greenough was there, an architect—a man of much talent. He is brother to the sculptor of that name, a man of great merit. Another brother, fully his equal as a sculptor, was lost to his country by death.

The drawing-room was ornamented with numerous articles of *vertù*. Nothing could be more elegant and *recherché* than the repast. The poet desired to be remembered to many of his English friends, among others, to several mutual ones, Dudley Costello and his talented sister.

He does not advocate the adoption of the international copyright. With a high-minded liberality and pure love of fame, not very usual in the present day, he assured me that he is desirous to have his works reproduced in England in every form, and that he thinks, had publishers to pay for them, they would not be so extensively circulated as they are under present circumstances.

My friends were speaking of the extraordinary occasions on which people in the States go about begging, and the coolness with which they beg for all sorts

of odd things. A woman the other day called on them, and said she had come to ask for a subscription to buy a piano, for that as several of her friends had them, she wanted to learn the instrument, and could not afford to buy one. Another girl called to say, that as she was out of place, she wished to visit her friends far down South, but had not the means of getting there. It was agreed that the confidence of the girl in the kind feelings of her fellow-creatures deserved to be rewarded. Mr. Longfellow told us that a set of fellows exist at New York, Italians and others, who draw up begging petitions, and send beggars in every form round the country. Not long ago, an Italian vagabond called on him with a petition, which he recognised, and told the man that he knew well where it came from. The fellow, nothing abashed, asked, "Siete uno di loro, signor?" Are you one of them, sir?

Professor Agassiz was spoken of in the warmest terms as one of the learned men of Europe, whom America has had the wisdom to adopt and foster. His lectures are attended by 2500 persons at a time, in a magnificent hall in Boston. Admission is obtained by tickets, to be had free by the first applicants. Learned as these lectures are, his clearness and simplicity make them most attractive, even to the class who chiefly form his audience,—shopkeepers and mechanics. As he draws his illustrations on the black board, and the figures begin to assume a form, the applause becomes excessive, often much to the Professor's surprise, who appears scarcely to be aware of the secret of his own success. He accounts for his popularity, by saying, in his German accent, "Why, you understand, I am so in earnest. I might appear to be a much more learned man than I am; but

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then I never talk on any subject I do not completely understand myself." He delighted the fishermen on the sea-shore, where he had gone to collect marine animals, by drawing the fish he wanted them to find for him. What a fine subject for a picture by the by—the learned philosopher and the rude fishermen by old Ocean's side—or for a philosophical poem, after the manner of the "Excursion" of Wordsworth. Sometimes his descriptions are so quaint that his audience shout and applaud; and he, not aware that he has made any unusual remark, looks up and says, "Why do they laugh? I was only telling them a fact." It was very delightful to hear the poet speaking so warmly of his brother professor. He says everybody who knows him, loves him; his character is so earnest, so simple, so beautiful. The Longfellows have four interesting children—two girls and two boys.

With much regret we were obliged to hurry back to the Rivere House, to prepare for our later banquet at the Lawrences. The Governor of the State, who was addressed as "Your Excellency," was there. Mr. Prescott, and another eminent man of letters, and several ladies and gentlemen, twelve in all, who were very cordial and very polite. One of them was a young man, who was going to Europe on a mission to trace out the origin of a number of families in the States, who were desirous of obtaining that information for themselves. The decorations of the table were very beautiful and in excellent taste. In the centre was a handsome plateau—an oblong mirror framed in white and gold, with a large flower-basket vase, also oblong in the middle of it, filled with exquisite hot-house flowers, and wreaths of creeping tendrils hanging down. Four smaller vases stood round

it, also of white and gold, filled with fruits of all kinds, the grapes hanging in bunches over the edges and looking most delicious, as they proved to be on tasting. At every lady's place was a beautiful bouquet in a tall champagne glass. There was, of course, small space left for dishes. Soup was handed round at once, and the contents of the silver covered dishes at the top and bottom were displayed, and then removed to a side-table. There was every delicacy of the season. Among others, the prairie hen, or American grouse, a delicious bird, but lacking the heathery flavour of the Scotch grouse; then there was the canvass-backed duck, which certainly is very excellent. The great difficulty is to cook it. It should be curiously little cooked, only be just heated through, indeed, or its juices will be dried up and flavour dissipated. It certainly looked wondrous red for the teeth of civilised men, but it was not the worse for all that. Mr. Lawrence said he had a number while in London, and sent them to Lord Palmerston and different other people, who all asked him to aid in eating them; but, alas! when they appeared, the Old World's cooks had, without exception, spoilt them by over-roasting. Twelve minutes before a good fire is ample time to roast them sufficiently.

He spoke with evident satisfaction of his residence in London. He described Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's place, Knebworth, as the most perfect and interesting he saw in England. He also told, in a simple graphic way, a story of a primitive old man he fell in with in the heart of the city, eighty-four years of age, with a wife of eighty-two. He was dressed in an old-fashioned coat and metal buttons, knee-breeches, and large shoe-buckles, sitting in a quiet sunny room, reading a big Bible, with

fruits of all kinds, the edges and look- be on tasting. At bouquet in a tall rse, small space left d at once, and the the top and bottom side-table. There Among others, the delicious bird, but coteh grouse; then which certainly is is to cook it. It ly be just heated ied up and flavour ous red for the worse for all that. while in London, and different other eating them; but, World's cooks had, roasting. Twelve me to roast them

of his residence in Bulwer Lytton's and interesting he nple graphic way, with in the heart , with a wife of ld-fashioned coat rge shoe-buckles, a big Bible, with

his shrivelled old wife beside him. He had never in his life gone beyond the sound of Bow bells.

Among other delicacies, I must not forget that true American dish, the pumpkin-pie. Before dessert, two beautifully embossed gold dishes, containing rose-water, in which to dip our napkins, were passed round, and then came ice and an abundance of fruits of all sorts. We sat a very short time after the ladies had withdrawn.

It was most gratifying to be treated with so much kindness and attention. One gentleman insisted that I must be rocked in the cradle of Liberty in Faneuil Hall, and Mrs. Lawrence placed me in an arm-chair in which Washington had sat when on a visit to her family. It had a well-rounded back, and an angle in front of the seat.

With Mr. Prescott I had much agreeable conversation. He told me that when at college a boy had thrown a crust, which struck him in the eye, when he fell back, fainting with pain. The sight of one eye was thus destroyed, while the other was so much weakened, that he dares not strain it in any way. For a long time he was compelled to remain in total darkness, to avoid the risk of losing his sight altogether. He accordingly uses the apparatus invented for the blind,—a stylus, with tracing-paper, and strings to guide the hand. He is thus able to sit up at night and write without lighting a candle. He told me that he made it a practice to think over a whole chapter before committing it to paper. As he has never practised dictation, he cannot employ an amanuensis; but before his manuscripts are sent to the printer, he has them clearly copied, and then corrects them himself. I told him that we had a relative who was blind,

and that we wished to take her home a new American book. He instantly said, "I will send one I have by me." I was, indeed, grateful for so valuable a gift, offered as it was with genuine kindness, a mark of the feeling he entertains for the English.

I told him of Boucicault's lectures, which he said he would attend. Mr. Lawrence agreed with me that the dramatist's strictures on the literary men and press of England were not correct, and few persons have had better opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject than he has. He observed that he has seen a great change in England since he first went there with regard to the estimation in which merchants are held, and their standing both in fashionable and political circles. He added, that he made it a point of explaining, wherever he went, that he was a merchant. Certainly few people could be more calculated to make the English form a high opinion of the mercantile class of America than he is. Mrs. Lawrence showed us a beautiful print of Prescott, which we resolved to procure; and one of Chevalier Bunsen, of whom they spoke with great affection. All the party were of strong conservative principles, but not the worse republicans for all that.

My wife sung some Jacobite songs, with which both he and Prescott expressed themselves delighted. "Oh," said Mr. Prescott, "I am charmed with those fine old heart-rousing songs! They touch my feelings. Such simple melodies I value far more than the finest Italian airs." Prescott was most delighted with "Prince Charlie's Lament," the words of which are by Professor Aytoun. "A republican can enter into the spirit of that poetry and feel that sweet music without being the worse repub-

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lican," he observed. Mr. Lawrence also was delighted with it. Every mark of kindness was shown us as we paid our farewell.

Accompanied by some of the party, we much enjoyed our walk in the fresh night air to the Rivere House.

Tuesday, January 17th.—This was our last day in America, and, with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction, we packed up in readiness for our voyage. The latter feelings arose from our having completed a very interesting tour, from our being about to return to our friends, and to save them some amount of anxiety by going so much earlier than they expected; the former, from our being compelled to quit, perhaps for ever, many kind friends, and from our leaving the States without having seen more of the country and its interesting inhabitants.

In the morning came a book, with a very affectionate note, as a farewell present to my wife from Mrs. Lawrence; then Dr. and Mrs. Howe, and Mr. and Miss Hale called, to invite us into the country; and then Mr. Appleton very kindly came to take me round to some of the points of most interest in Boston. We first went to two clubs, established after the London fashion. One had been a private house, small for a club, but fitted with much taste and convenience; the other, built on purpose, has the handsomest billiard-room I ever saw, containing six or eight large tables. It is at the very top of the house, and has a very handsome arched roof. Foreigners, on a visit to the city, are admitted as members of these clubs, and Mr. Appleton suggested that it would be satisfactory if the London clubs would adopt a similar principle.

We took a passing glance at the reservoir for supplying the city with water, on the top of Beacon Hill.

It is composed of huge blocks of granite, a superb structure, worthy of the days of ancient Rome. It is a large square edifice, raised on massive arches. My friend considers it, as do I, one of the lions most worthy of inspection in Boston.

We next went to the State House, which overlooks the Park, and has a fine dome, with a superb view from its summit. We went into the Hall of Senators, and into that of the Lower House, then sitting. Both halls are handsome and commodious. The members of the Lower House were just then coming out,—sober, quiet men, such as I should expect to see the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. In the entrance-hall stands a statue of Washington, by Chantrey, full of grace, dignity, and expression; a work, I should think, he has not often surpassed. The military cloak forms a graceful drapery to the figure. I seldom have looked at a statue with more pleasure and satisfaction. From the State House we went to the Athenæum, to look at a cast taken from another statue of the hero at Washington, by Beaudin, and presented by Mr. Appleton to the institution. He had it made, he said, lest the original might be destroyed, and this valuable memorial of a great man lost. The artist came over to stay with the General, and took it from life, portraying not only his features, but his air, his dress, and attitude. Chantrey's statue is the hero idealized; Beaudin's, the man himself, the statesman who secured peace and prosperity to his country.

Our last visit was to Franklin's tomb, which is in a churchyard in the centre of the city. America may well be proud of producing a man who devoted to her service so large a share of patriotism and genius as he possessed.

Parting from my agreeable and courteous companion, I returned to the Rivière House, where our early dinner prevented our seeing as much of the city as we wished to have done.

In the afternoon we went out to make some purchases ; among them I bought, by Professor Longfellow's advice, old Cotton Mather's " *Magnalia Christi Americana* ; or, the Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first Planting in the year 1620, to that of 1698." It is a most quaint and amusing work, treating fully as much of secular as of ecclesiastical affairs. I got a clever satirical work called the " *Potiphar Papers*," very much after the style of Thackeray. I bought also an American Prayer-book, by which the heads of our Church might wisely, I think, revise our own.

I have not described Boston. To call it a quaint old city, would not do it justice. It is, I fancy, very unlike any other in the United States. There is a staid, dignified, comfortable, old-fashioned, conservative look about it, which no other possesses. From its order, sobriety, and respectability, it put us very much in mind of Edinburgh ; though neither in its plan, situation, nor style of architecture, is it in any way like the Athens of the North ; yet, as one recognises a likeness in the expression of two very dissimilar faces, so we agreed that the expression of the two cities was similar. We were always civilly treated wherever we went by all classes, in shops, in public conveyances, and in the streets, whenever we had to ask our way. But for my picture of Boston. Many of the houses are built of red brick, with full, well-conditioned bow-windows, which reminded us of those in an old English country town, such as the chief banker, or the mayor, or a flourishing solicitor, would

be found to inhabit; some, however, are of granite, and others of a red sandstone, which give the city a varied and picturesque look. Then the streets, though broad and long, have evidently an antipathy to straight lines and right angles; for they twist and turn, and run up and down hill, and strike off from each other in the most confused, labyrinthian style imaginable, over the undulating ground on which the city stands. There are also numerous open spaces; I will not call them squares, as some have five sides, and others only three, and none of their angles are right angles. In whatever direction one goes one reaches water at last, crossed by long snake-like bridges or causeways, stretching out from the city like the feelers of some huge marine monster, while numerous islands, of every size and shape, are in sight, dotting the blue waters of Boston Bay. Many of the streets have trees on either side of them, like those of New York, which add much to the picturesqueness of the place. The pavements, a good criterion of a town's condition, are kept in excellent order, and are very clean and dry, considering the quantity of snow which still fills their centre. The shops are in harmony with the general character of the city. They are neat and respectable, and very free from pretence, or anything glaring to attract attention.

There is also a considerable number of fine public buildings; conspicuous above all is the State House, with its lofty dome; then there are churches of various denominations, with fine tall spires, theatres, hotels, lecture-rooms, concert-rooms, and ball-rooms of great size; clubs and restaurants, with other places of public resort and amusement, a fine post-office, and numerous banks; indeed, Boston looks like a capital with the quiet and

dignity of some inland uncommercial town, and yet in State Street there is going forward trade, and bustle, and activity enough.

Washington Street (which, by the by, I always found myself calling Wellington Street) is very long, and contains the chief shops; Fremont Street has some good shops, a theatre, and a large hotel; Beacon Street and the Park contain the best private dwellings, as well as do the streets in its immediate neighbourhood. The Park is a fine open space, laid out on ground steeply sloping down to the harbour, with grass and trees, and has in its centre a large pond, which serves as a reservoir to supply part of the city with water.

Railways, radiating in all directions, and running across wide arms of the sea, make Boston look like some huge polypus, which has stretched out its feelers and attached them to the neighbouring points and islands. Those points and islands are thickly built on, and comprise South and East Boston, Cambridge, and other large suburbs; so that, embracing them, Boston is a city of vast dimensions.

To sum up, Boston may be justly called a large, wealthy, and prosperous city, handsome and picturesque in appearance, sedate, learned, and polite, civilised and civil, and perfectly unlike the English vulgar notions of a Yankee town. With anticipations of pleasure we entered it, nor were they disappointed; our stay was most satisfactory and agreeable, and with regret we left it, imbued with warm feelings of regard and affection for its inhabitants, which extends, for their sake, to the great nation to which they belong. We had become acquainted with the peculiarities of the American manner, and learnt to appreciate it. Let a stranger behave to the

people as if he had full confidence in their civility, and they will never fail to treat him politely. Their rudeness, when they are rude, is more apparent than real, and they are invariably kind and attentive when a person in any way appeals to their generosity. They certainly do not smile, and bow, and cringe, and look as if they thought the stranger their superior; but they treat him, if he behaves properly, as man should man, as their equal, with all due charity and kindness.

Prescott observed to me that the English have very mistaken notions of the Yankee character. They picture him only as a money-making, money-saving, money-loving, 'cute fellow, who manufactures wooden nutmegs, and drives a sharp bargain whenever he has the chance. The real Yankee, on the contrary, though he thinks it is his duty, as it is his pleasure, to make money by all honest means, neither loves it for itself, nor by any means wishes to save it; but wherever he goes he is known for his liberality and the freedom with which he scatters about his wealth. At hotels he lives in the best style, and never dreams of looking at the items of a bill, while price seldom deters him from attaining any articles on which he has set his heart. Indeed, the Canadians complain that the Americans spoil the people at the hotels by their free payment, while throughout Europe they are known for their open-handed liberality.

We returned late to our hotel. A large dinner was taking place in a fine room in the hotel held by the members of a club, who go by the name of the Sons of Vermont, all having been born in that State. The master of the hotel politely invited me to look on at the proceedings. The table was elegantly decorated, and in perfect good taste. I regretted not being able to spare

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time to listen to the speeches. The Rivière House is well worthy of a description, but as Mr. Bunn has given a very full one of it, I need not repeat it, except to say, that I never was in a more thoroughly comfortable, handsome, and orderly hotel, nor could I wish to be treated with more civility or attention.

Wednesday, Jan. 18th.—A bitterly cold day was not a pleasant preparation for our voyage. We felt almost ashamed at ourselves that we did not experience more satisfaction at the thoughts of returning speedily to our kindred and our country. At half-past ten, we took our places in a huge coach, and crossed by the largest steam ferry-boat I ever saw, with some twenty carriages, many with four horses, cattle, and carts to East Boston, whence the Canada was to start. The day was fine and bright, and so perfectly calm, that, cold as it was, we were able to keep the deck without much inconvenience; but when we went below, the ship appeared like an ice-house, for the steam-pipes for warming her did not reach to the after-part where the chief cabins were situated, and we were consequently almost frozen to death. To my horror I found ice in my water-jug, but fully expected when the steam was on, that we should be properly warmed up. We were doomed to disappointment, and never have I made so thoroughly disagreeable a voyage, when, by a little more arrangement, the comfort of the passengers might have been secured.

At mid-day the mails came on board, and getting up steam, away we went out of dock. As we stood across the bay the scenery was very interesting. To the north of us was Charleston, with its dockyard and several fine men-of-war; then winding a little, we stood eastward towards the ocean, having Boston astern, and extending

round to our right, with a range of blue hills in the distance, while numerous points were covered with fine buildings; and islands of all sizes, some green, others rocky, and others fortified, lay scattered about in all directions.

The only passage by which ships can enter the bay is to the south of the light-house, with several islands near it, covered with formidable-looking batteries, the scenery being very picturesque and interesting. Just inside these islands was fought the action between the Shannon and Chesapeake. The wind was light, the sea calm, and there was every promise of fine weather.

Thursday, Jan. 19th.—Early in the morning we came in sight of Seal Island at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. It has a lighthouse on it, but, except the keepers, I know of no other inhabitants. Soon afterwards we made the shore of Nova Scotia, along which we coasted close enough in clearly to distinguish the trees and houses. The shore was, however, chiefly low and sandy, or rising into sandhills, and, to our surprise, was entirely free from snow. After doubling Cape Bacalao, we hauled up a little to the north, and then saw inside some rocky islands a quantity of ice thrown up on the shore, the only sign of winter we had yet observed, though our own sensations fully reminded us of the season. Even in the saloon, where there are pipes, the steam was so often not let on, that we were kept in a constant state of wishing to be warm. At midnight we entered Halifax harbour, of which a bright moon enabled me to form some faint idea. The town stood on a hill on the west side of the harbour, and seemed to be of considerable extent. Several people came off, and we sailed again at half-past two.

Our fellow-passengers were chiefly Canadian merchants and traders going to England to make their purchases for the spring. The different tones and accents in which the stewards were summoned amused us. There was the fine sonorous English "Steward!" and the clear, hard impatient Scotch "Stewart!"—their difference being like that between the broad dignified English stream and the brattling, pebbly Scotch burn; while, ever and anon, the querulous French "*Wetter!*" half proud of being English, and half doubtful of its own effect, yet perfectly determined to get what it wanted.

The next day was fine; but on the following the wind got up, and on the 22d it blew a regular wintry gale. We had, in truth, an unsteady time of it for a whole week, but, the wind being in our favour, we did not complain, although we were tumbled and rolled and buffeted in a wearisome manner.

When I went on deck the cold was so great that I could remain only a few minutes, added to which the slippery deck and the heavy sea made it impossible to stand without holding on to the frozen rigging. The appearance of the ship was very curious, she looked as if made entirely of glass. Each mast and spar, each shroud and rope, was coated with ice, as were the deck and bulwarks, the boats and booms, while icicles hung from the davits and racks, the chains and catheads, and huge green surges, like mountains of malachite, came rolling up astern, threatening to engulf us.

The following day it blew about as hard, but electric lights were seen playing at the mastheads, and the seamen assured us they prognosticated that the gale was about to break. If they did, some days passed ere their prophecies were fulfilled, and we were nearly across the

Atlantic before anything like fine weather returned. We therefore made a resolution not to attempt a winter voyage again in northern latitudes, except in a case of great necessity.

The *Canada*, though miserably cold in winter, is so admirably ventilated that she must be a very airy and healthy ship in hot weather. By opening certain scuttles, and by a judicious application of a windsail, the deck below becomes a complete temple of the winds, and cool airs rush round and round in all directions into every berth and corner and cranny of the ship—very delightful, as I have said, when the thermometer is at 90° , but horribly disagreeable when it is 10° below freezing—yet, I own, that it is a fault on the right side.

On Sunday morning, the 29th, we made land at the southern part of Erin's green isle. She welcomed us, as is her wont, with "a tear and a smile in her eye," as Moore sings of her. Sunshine and showers accompanied us as we ran along the coast, and at length, when we got under the land, a calm sea once more enabled the ladies and landsmen to walk the deck with comfort.

The same evening we anchored in the Mersey, but did not get up to Liverpool till the next morning, where, I am bound to say, that our luggage was passed by the custom-house officers with as much civility and as little annoyance as possible. The whole custom-house system is, at best, vile and unworthy of a great and civilised nation. What would it signify if a few books, or a few other contraband articles, were introduced into the country among passengers' luggage? Instead of the delay and vexation consequent on the examination of luggage, it would be far better if each passenger received a ticket for every package, and should make a declara-

tion that it contained no prohibited articles, or on which duty has to be paid.

On our arrival we heard that terrific gales had been blowing during the time we were at sea, numerous disasters and fatal shipwrecks being the consequence, one of the most melancholy occurring the previous night on the Irish coast, that of the *Tayleur*, a large emigrant ship, when the greater portion of the passengers were lost. Such might have been our fate; and as we stepped once more on the shores of our native land, we felt our hearts swell with gratitude to God who had preserved us through this and the many unseen perils to which we had been exposed during our travels.

We had accomplished a most interesting and pleasant tour. We had been absent from England scarcely six months, in which time we had visited nearly every part of one of the most important of the dependencies of Great Britain, and made ourselves tolerably well acquainted with the character and productions of the country, the habits and feelings of the inhabitants, and their future prospects—all of which were highly satisfactory. We had formed friendships which years cannot make us forget, we had wiped off many prejudices, we had gained many new ideas, and we had, moreover, learned to appreciate the people and the institutions of the United States, and more earnestly than ever to pray that we may henceforth remain in peace and amity with them.

I must now bid my readers farewell. I trust that, should these pages meet the eyes of any of my friends in the United States or Canada, that nothing I have said will give offence, or cause them the slightest annoyance. As such be the case I shall sincerely regret having written this book. To my English readers, all I

can say is, that I have done my best to place before them a full and clear description of the country I visited; and, lest they should doubt me, I advise them, if they have the means and time at their disposal, to go and judge for themselves.

THE END.

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